THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Garet Garrett—Thomas Beer—F. Britten Austin—Hugh MacNair Kahler
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"REGULAR"—the kind of boy every mother wants her son to be. He works hard, plays hard, studies hard. He's keen mentally; sound physically . . . . . Cream of Wheat has supplied morning energy to two generations of such young bodies and minds. It is the ideal *hot* cereal breakfast physicians and school authorities urge for every child. Cream of Wheat—so rich in energy, so easy to digest!

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gives these smart silk socks 3 to 4 times more wear

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THERE'S a unique reason for the wear these new-type socks are giving. It lies in a revolutionary feature that covers one small inch of space. That is hidden to the eye . . . the foot itself can't feel it. And, because this feature follows a newly discovered and scientific principle of knitting, wear is multiplied 3 to 4 times.

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They judge you so often by the way you dress. They'll learn later about the fine ideas you have in your head; but the first thing they see is the style on your back

Our clothes give you authentic style; fine quality and long wear. They're economical, too

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PUBLIC DEBTS AND PRIVATE LOANS—By Garet Garrett

SUPPOSE you were able to exercise on behalf of Europe one stroke of omnipotent sorcery and should propose to her an exchange of conditions as they are in the year 1926 for conditions as they were in the year 1913, postwar ills for prewar ills, as if there had been no war. What would she say? It would surprise you. It might surprise her.

She would say no. Positively, she would say no, almost without stopping to take thought upon it. Having said it, she would go right on endlessly making dark sayings on her harp.

It might occur to you then to wonder why in all her attitudes of lamentation she faces the west. Hitherto she had been self regarding. Looking to the west, you would see what she sees—a colossal sign that was not there before—the American image. Presently it would come clear to your mind that Europe's sense of ill-being is from contrast. It is not that she is worse off than before the war. She is not. Her state of existence in 1913 was the best she had ever known until then. Yet she would not go back to it. No. It is by comparison with the fabulous American pattern, with a naïve and envious fantasy of what American prosperity represents, that the European people now think themselves wretched.

At the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Boulevard des Capucines, Paris, About 3 P.M.

A Revelation Only Americans Understand

THE war was what war is; and, now that we may see it a little in perspective, probably less disastrous in proportion to the wealth and resources of Europe than the Napoleonic Wars; but the sudden revelation of American power was an eclipse. It was a revelation to Americans too. We were unaware of our own power. But we understand it; we know how we came to possess it. The Europeans do not. They regard it with foreboding, as if one day it might swallow them up. It is terrifying to them perhaps because they imagine we shall use it as they might if they had it—or as they did use it while they had it and controlled the whole world by military gestures. And this sense of unlimited authority in the earth is what Europe has lost. She charges that loss to the war. But the war revealed only what was latent.

Suppose now, having still a gift of sorcery to bestow, and seeing how it is that this American image intercepts their light, you should propose to sink it in the sea as if it had never been. What would they say? Again they would surprise you. They would shout no, no!

Why not? Well, because, after all, it is a golden image and lends away its wealth in a prodigal manner. But if you did sink it, the curve of Europe's discontent would fall.

With the physical effects of war, people everywhere have dealt heroically, as the necessity was. The world is mended. Enormous additions have been made to the mechanical means of producing artificial wealth. Much more difficult to deal with are certain states of postwar mentality. Shrewd thinking is hindered by the after tyranny of ideas that took shape in the making of war and peace. Never had there been so many ideas about war. Its meaning was intellectually clarified. Its consequences were foretold. Its history was written before it happened.

Delusions

SUBSEQUENT events, bringing themselves to pass, contradict this history. Yet so strong were the ideas to begin with, and so obstinately do they persist in the form of delusions, that men look unbelievingly at what has happened in place of what should have happened under their decrees.

There was the idea that self-determination was the perfect political formula. Pass that in silence.

There was the idea of a world made safe for democracy. Well, this year you could have sold a French Mussolini in France. You could very easily sell a monarch to the Germans if you had one a little more personable than a Hohenzollern.

There was the idea that wars should cease with this one, mankind by horror chastened and made to prefer peace for its own sake. But war is still the grand topic of the Old World. In the army establishments of Europe, exclusive of the European forces abroad minding mandates and colonial possessions, exclusive also of naval forces, but in Europe alone, 3,000,000 men are under arms. If you reckon that it costs $250 a year to keep a man under arms, there is an expense of $750,000,000 annually; and if you reckon that the man under arms might produce each year at work $1000 worth of wealth, you add $3,000,000,000—a gross loss of $3,750,000,000 a year.

There was an idea of new faith among neighbors. Never was suspicion among them more acute. They are opening one another's mail again. Almost anywhere in Europe you may receive your letters in slit envelopes with a mark to indicate that they have been looked into by the intelligence department. You may be an espionage agent, trafficking in state secrets. The French catch three British subjects spying upon their military things, try them as spies and send them to prison. On this subject one reads in the record of Parliamentary Debates, House of Commons, the following:

Mr. Thurtle asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs if his attention had been called to the fact that three British subjects have been convicted and sentenced to heavy terms of imprisonment on charges of espionage in France, and if he has any statement to make on the matter.

SIR A. CHAMBERLAIN: Yes, sir. His Majesty's Ambassador at Paris has informed me of the sentences passed upon these three British subjects. In the month of December, when they were arrested, Lord Crewe, on instructions from His Majesty's Government, issued the following *démenti*:

"Statements having appeared in the press regarding the arrest of certain British subjects representing the Bleriot-Burndept Wireless Company in Paris on alleged charge of espionage in France, His Majesty's Embassy is authorized to declare that no Department of His Majesty's Government is in any way connected with or has any knowledge of the activities of the firm in question."

MR. THURTLE: In view of the antecedents of one of these men, who was in the British Intelligence Department, will the right hon. gentleman now declare that the Government have no connection whatever with the work which these men have been carrying on?

SIR A. CHAMBERLAIN: When His Majesty's Government authorize His Majesty's representative in Paris to make a statement, and that statement is made in the terms I have read to the House, further confirmation of His Majesty's Ministers is unnecessary.

MR. AMMON: May I ask the right hon. gentleman if he has not made the denunciation on behalf of the firm? The question was whether he denies any knowledge on the part of the Government in respect of these people.

SIR A. CHAMBERLAIN: My answer, if the hon. member will be good enough to read the *démenti* which was published last December and which I have read now, refers, as he will see, to His Majesty's Government.

MR. T. WILLIAMS: Will the right hon. gentleman be good enough to tell the House when last, if ever, any one of the persons referred to received money for secret-service work from this Government?

SIR A. CHAMBERLAIN: I cannot tell that without ——

THE SPEAKER: Such a question as that and any other question on this subject, affecting another state, must be put down."

That ended it.

There was and still is the idea of a defeated Germany, whereas today Germany in a potential sense is the second industrial power in the world. What she will or will not be pleased to do is the foremost diplomatic concern of Europe. People go about hearing this, saying it, repeating and admitting it, without in the least realizing what it means.

Lending a Debtor Money to Pay With

THEN the idea that under a sign of defeat Germany could be made to pay enormous reparations, spread over several generations. This extraordinary delusion survived the discovery that even by sanction of the bayonet you could not make her pay; that if you held her industrial heart, which is the Ruhr, as the French and Belgians did, still she could not be made to pay. What she did instead was to repudiate her money, her bonds and her credit at the expense of the world in general and threaten to commit economic suicide.

If your debtor threatens to hang himself sooner than to work out his debt, what are you going to do? But the creditors—that is to say, the Allies—were unable to surrender their delusion. They could think of no way to make Germany pay, but they did hit upon the naïve plan of lending her the money to pay with. Apparently the absurd alternative was to support her in a state of passive resistance. The Quakers and other humanitarians were already setting up soup kitchens in the Ruhr to feed the Germans, who said they would rather starve than toil for the victors.

The scheme of lending Germany the money to pay with had, from the European point of view, one aspect of pure merit. More than half the money would come from America. In receiving reparations the Allies would get their own back, plus that which was American.

The New Bank of England, Designed by Mr. Herbert Baker, F. R. I. B. A. All Above the First Story Will be New

So it was at last the victors who gave Germany a new gold currency in place of the money she had repudiated, established her in good credit again, dissuaded her from economic suicide.

The Dawes Plan, that was, to which American investors contributed $110,000,000.

Now there is an Agent General for Reparations Payment, sitting in Berlin, who writes down in a book large sums to represent reparations; but he is charged to see that only such amounts as Germany can well afford to pay, only such amounts as can be transferred without hurting German credit, shall be passed to the creditors. More would cause her to threaten suicide again. What average sums short of this fatal provocation can be transferred nobody knows, for until now the Germans have been paying with borrowed money—American money. Seven years have elapsed, and out of her own resources actually she has yet paid nothing on account of reparations. This simple arithmetical fact is wholly obscured by the great reparations delusion.

But take the most deeply implanted idea of all—the idea that Europe is impoverished. This is not so. What everybody forgot in the moment of war was that such power of engined destruction implied a compensating power of reconstruction.

Go now in Europe where you will, barring only Russia—go through Italy, France, Belgium, England and Germany, taking care not to fall over those jig-saw-puzzle frontiers which the League of Nations says shall be forever, trusting your senses—and you will find not only that the physical marks of war have been wonderfully erased; at the same time new works of wealth and recreation have been created on a vast scale.

Better Than Prewar Conditions

IN ITALY, notoriously a poor country, works of marvelous grandeur are planning. This is to be a time of architectural renaissance for Rome. When Mussolini is asked about the money, he says, "I will find it."

New sources of power are developing. Hydroelectric works have been carried to a point at which the centers of economic gravity are beginning to shift. England in this is behindhand, having relied too long upon coal; but she is reconstructing the Bank of England, rebuilding the historic City which was the money center of the world, and Regent Street from Piccadilly Circus to New Bond Street is all new. Postwar horrors here are sounds of the steam shovel and pneumatic hammer.

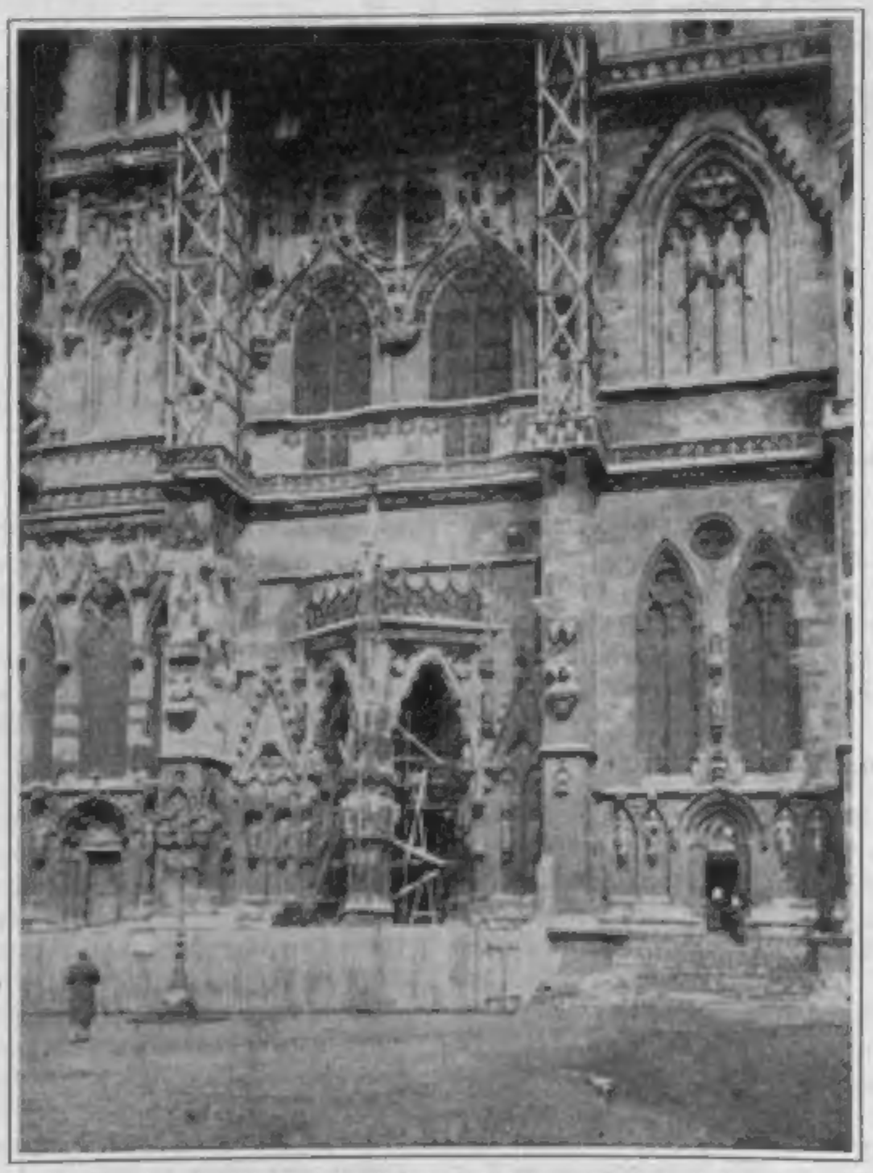
The Florida real-estate boom has been reproduced on the Mediterranean coast of France.

Frankfort has just completed the largest public stadium and sport center in the world. The city of Berlin has bought a new grand opera and added an Attic goddess to her collection of municipal art treasures. It cost 1,000,000 marks.

They are all richer than before the war—richer than they ever were before. Their industrial power is immensely greater. Their houses, their fields and their populations are restored. They are complaining again of excessive numbers. The population of new Germany is back almost to what that of old Germany was. This is by multiplication. The population of France has been restored by immigration. England is assisting emigration with public funds, thinking thereby to limit her increase of population. Everywhere the health curve is rising, the death curve is falling. The standards of living are higher.

The last statement invites argument. Any assertion about a standard of living will. What does one mean by a standard? How does one prove it? By statistics? People are not statistics. Well, then away with statistics. For "standard of living" substitute "condition of labor." That, after all, is fundamental.

The condition of labor in Europe is better than before the war—better than ever before. For authority take the International Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, which cannot be charged



The Cathedral at Regensburg, Bavaria, Begun in 1275 and Finished in 1534. A Union of Bavarian Catholic Churches Has Borrowed $5,000,000 in America to Restore the Beauty of Such Ancient Edifices

with illiberal bias, and quote from Studies and Reports, Series A, Number 16, entitled Tendencies of Labor Legislation Since the War. It reads:

The reaction from the burdens and restrictions of the war gave a great stimulus to labor legislation in European countries. The workers who had submitted to long hours and loss of personal liberty while the war was in progress, and the soldiers who had suffered in the trenches, were not prepared in any country to return to the conditions of 1914. The cessation of hostilities was consequently accompanied by the rapid adoption of labor laws and regulations on subjects which in 1914 had been regarded as entirely beyond the scope of practical politics. In some respects, it is true, labor legislation advanced even during the war. Although laws regulating hours, night work and Sunday work, tended to be thrown aside to meet the contingencies of the war, the need to prevent discontent and the rising cost of living resulted in considerable developments in the regulation of wages. For instance, in Great Britain, the Trade Boards Act, by which legal minimum rates of wages could be fixed in certain trades, was widely extended and other measures were adopted to enforce legal minimum rates of wage both in the munitions trades and in agriculture. But it was not until the collapse of the Central Powers and the overthrow of their undemocratic institutions that the full flood of legislation began.

One of the most remarkable results was the success of the workers in almost all countries in securing a legal eight-hour day. The suddenness with which this demand came to fruition must have surprised even the most optimistic. In 1914 it was considered progressive to ask, as a practical international standard, a ten-hour day for women and children alone. In 1916, at the instigation of the French representatives, the inclusion in the peace treaty of a legal maximum ten-hour day was demanded by the Leeds Conference of trade unionists from Allied countries. The trade unionists of the Central Powers and neutral countries assembled at Bern the following year did not venture to propose a better standard. A ten-hour day for men and women alike was regarded as all that could be reasonably demanded as a legislative maximum for industry in general. A legal maximum eight-hour day of general application existed at that time—early in 1917—nowhere in Europe.

Prosperity Seen Through French Eyes

FOR another authority, take the Report of the Committee on Industry of the British Board of Trade, Survey of Industrial Relations, Page 20:

The movement for a reduction of hours which took place during 1919 and 1920 had the effect of reducing the average number of weekly hours to about forty-eight. Practically the whole of the postwar reduction of hours occurred in 1919 and 1920, the years of abnormally active trade preceding the great depression and fall of prices which have taken place since. During those two years, reductions averaging six hours per week and covering seven millions of workers were reported to the Ministry of Labor. Since 1920 the recognized hours of labor in most industries have remained stationary. The trade depression of 1921 and following years, which resulted in a reduction of wages, had practically no influence on hours.

Again, the report of the Industrial Relations Department of the British Ministry of Labor on the Establishment and Progress of Joint Industrial Councils set up under the great postwar Whitley Scheme designed to improve the conditions of labor, Page 171:

The circumstances which led to the conception of the Whitley Scheme and made its adoption practicable in this country—namely, the improved status achieved by labor during the war and the higher aspirations stimulated by the abnormal condition of the war period—were largely common to labor throughout the world, particularly in the belligerent countries.

The New Traffic Layout, Potsdammer Plats, Berlin

Premier Briand, calling to the French people, says: "It must not be concealed from the country that its prosperity is only a dangerous mistake. If it is to be made a durable reality, production must be increased and consumption decreased."

It would be difficult to compact more fallacy in fewer words. To increase production is no problem at all. Everyone can do that. The means wherewith to do it are greater than can be employed. The true problem is how to increase consumption. And one reason why France is prosperous, notwithstanding the state of her money, is that the people have learned to consume more. They may go bankrupt learning how to pay for it. That is another matter. Prosperity may be dangerous. It may be—who knows?—a mistake also. Nevertheless, there is the tangible fact of it; and you may be certain of this—that once people have enjoyed prosperity, leisure and well-being in new measure they will never be content to do with less. They will find a way to pay for it.

The general strike in Great Britain was on a sympathetic principle, in aid of the striking coal miners. And what was the coal miners' case? They were striking not for but against an eight-hour day, having since the war enjoyed a seven-hour day imposed by law. It was the opinion of the Royal Coal Commission that if the miners would work an hour longer for the same pay, the cost of producing coal might be reduced more than 50 cents a ton, which would tend to solve the British coal problem; but the miners were unwilling. They refused to work as many hours as American miners work in that great rich Shylock republic across the sea.

The British coal miner, as we think and as he thinks, may be ill paid. That is not the point. The comparison here is between past and present in Europe, not between Europe and the United States. And if the British miner's living is only as good as it was before the war—which it is, or better, by all statistical evidence—he gets it for one hour less labor a day, and to that measure his condition is improved.

The Dark Ages of 1913

IN ALL their industrial disputes—speaking now of Europe as a whole—there is a dead line. Labor will not return to conditions as they were in 1913. It is unimaginable. Nor is this radical labor doctrine, as such. It is the accepted social and political doctrine of all parties. Even the reactionaries accept it, not always because they would, but because they must. Wages, hours, conditions of living as in 1913 are the hated memories of a previous and lower state of economic existence.

Well, the significant point is that the year 1913 in its own time was the most prosperous year Europe had ever known. Yet she would not for a moment consider exchanging now for then. That would mean going back. It would mean working more and having less. In Germany it would mean soggy dark bread again. The bread of Germany has turned white; it is whiter than the bread of France, and the government's propaganda for putting back the rye is of no avail. They have eaten white bread and they will have it. So more and more they export rye and import wheat and wheat flour.

None the less, against all evidence, the idea remains that Europe is war poor. The Europeans themselves believe it. It is their defense—in their relations with the United States a political asset and for bankrupt statesmanship a perfect refuge.

(Continued on Page 113)

Hotel des Ambassadeurs Building in Boulevard Haussmann, Paris. The Street is New, Having Just Been Opened Through a Congested Old District

THE LAST VOLTORNO

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

"I Didn't Hear You Coming," I Said. Gwendolyn Had Stopped. The Ugly Red-Haired Man Drew His Breath Once and Dropped a Hand Against the Saddle's Side

THE sixth of August, 1917, was strikingly hot in Leon Springs Military Reservation, and there was no drill that afternoon. Sunlight pounded down on the great realm of hills and graceful slopes; the armadillos appreciated my regiment suddenly and came in their unaccountable fashion to walk under the raised buildings and to cough thinly when sweating men picked them up. Hubert, the elderly armadillo attached to the supply company, hobbled into the office where I was dripping on a list of requisitions and told me, by a movement of his frail pink ears, that this was pretty bad. Then he curled up in a corner and thought about his past, twitching his whiskers and pretending that he was not alarmed by the young supply officer's spurs, a yard from his dignity.

But I think that he was relieved when the lieutenant said, "I give this up! If anybody asks for me tell 'em I've gone to town."

He then left, and Hubert waved a whisker in modest jubilation. We were now in full control of a broiling office twelve feet square and fourteen feet high, built of wood so new that balls of sap hung on the walls beside pendent lanterns and maps of the vast reservation. Well, Hubert could have the room. The regimental supply sergeant was elsewhere and the requisition could be copied after night cooled Texas. I grabbed my cane and limped out of the tormenting place. Echoes of a blackjack game had been floating from Battery F ever since noon in a surge of sudden chatter and loud jokes that rose and fell with the speed of gambling; and where there was a violent blackjack game, there would be Regimental Supply Sergeant Clifford Robinson. I made for the steep steps at this side of Battery F's cantonment and climbed them into the noisy space of the long room where the game progressed—against orders—in a whirl of smoke, with wiry little Robinson astride a cot and lamentations rising.

"Want anything, bub?"

"Can I have Gwendolyn, Robbie?"

"Uh-huh," said Robinson, dealing rapidly on the olive blanket. "Be good to her, son. May have to sell her tomorrow. Hurrah for trouble!"

The audience buzzed. Half-naked players and watchers flicked sweat from their eyes and the everlasting game spattered on. A big Swiss corporal touched a string of lucky turquoise beads that laced brilliantly among the wet hairs of a wrist; scowling McKay from Battery C and the redoubtable Schultze from A hunched their big shoulders side by side. There was blood on the moon; tomorrow watches and rings would be pledged in San Antonio. I stared through the smoke at a fine watch glued to the white wrist of a red-headed player who had all his clothes on and felt rather sorry for him. He was precisely dressed, and perhaps liked his ornament. Meanwhile lads were standing on cots to peer over the stooped heads. I turned away and hobbled off toward the doorway, and ran into a boy named Conkling, who should have been enjoying his sophomore vacation from Harvard.

"How's your foot?"

"About the same. The surgeon found out the name of the thing this morning. Some kind of nervous irritation," I wearily said, but relieved to think that I shouldn't have to explain the phrase "nervous irritation." Conkling was sometimes a solace to my vocabulary.

"Nice," he said, looking down at my carpet slipper and the oiled bandages wrapping my bare ankle. "Oh, there's a fellow who was asking who you were—one of those men that came day before yesterday. He's rather decent. Said he'd met you somewhere."

"What's his name?"

"Woodward. About your age," said Conkling, with the vague respect of nineteen for twenty-seven. His manner always made it plain that he thought me too venerable for military service in the ranks. "Only his hair's four shades redder. Ugly hound. . . . Going to wash?"

"I'm riding," I yawned, and walked on.

Gwendolyn pretended that it was nice to see me limping into the shady corral where some wagoners were on their backs in the grass under a sycamore. One of these lazily got Gwendolyn's saddle from somewhere and the whole group hopefully watched me mount, but the gray mule did not try to get rid of me, and walked off at a dignified saunter after snapping at an Italian wagoner whose name was Ottavio Cesare Francisco Scarone. Sergeant Robinson won Gwendolyn at dice from a Mexican in San Antonio, but she was not otherwise romantic. She walked reflectively past the raised wooden shower baths, a roofless shed on stilts, and looked with disapproval at naked men sitting listlessly on the wet grass, awaiting turns under the tepid showers. The sun now came at a slant from the white sky, and oaks of the neat forest were throwing out purple shadow on patches of ruddy dust. Gwendolyn carried me past the brown line of cantonments and then flirted her ears inquiringly.

"Suit yourself, madame," I told her; "I don't care. We're out for pleasure and rest."

Gwendolyn, who was socially minded, turned to the left and marched toward the hidden headquarters of the reservation. She liked the stir and flurry of the camp clotting one wide hill and a broad half moon of plain on which student officers and some regiments of infantry sometimes drilled in dusk, with ladies watching from lined motor cars and quantities of highly ranked officers being mistaken for generals by recruits. I had no objection. Nine weeks of Texas had made me reckless of sunstroke, and the gentle exercise of Gwendolyn's gait was soothing. I balanced my cane across the horn of the heavy Mexican saddle and observed a lonesome snake gliding off along the meadow's parched grass. Gwendolyn's feet made no noise in the dusty track and she seemed to be looking up at a buzzard's tranquil motion in the endless depth of sky. This meadow, rimmed by the shallow sharply beryl straggle of small trees, was empty and beautiful in the murderous light. The snake's gray glitter rippled away. I jumped and Gwendolyn's head came about as a man trotted alongside.

"Sorry."

"I didn't hear you coming," I said. Gwendolyn had stopped. The ugly red-haired man drew his breath once and dropped a hand against the saddle's side. I went on, "Why run in this weather?"

He panted "Does take it out of you, rather," and stood, hatless, with angles of wet cotton changing to squares and shapeless blots on his chest. His face was screwed up in a bundle of muscles covered by the dead-white skin, and sweat plastered the tiny hairs of his arched eyebrows into a brown smear.

"You don't remember me?"

He straightened out his face with the question and mopped it on a silken handkerchief. His eyes showed, large and green, and his crooked white teeth were briefly visible as he smiled.

"Can't say I do. . . . I should. I don't know so many Englishmen."

"Oh," he said quickly, "I'm not English. Born in Milwaukee. Of course, I've been over there half my life. So you don't remember me at all?"

It was not worth while, in the middle of a plain in Leon Springs, away from civilian necessities, to be strictly polite and to lie. I grinned and shook my head.

"Then ——" he said, and then he stopped. His shirt was now mostly black, and wet bands showed on his long thighs. He'd run a quarter mile after me in this temperature to renew an acquaintance, and there wasn't any. It didn't upset him, openly, but he tapped the saddle rhythmically and looked off at the vanishing buzzard for a time. "Then if you do happen to remember me, sometime or other, do come and tell me before —— I mean—it all sounds rather absurd. My name's Woodward. I'm in Battery F. What I'm trying to say is—is that I don't want to be made conspicuous."

"I see," I said, and really thought that I saw. Private Woodward must be someone slightly spectacular elsewhere, and I'd met him where English accents were usual and dinner jackets known as nightly wear. Yesterday there had been blurred photographs in a newspaper; the sixteen-year-old son of some millionaire had been interviewed in one of the Eastern camps. Woodward didn't want that to happen to him. I said a second time, "I see." And Gwendolyn nodded emphatically.

"That's understood then," Woodward murmured, and took his white fingers from my saddle.

"You've just been sent down here? Look out for sunburn."

"Oh, I don't tan. Rather wish I did," he said, smiled handsomely, and walked away.

Gwendolyn and I now proceeded in placid silence, both having behaved well in this scene. We ambled through

the meadow and through a band of forest and down a stretch of roadway into the muddle of the large camp, where drivers were lounging in battered cars, waiting for the rush to San Antonio after dark. I had nothing to do and nobody to see here; but the somnolence of the hillside and infantrymen languorously playing ball behind the green-painted bulk of one building amused me for a time, and some wretched electrician was crawling high on the mast above the long hospital, fixing the colored bulbs that swung as stars in the night. Two young officers looked at me haughtily, not yet sure enough of their rank to ask my license for riding a mule about with one foot in a carpet slipper, and an industrious negro child sold me a stale copy of a New York paper for ten cents. Gwendolyn pensively took me over to the drill ground, but there was nothing to see, and then more briskly brought me to a canteen, where I bought some ice cream for her. And then, all at once, the strange winds of Texas stirred with the sun's descent into a bed of violet haze. It was cool; and when Gwendolyn trotted into the dusk of the corral again it was cold, and the hot lantern of the supply company's office was pleasant.

"Sixty an' one an' one an' one," said Sergeant Robinson, counting his afternoon's intake on a field desk, "and a nice new five—an' one—like to buy McKay's cigarette case, son?—an' forty cents. What's baccarat?"

"Blackjack's maiden aunt," I said.

"Yeh? That red-headed prize fighter was sayin' it's blackjack's brother."

"What red-headed prize fighter?"

Robinson wadded the bills into a pocket and drawled, "The kid playin' other side of Schultze 'safternoon. He got out. Named Woodward."

"Prize fighter?"

"By his build, he is," Robinson said, "but his voice don't match. What I don't like about this war is that all you things"—he had no respect for the world that wears dinner jackets, or any other world—"go an' join on. The Army used to be all kids off street corners or farms, like me. Now all you educated yaps join on and spoil us. Out in the islands I knew an educated ranker who could read Latin, but he soused out, drinkin' raw alc'hol exclusively. Gimme the paper."

I gave him the stale newspaper and watched him drop, instantly at ease, on his cot in a corner of the office. The Army had contained Robinson ever since his fourteenth birthday. His age on his service record was thirty, in 1917, but he was only twenty-seven and a stoic philosopher. Whatever happened was what happened, and nothing much mattered to him. He had brains and no ambition. He talked pure satire and never read a book.

And now he digested the newspaper for me, drawling, "Mrs. Cyrus K. Chesholm org'nizes charitable fête for Allied cause. Picture of Mrs. Chesh an' three fillies lookin' organized at camera. She was pretty, back when I had my first teeth. . . . English premier makes stirrin' speech. What of it? . . . No news of Voltorno. Theatrical manager makes statement. If they don't get Voltorno off the front page pretty soon I'll find him an' kill him. . . . Terrible murder in Brooklyn. Why's one murder more terrible than another, kid? Ever notice that guys that like murders an' read murder stories are usually sissies? They get an awful kick out of readin' about what they'd never dare to think of doin'. . . . Flurry on the market. What of it? . . . Bride throws egg at husband at wedding breakfast. Begun early. . . . You can have it back."

Robinson flung the paper at me, rolled over, planted his meek face on his locked arms and went to sleep with instant precision. When there was nothing of interest near him he simply went to sleep. He often commented on the value of my society in this way and kept me humble. On this evening he stayed asleep, and my queerly infected foot burned so that by nine o'clock I was melancholy; and by ten, reading a French novel under the warm lantern, with the regimental street stretching upward lifeless for three hundred yards from the door of the supply office, I yearned for strong drink or cards. But the regiment had gone to bed and little winds strolled through the forest around us in wailing gusts, phantoms of dying sound. Nursed fires in the ranges planted outside ends of mess halls made their canopies of pale canvas faintly pink on the slope of hillside, and the blue lamp of the medical squad's quarters was a lone spark at the top of the rise. It seemed best to go to bed.

I hobbled around from the office into the quarters of the supply company, a march of twenty feet, and heard the modulated snore of wagoner Ottavio Cesare Scarone beginning its dull drumming noise as I hauled off my clothes. Some starlight showed the cots loaded with silent bodies, and the blue height of a doorway at the far end of the room framed a weight of moist, drooping leaves on a farther tree. Only the snore of Ottavio Cesare Scarone troubled this domestic calm of thirty tired men, and presently he stopped his noise, and there was nothing to keep me awake except the burning blisters of my right sole. But these did what they could.

My mind rose and fell on some mysterious elevator of sensation. I was asleep, or awake, and suddenly was in a dressing room of the Empire Theater, in London, sitting on a closed trunk, watching a man whose face was a mask of paints help a girl as she dusted powder on her neck, scratched by the ruff of a harlequin dress. This was mere memory, drowsing, but it was all very clear—the man in his costume of a tramp fluttering the powder puff against her neck. She was Clare Wilkins, who had married some English officer since 1913 and the man was—was—was—— I came wide awake trying to remember his name. He was a popular dancer and talked well, rather cynically.

But dawn had come. Two of the young wagoners were already mechanically stirring under their greenish blankets. Private Dewey Brown, wrapped up in the patchwork quilt which his mamma in upper Mississippi had made for him, was a lump of colors and pink feet; and the bugles would yowl, my watch told me, in half an hour. I might as well go and get a shower bath now and try to stop my headache. This would be a terrible day, for the winds had stopped and the air was already tepid. I pulled on a raincoat, routed a towel out of my foot locker and navigated between the cots, dragging my slippers on the dusty boards with precaution. Outside, a sleepy sentry looked glumly at me and shook his head as he blew his nose:

"Bake you all day an' freeze y' all night. I wish I was in the Navy!"

I limped under the oaks and some tree that had no name known to anybody, toward the shower baths; and wished that I were in the Navy, or anywhere in the military service where baths weren't hundreds of yards from one's bed. But something pretty distracted me. Beyond the brown bulk of the shower-bath shed lay the stretch of a meadow, a grayish-blue waste of dimly changing colors, and a man was strolling on this lake of tints, someone coming back from the landing place of motor cars at the big camp a mile away. He had been in San Antonio all night and was on his way to a nap before breakfast.

Anyhow, he was wonderfully drunk and his progress on the meadow had the fantastic beauty of an elaborate dance on a faintly lit stage. He pranced and made small circles, and once took thirty steps backward and rolled completely over, to land remotely upright. And once his delirious imagination made him think he was a bird catcher. He jumped straight upward in the air and twiddled his feet before he landed. I paused at the foot of the nine steps leading up into the shower baths and watched him gratefully for a while.

Would he rouse some martinet in his battery, when he got there, and be sentenced to seven days in the very uncomfortable guardhouse? I hoped not. He moved in this aimless grace and almost rhythmically, a clearer shadow among many shadows, and presently stopped to light a cigarette, forty feet from me. Then he suddenly committed ten paces of perfectly sober progress and rolled back his olive shirt to look at his watch. It sparkled, silver on his white wrist, and the first real sunlight hit a margin of his lurid hair. The meadow became real and the man was real. Something spun in my head. He strolled nearer, passed at fifteen feet from me and I knew that he was the lost Booth Voltorno.

"Hello! Getting a bath early?"

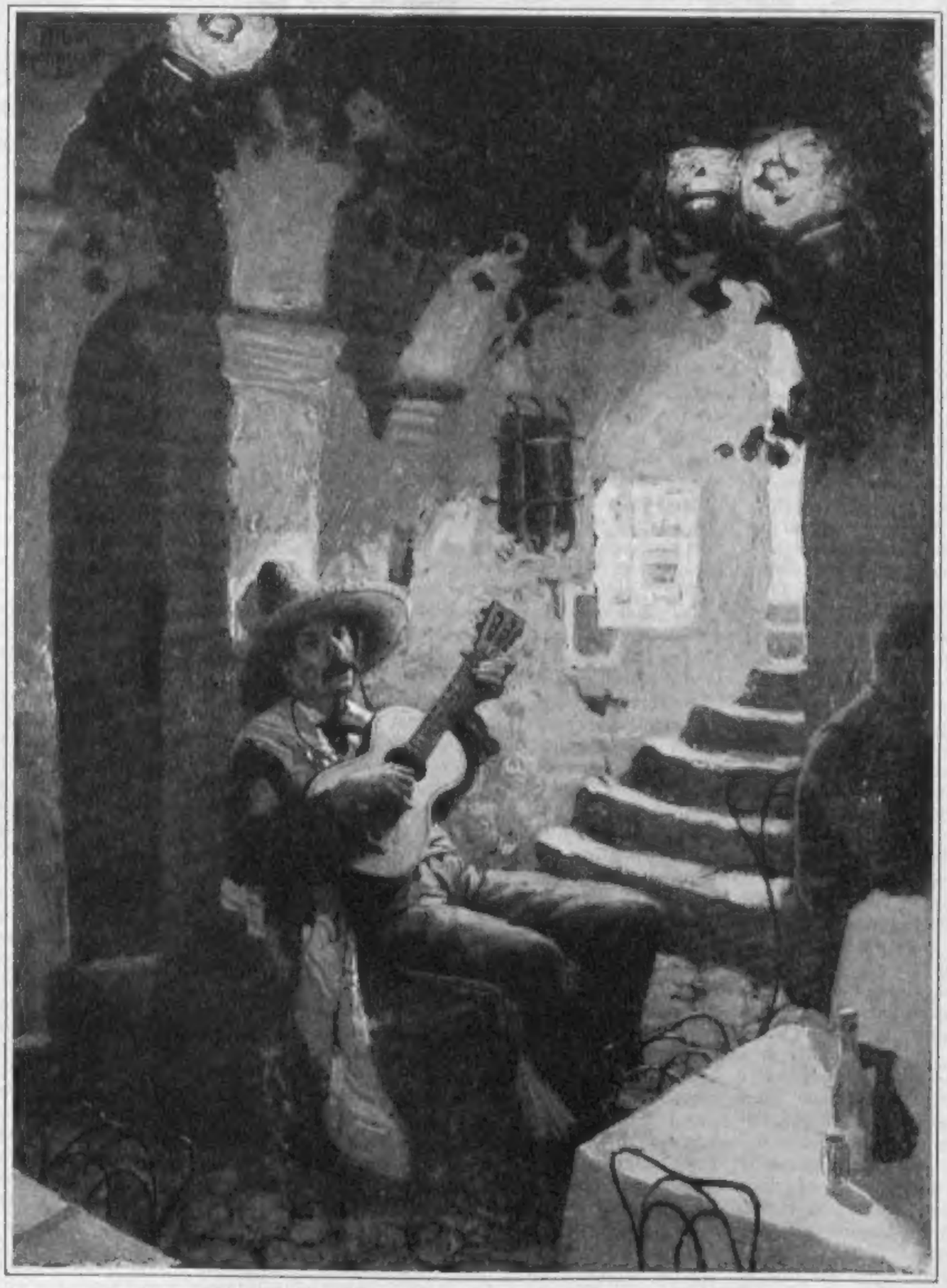
"Yes. Been to town?"

"Yes," Woodward nodded. Then he said, with a funny politeness, "My wife's staying at the St. Anthony."

"Really?"

We were amiably civil, as we had been in 1913 in Clare Wilkins' dressing room at the Empire, in sedate London. But

(Continued on Page 66)



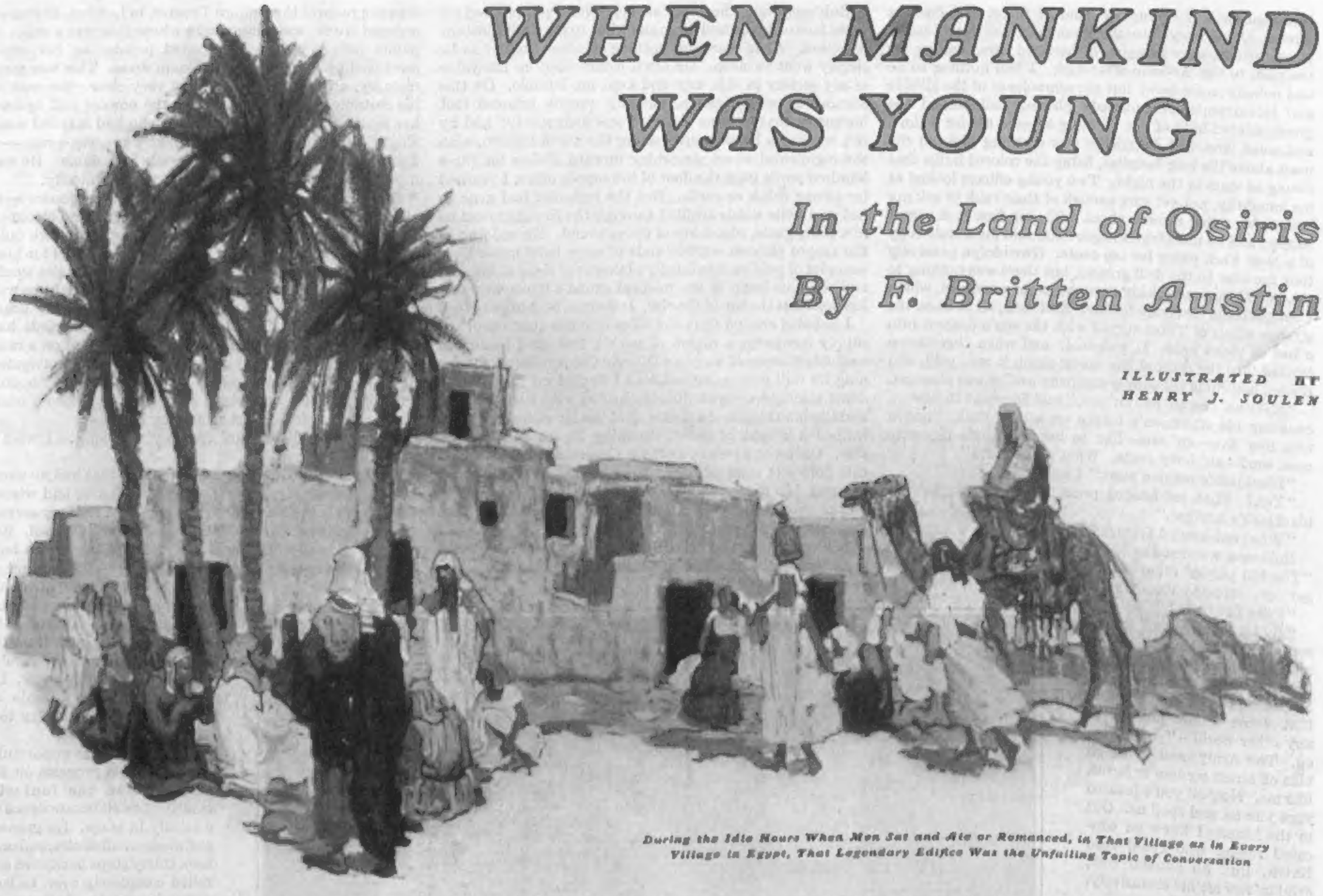
A Mexican Was Yowling, to the Tinkling of a Guitar: "La Vida es Sueño, el Porvenir Mentira; La Amistad y el Amor Mentira Son ——"

WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

In the Land of Osiris

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN



During the Idle Hours When Men Sat and Ate or Romanced, in That Village as in Every Village in Egypt, That Legendary Edifice Was the Unfailing Topic of Conversation

IF THERE was any disadvantage attaching to having been born some five thousand five hundred years ago in a land that was yet to have twenty-four hundred years of imperfectly recorded history before Moses should lead the Israelites from their bondage, little Neshemt-dadat—Given by the bark of Osiris—was not conscious of it. He was perfectly happy, as in company with other noisy urchins, naked as he himself, he played around the mud-built houses of the village where, thanks to his mother's inheritance of many fields, his father Khonû was chief man.

Remotely exalted beyond his childish ken, on a throne legitimately acquired by marriage with Queen Mertitefes, at once the widow and the sister of Seneferu, his glorious predecessor, Horus, uniter of the two countries, lord of the diadem of the vulture and the snake, of abiding splendor; the Golden Horus, king of Upper Egypt and king of Lower Egypt; Khufu—whom later ages were to know familiarly as Cheops, and whom his own subjects might name only by discreet paraphrasis as The Great House, Per'o, Pharaoh—by his own innate divinity of kingship conferred prosperity upon the land.

The beehive-shaped mud granaries of Khonû were annually filled—until the time arrived for satisfying the Pharaoh's taxgatherer—and in the as yet unreclaimed marshes adjoining the cultivated fields the village cattle plashed about in herds that grew more numerous every year. While every year, when the Nile spread over the land, the date palms, stiff-fronded, above the whitened walls hung their great clusters as a bait for nimble youngsters climbing with bare toes and a rope loop round waist and trunk.

Life was—at any rate to children—a very enjoyable and interesting affair. For that fertility of earth and herd might not be left carelessly to the distant if indubitable virtues of the Pharaoh. There was almost no day and no detail of domestic life which did not require the ceremonial placation of one or other of the infinite multitude of minor gods, while for the major phenomena of the year it was absolutely essential to solicit—with awe-inspiring ritual—the intervention of the great divinities.

One of Neshemt-dadat's earliest memories was that of issuing at nightfall, under the overarching star-spangled body of Nut, the sky goddess, clinging to his mother's robe in a procession of all the villagers, to lament with Isis weeping for her husband and brother, Osiris, who was dead. That was in the hot month when the earth was parched and fissured, and the sacred river had shrunk till its shoals were bare. Far, far away, so his mother had whispered awesomely to him, Isis would let fall a tear into the sources of that river and in a day or two Hapi, the Nile god, would commence to swell until once more the earth was covered with the miraculous inundation that saved the life of every creature in the land.

Thrillingly doleful, too, were the lamentations for Osiris in that later and cooler season when the inundation had receded, leaving here and there last gleaming squares of water in the diked and channeled fields, and on the soft mud the sowers walked behind the plowing oxen and scattered the seeds that were immediately trampled in by driven flocks of sheep. It was dramatically vivid somehow to his childish mind—though the event was but perfunctorily mimed by peasants anxious to proceed speedily with the work—that the great god Osiris was in fact slain and his dismembered body scattered over the land, his *ka* descended to the underworld.

In the mud huts the women who wept in the character of Isis and Nephthys, sisters of the god, sowed wheat and barley in the shape of a man upon a sheet of moistened linen—grain that would sprout quickly and thus hasten the joyful resurrection when the harvest was high in the fields and the reapers hastened forth with their notched flint sickles amid songs and revelry.

There was drama—fascinatingly novel to him newly come upon the stage of life—in every circumstance of that simple agricultural existence, pursued where now for uncounted thousands of years it had been pursued—in that narrow desert-confined valley where first in all the world men had deliberately sowed grain and assisted its mysterious growth. Precociously quick-witted like all his race, little Neshemt-dadat enjoyed it to the full.

The adult members of that community, it is true, were less uniformly happy. They ran and hid themselves in the papyrus swamps when the taxgatherers appeared and when the captains of the Pharaoh came to collect men for the forced labor. Even then it was fascinating to watch them being dragged out, flung flat and naked on their faces and soundly beaten with rods. On such occasions even Khonû, his father, the chief man of the village, trembled visibly, showing excessive politeness to the men of Pharaoh, and his mother, Netchemet, muttered inaudibly under her breath.

Principally in the time of the inundation did these things befall. For that was the season, as all men knew, when the Pharaoh sent forth to gather men to labor on the great tomb, commenced even before Neshemt-dadat was born, which he was constructing for himself. During the idle hours when men sat and ate or romanced, in that village as in every village in Egypt, that legendary edifice was the unfailing topic of conversation.

The men driven away to labor upon it returned after three months, haggard and marked with blows, but with their mouths full of marvels. Verily it was a hill of squared stones that was to reach the sky. Wonderful were the magics practiced by the priests of Ra who stood over the workmen—strange workers, the skilled masons, speaking an alien tongue, and dwelling by themselves in a city of their own—magics of rods and cords that whispered to them precisely where to place the monstrous blocks that a host of men could scarcely drag.

There were those who said that it was to be a place of concealment for all the treasure in the world, that secret passages, guarded by the magic of the priests of Ra, were already prepared for its laying-up in that man-made mountain which grew slowly year by year. Whereat bold ones spat and muttered anathemas upon the priests of Ra, the sun god, who by their spells had seized upon the will of the Pharaoh, and caused him to render dangerously desolate in every province the temples of the ancient animal gods and—though ineffectually, as all men knew; for who would dare to affront gods?—to prohibit their worship.

Verily, the priests of Ra were becoming masters of the land. Even the great Osiris they were daring to claim as a manifestation of their upstart divinity! Yet distant by a dynasty was the time when that once merely local religion should become so powerful that the Pharaoh himself would be its nominee, credited with being by actual birth the divine son of Ra in a dazzling sacredness none of his successors would ever relinquish.

On those occasions, Khonû, Neshemt-dadat's father, would intervene with wise and calming words. What foolishness was this they spoke? Was it not known to all men

that the great tomb was to contain the *ka*—the divine essential double—of the Pharaoh? There, after he himself had passed to companionship with Osiris, it would dwell forever and ever, in a house that none could destroy, hidden beyond the possibility of sacrilegious injury, and thus forever and ever insure the well-being of the land—even as the *ka* of the great Seneferu insured it from within the tentative pyramid he had built within his lifetime. Could divinely royal benevolence do more?

As for the priests of Ra, it became not the earthborn to murmur at those whom the Pharaoh delighted to honor. Was it not notorious that they possessed all manner of incredible wisdom—could even predict by many days the exact hour at which the star Sothis, that was Isis herself, should blaze in the almost-dawn sky, seeking Osiris and blessing the already brimming inundation, and thus beginning a new year? Hush, ye chatterers, who cannot understand great things hidden from your feeble minds!

Khonû spoke thus because he was chief man of the village and responsible, and haply because his wife's brother, Ptahnimait, was a great personage at the court of the Pharaoh—having indeed risen to be no less than one of the chief scribes in the treasury—and Khonû felt it incumbent on him to maintain the prestige of a government with which he himself was in some sort connected. But secretly he worshiped, when he needed their assistance, the forbidden ancient animal gods, and grumbled bitterly at the excessive forced labor which took away his villagers for the unending work at the monstrous piling-up of stones ordered by the Pharaoh. Only last year some of the dikes had broken disastrously, with no men at hand to repair them.

Such was the background of Neshemt-dadat's happy infancy—an insignificant little village clustered under its palm trees amid the embankments and channels of an immemorially ancient irrigation system, not to be distinguished from innumerable other precisely similar villages scattered along the narrow plain that was bounded by the parallel walls of the desert hills and majestically traversed by the mighty river which gave it life.

There he played, modeling crude figures with the mud of the canals, even as do today his infant successors on the spot, chasing and being chased by his companions, mimicking with zest and precision the serious ceremonials of his elders. He had even sorely beaten Nefert, the beautiful, the small and as yet unclothed daughter of the next most important farmer in the village, to enforce from her a realistic interpretation of the part of Isis weeping for Osiris, when with his playmates he had paraded a lumpy clay model of the slain god whose dispersed members they had sought for and found with joyous cries.

A very ordinary, happy Egyptian child was Neshemt-dadat in those remote days when Ta-Mera—"the land of the inundation," as its song makers called it—was only beginning to fix unchangeably a civilization that was to endure for three and a half thousand years and be the wonder of the world.

In the cool shade of the ancient sycamore grove of the temple of Ra at An—three thousand-odd years later to be known to the marveling Greek, Herodotus, the father of history, as Heliopolis—Neshemt-dadat walked with his friend Ma-hesa. Both young men were clad in the white linen robes of the priests of Ra and from the neck of each was pendent the amulet carved in the shape of the scarab beetle that was a sacred manifestation of the god—did not, among many other proofs, the sun's rays call it to spontaneous life from the mud left by the inundation? They were not, however, officiating priests. Long years of successive initiations and of increasing sacerdotal dignity must elapse before they could participate in the ritual around the *benben*—the squat stone obelisk in the great courtyard, which was the symbol of the god—before they might even enter to prostrate themselves in the dark House of Stars where were kept, shut away from the vulgar, the two boats used by Ra in his daily journey through the sky, the Mâd boat for the morning and the Sekti boat for the afternoon.

They were but junior temple scribes, still undergoing instruction in the school, and no more serious religious duty was intrusted to them than that of assisting to control the pilgrims who came to dip their fingers in the temple pool of Ra, where every morning the great divinity washed his intolerably bright face—that pool which alone, save for one far later obelisk, survives today of all the vanished glories of the sacred city of the sun.

They walked now, arms about each other, in the sentimental emotion of youth wandering with its chosen comrade. Already of old date was that friendship. It had commenced years back when Neshemt-dadat—thanks to the agency of his maternal uncle, Ptahnimait, who, in a still persistent tradition from more primitive times, was almost more concerned with him than was his father—had been brought from his semisavage village and placed, an

(Continued on Page 128)

As They Flung Themselves in Abasement Upon Their Faces, They Heard His Voice: "Live, and Depart From the Land!"

Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President

By WILL ROGERS

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ROME, Italy, June 5, '26.

MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: Calvin, I wish you could see Rome. It's the oldest uncivilized Town in the world. New York is just as uncivilized, but it's not as old as Rome. Rome has been held by every Nation in the World at one time or another, for no reason at all. Between you and I, I think some of them give it up without much of a struggle.

Rome has more Churches and less preaching in them than any City in the World. Everybody wants to see where Saint Peter was buried, But nobody wants to try to live like him.

There is 493 Guidebooks sold to every Testament. They would rather take Baedeker's word than Moses'.

The headliners in Roman History is Julius Cæsar, Mark Antony and Nero. Then Mussolini come along and made Bush Leaguers out of all of them.

Rome was built on seven hills. Every prominent Roman had a little hill all his own. History records, and local gossip has added to history, that coming home after a hard and exciting night at the baths, there has been Romans that dident find the right hill. That's what made Roman history interesting. There is only six of these hills left today. Some Roman went out of the back window so fast one night that he took the hill with him. That's the inside story. But of course present History says that the Barbarians took not only all the assembled Romans but the hill as well with them.

I tried to find out who the Barbarians were. From the best that I could learn, Barbarians were a race of people that stole from you. If you stole from the barbarians, you were indexed in your History as a Christian.

Now of these six hills left, the Pope has one, Volpi—the man that settled the Italian Debt—has one, Garabaldi grabbed off one for his personal statue. A filling station and Spagetti joint has one, Mussolini copped the highest one for the duce himself, and the last and lowest one the King has. You wouldent hardly call it a hill; it's more of a mound.

Rome wasent built in a day. It's not a Miami Beach by any means. All Tourist agencies advise you to spend at least 10 days seeing it. The Hotels advise you to take four months.

You see, Cal, that is why I am trying to find out all I can for you. I think people in our position have to look to our historical as well as Political Knowledge. So while as everyone admits you are excellently equipped politically—I don't know of a man better fortified—a little historical knowledge would do you no harm. You see, up around Boston you have seen Plymouth Rock and Boston Common and the old graveyard going up the hill toward the Capitol, But those things mean nothing to a real historian. You have seen the spot where Paul Revere come riding down hollering, "The Dam has broke!" But they had guys in Rome that invented Dams. You see, to a Roman events like those would be classed as topical today.

Well, after I finished with Mussolini, I decided to take up Rome. Of course Mussolini naturally come first, for he "made Rome what it is today; I hope he's satisfied." You see, chances are up there in Vermont you studied a little history. But you can't get much out of history in Vermont. You can't get much out of Vermont anyway. There is an awful lot of difference between reading something, and actually seeing it, for you can never tell till you see it, just how big a liar History is.

In other words, Rome is really not what it's cracked up to be. History was no more right in reporting the happenings of Rome than it has been in some of the Cities we have heard of. Now everybody goes to Rome on account of its old historical record. Now you know and I know it ain't History that you are out to study. You are out to make History. What you want to plan is, some day some Guy will be studying you instead of you studying him. Any Yap can read what somebody else has done; but can he get out and do something himself, that anybody would read about, even if they dident have anything else to read?

Now what I wanted to do was to cover Rome from a human-interest point of view. In other words, I wanted to see something that was alive. I am, I bet you, the only one that ever visited the city that dident run myself ragged dragging from one old Church to another, and from one old Oil Painting to the next. In the first place, I don't care anything about Oil Paintings. Ever since I struck a dry hole near the old home ranch in Rogers County, Oklahoma I have hated oil, in the raw, and all its subsiduaries. You can even color it up, and it don't mean anything to me. I don't want to see a lot of old Pictures. If I wanted to see old Pictures I would get D. W. Griffith to revive the Birth of a Nation. That's the best old Picture there is. I wouldent mind seeing the Four Horsemen again. But this thinking that everything was good just because it was old is the Apple sauce. They only produced a few great men, so why should every picture they painted be great?

Say, Charles Dana Gibson and Herbert Johnson can assemble 'em good enough for me. They may never hang in the Louvre, But they sho do dangle from the front page of many an old News stand. So I am not going to kid myself and I am not going to kid you either, Cal. I know your and my tastes are about alike, and when I was looking at things I was a-thinking all the time of you, and wondering if you wouldent size the thing up just about along my lines.

Of course, every once in a while something comes up in Washington they think is more or less of an Artistic nature and naturally, as head of the Government, you have to go there or appear before them and maby say a few words pertaining partly to the subject at hand. Well, you get one of the secretaries there to dig you up the night before a few names and dates and so-called achievements along the line that this convention or Society is working on, and you get away with it.

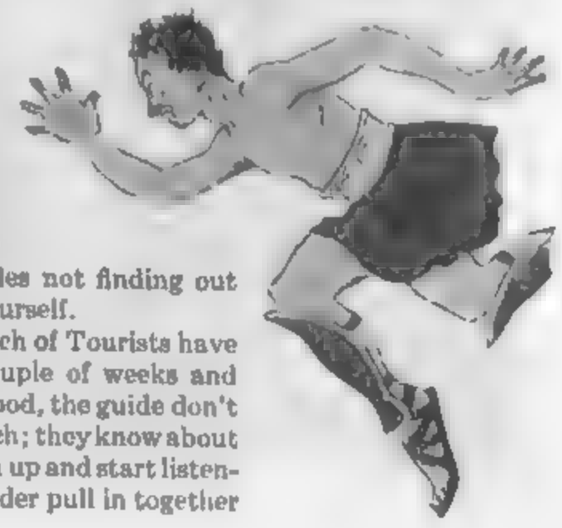
They Come Dragging Into the Hotel at Night, and You Would Think They Had Walked Here From America

But that's one beautiful thing about our association, you and I—we don't kid each other. We know about 9–10ths of the stuff going on under the guise of Art is the Banana Oil. They call it Art to get to take off the clothes. When you ain't nothing else, you are an Artist. It's the one thing you can claim to be and nobody can prove you ain't. No matter how you built anything and how you painted anything, if it accidentally through lack of wars or rain happened to live a few hundreds of years, why its Art now. Maby when the Guy painted it at the time he never got another contract. Maby some of the Pictures they have now was at that time thrown away in an old cellar because they wasent thought good enough to show, and they laid there all these years and somebody dug 'em out and now they are the Old Masters. I know how it is with you, you have had a hundred Movies brought to the White House to be shown to you, and I bet you never been in the Smithsonian Institution since you first went there as Vice President, when you dident have anything else to do. So when I tell you about Rome I just want you to picture it as it is, not as it is in the guidebooks, but as an ordinary hard-boiled American like you and I would see it.

Now we call Rome the seat of Culture, but somebody stole the chair. Today it has no more culture than Minneapolis or Long Beach, California. They live there in Rome amongst what used to be called Culture, but that don't mean a thing. Men in Washington you know yourself, Calvin, live where Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton lived, but as far as the good it does them, they just as well have the Capitol down at Claremore, Oklahoma—and, by the way, I doubt if Claremore would take it; there is a Town that has never had a setback. So, you see, Association has nothing to do with culture.

I know Englishmen that have had the same well-bred Butler all their lives and they are just as rude as they ever were. Why, do you know, one of the most cultured men I ever saw come from Texas, and where he learned it the Lord only knows. It's just one of those freaks of Nature like a Rose among Prickly pears.

Then another thing you got to take into consideration. If a town had any culture and Tourists commenced hitting it, Your culture is gone. Tourists will rub it out of any town. Now you take the Tourists. There is one of the hardest working business that you could possibly adopt—the business of trying to see something. They will leave a nice comfortable home with all conveniences, and they will get them a ticket to Europe and from then on they stop being a human; they just turn sheep. The Guide is the sheep herder, and about the same fellow the regular sheep herder is on a ranch. You ask him anything outside his regular routine and you are going to spoil his pleasure for the day, besides not finding out the answer yourself.



After a bunch of Tourists have been out a couple of weeks and get broke in good, the guide don't have to do much; they know about when to bunch up and start listening. They kinder pull in together

like a covey of quail and form a sort of a half circle while the Guide tells them what he has read in their guide books. They listen and mark it off and move on over to another pasture. They come dragging into the hotel at night, and you would think they had walked here from America. If you asked them to do that hard a day's work in their own towns they would think you was cuckoo.

Then they must dress for dinner. They couldent possibly go down in the dining room without the little Organdie on. Even the men put on Monkey Suits that at home you couldent get him into one with an elephant hook. Why anybody can't act the same away from home and enjoy just as much freedom as they do there is more than I will ever know.

But I want to tell you they are taking this sight-seeing serious. It's no pleasure; it's a business. You speak to one of them after he has been a-touring all day, and start to tell him something, he will start looking up on the wall for some old Frescoe's or a stained-glass window. You can tell a Tourist after a long tour; they have held a Guidebook in one hand so long they have learned to do everything else with the other hand. Everyone of them when they get home from Rome can tell you where Cæsar and Nero were born, and not a one of them can tell you, Calvin, where you or Borah or Dawes first saw the political light. They have seen the Boragzzi Galleries and the Louvre, but they think the Smithsonian Institution is a Clinic and the Field Museum is a branch of that great Department Store.

They saw the place where Nero tuned up his old bass viol just before the third alarm was turned in—they saw that, but they never heard Albert Spalding play either with or without the accompaniment of a fire. Then they get up early in the morning to start out to see more old Churches. Now a Church is all right, and they are the greatest things we have in our lives, but not for a steady diet. They figure the earlier they can get you out, the more Churches you can see that day. If you are not interested in old Churches, you can stop off and see Rome between trains.

Then they go in great for old ruins. Now I know you have lived up around those old farmhouses in New England long enough to feel about ruins just about like I do. A ruin don't just exactly spellbind me; I don't care how long it has been in the process of ruination. I kept trying to get 'em to show me something that hadent started to rue yet.

They got a lot of things they call Forums. They are where the Senators used to meet and debate—on disarmament, I suppose. They say there was some bloody mob scenes and fights in there. Well, that's one thing they got us licked on. Calling each other a liar and heaving an inkstand is about the extent of our Senatorial gladiators' warlike accomplishments.

I dident know before I got there, and they told me all this—that Rome had Senators. Now I know why it declined. There is quite an argument there over the exact spot of Cæsar's Death. Some say that Cæsar was not slain in the Senate; they seem to think that he had gone over to a Senatorial Investigation meeting at some Committee room, and that that is where Brutus gigged him. The moral of the whole thing seems to be to stay away from investigations.

I also picked up a little scandal there that I know you won't turn a deaf ear to. About this particular case, they are saying around Rome now, but they hope it don't get back to any of his people, that Brutus was Cæsar's natural son, and that Cassius was a sort of a brother-in-law without Portfolio. Then they showed where Mark Antony delivered his oration, which, as it wasent written till 500 years after he was supposed to say it, there was some chance there of misinterpretation. I have heard some of our Public men's speeches garbled in next morning's paper.

Then they speak of a Cicero. I don't know exactly what he did. His name sounds kinder like he was a window dresser. Then there was the intellectual tracks of Vergil. I guess you had a crack at him while you was up at Amherst. [NOTE TO POST EDITOR: Wasent that Coolidge's college? If it wasent, put in the right one, for nobody over here knows. Very few know Coolidge]. Vergil must have been quite a fellow, but he dident know enough to put his stuff in English like Shakspere did, so you don't hear much of him any more, only in high school and roasting-ear Colleges, where he is studied more and remembered less than any single person. I bet you yourself right now, Mr. President, don't know over three of Vergil's words. E Pluribus Unum will just about let you out. I never even got to him in school, and I remember that much. Ask Vare when he gets in there to quote you some of Vergil.

There is quite a few of these old Forums besides the Senate one. Evidently they were afflicted with a House of Representatives, a Supreme Court and a Foreign Relations Committee. 'Course it's just a lot of old broken-down Marble now. Most of the old pieces are big enough so the Tourists can't carry them away; that's the only reason they are there. A lot of them are being torn down to put in modern plumbing.

That's one thing the Tourists have done anyway—they have improved Europe's plumbing. Rome had more Art and less bathtubs than any city outside of Moscow. Romans were great to bathe collectively, but individually they were pretty dirty. Funny thing about Roman baths. You see Pictures of them, but you never saw a Picture with anyone in the water. They were great people to drape themselves around on marble slabs. But I don't think they even had any water in the pools. Bathing was a kind of an excuse to get neglije with each other.

You remember the picture they always have where one old Roman, or some of those foreigners, got sore and come out and was standing between two big pillars and was pushing them apart. Well, that was an old Senator got sore during a Filibuster, and he just went out and he puffed and he puffed and he blowed the house in. Boy, they had Senators in them days. Little John Sargent would have been a Page boy among that gang. They used to throw these pillars at each other during debate.

Rome has what they call a river. It's the Tiber, and of all the overrated things! You would think a River that is good enough to get into History for all these years would have something to back it up, wouldent you? Old-time History don't say a word about the Arkansaw or the South Canadian or Grand River or the Verdigris, and here this Tiber couldent be a tributary to one of those. Besides, the Tiber don't flow; it just oozes along. Nobody was ever drowned in it; but lots of old Settlers have bogged down in it and lost their lives. You can walk across it anywhere if you don't mind getting muddy. You can't fish in it. The mud is so thick in the water that the Fish can't see the bait, and when they do see it it's so muddy they won't eat it.

They used to have a wall around the City but the people got to climbing over it so much they just sorter neglected it and let it run down. It got so the wall wouldent keep the people from getting out. They would climb over and go off to some other place. You can't keep people in a place with a wall. If they don't like a town they will leave it. Look at Sing Sing. They got a better wall than Rome even thought they had, and still very few stay in there. That wall system is a failure and always was. Walls are all right to put your back to if somebody is fighting you; it keeps you from backing any further away from them, and sometimes makes you fight when if it wasent for the wall you would keep backing. One thing I will say for Rome—they have kept up the gates of the old wall. They have let all the rest of the wall fall down, but the Gates are kept in very good repair. 'Course you can walk around them and get in without coming through the gate, but I guess they never thought of anybody doing that.

The whole of Rome seems to have been built, painted and decorated by one man; that was Michelangelo. If you took everything out of Rome that was supposed to have been done by Michelangelo, Rome would be as bare of Art as Los Angeles.

He was a picture Painter, Sculptor, a House painter, both inside and out—for in those days they painted the ceilings. He was an Architect, a Landscape Gardener, Interior Decorator, and I wouldent doubt if he dident strum a mean Guitar. It's hard to tell you what all that fellow was. We have over home today no single person that compares with him, not even in California. He was a Stanford White in drawing up all the local Blue Prints of his day. He was the Charley Russell of the old paintbrush;

(Continued on Page 169)

A Fellow Was a Gladiator as Long as He Remained Alive—That's What Made Him Glad

THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. P. COUSE

CHET McAUSLAND is both by instinct and practice a generous man; his outstanding trait is this generosity. When I speak of him to one who does not know Chet, I find myself saying first of all: "He's the most generous man you ever saw. Give you anything he owns that he thinks you may covet or admire."

I have added, on more than one occasion: "But he carries this generosity to the point of absurdity at times."

I was impressed with this habit of his at our first encounter, and often thereafter; it runs like a thread through all the pattern of his life. The trait is at times embarrassing; it is not easy to accept gifts from a man whose wants are so few and simple that to repay him is a stiff and difficult business. But none of my dissuasions had any weight with him. I came at last to recognize the fact that my best repayment was a glad acceptance of whatever it was he offered me; that the pleasure he had in the giving was his compensation.

But there has come a change in Chet. I am but just returned from some few days spent among the coverts in Fraternity, with Chet and the dogs as my companions, and Mrs. Mac attending to our wants and presiding in her comfortable fashion over our mornings and our evenings. Early in my stay there I began to perceive the presence of a disturbed undercurrent beneath the placid life at the farm; and in the end, red revolution flared before my eyes.

It seems worth while to set the matter down.

"If Giving Things Away Would Put Us on the Town, We'd Have Been There Long Ago," She Told Him

It will be necessary to know Chet a little more in detail. I remember the day of our first encounter. A man in East Harbor, a man named Ralph Fair, since dead, inquired whether I would like to go trout fishing. I had never fished for trout and accepted eagerly, asking instructions as to the gear and tackle I would need. He advised a steel rod, a braided silk line, a dozen small hooks and a few split shot.

"Chet will dig the bait," he said; and I asked in my ignorance, "Chet? Chet who?"

"He lives out in Fraternity," Ralph told me. "Chet McAusland. We'll pick him up on the way."

So when, on the appointed day, we drove the intervening miles and came up the hill to the farm above the village, we found Chet waiting on the kitchen porch. I remember him so vividly; a stout figure of a man, small and stocky, in knee-height boots and old blue overalls, with a faded tweed cap pulled low over his brow. His vest hung open, and he wore no coat; and when we swung into the farmyard he greeted us with a lifted hand and a deep salutation, and came to the side of the car; and his hand and mine clasped for the first of many times. Then Mrs. Mac, broadly beaming, appeared in the kitchen door; and when Ralph introduced me to her she met me with a friendly dignity.

Ralph asked, "Got the worms dug, Chet?"

"Bucket full of 'em," Chet assured us, and indicated a deep tin pail on the porch beside the door; and Mrs. Mac added: "He's been a-digging worms two hours, out where the sink water empties. I guess he's got enough to last all summer, by the time he's been."

Chet laughed at that. "Want to have plenty," he explained; and Ralph said, "All right, Chet, we're ready when you are."

He had been waiting on the porch when we arrived; I supposed he must have been ready long ago. But there began now a small confusion of preparation. We had to alight and come into the kitchen while he got his gear together; and he was like most men in his inability to find his own belongings. It was: "Mary, where's my reel? Where'd you put my rod? Where's my pipe?" And Mrs. Mac found them for him, moving unprotestingly. He seemed at last to be ready; we went out toward the car. But he returned to the kitchen again and called to us from the door, "Got plenty of matches, have you?"

At the last moment, when we were all in the car and the engine roaring, it was Mrs. Mac who discovered that Chet had forgotten the bait pail, and brought it and lifted it to his waiting hand as we moved away.

There is no moment of that first day along the brooks which will ever be forgotten; but those moments need not be detailed here. Only I remember that we sat for lunch beside a little bridge where a haying road came down to the meadows through which the brook ran; and the bright water laughed beneath us, and we bent to bury our faces and drink deep from the stream; and in the pool in the next bend below, small trout, no more than fingerlings, splashed bravely as they strove to satisfy the voracity of their small appetites. And I came to know Chet somewhat better, to discover what his treasures were, and so where his heart did lie.

He politely disapproved of the rod I had bought, and of the snells upon my hooks. The rod was of the telescoping variety. He pointed out the superior simplicity of his own. His was an ancient implement, the black enamel in many places flaked away, the metal showing through.

"But I've fished with it eleven years," he declared. "And never a thing done to it but some oil on the joints and a new guide I made out of one of Mrs. Mac's hairpins and soldered on."

He lifted it affectionately, showed me how straight it hung, yet how it yielded too. And he told how he had once lost a good salmon through using a snelled hook.

"Played him over half an hour, out at George's Pond," he explained. "And when he come to the net the snell caught and snapped and he got away. And the hooks ain't the kind I like. Not tough enough. I bought a dozen hooks, the kind I like, three years ago, and I've got eleven of them still. I lost one in the quick water on the George's River two years ago. A bass broke it off. It's the only one ever broke on me."

He took a tin tobacco box from the pocket of his vest and showed me the other hooks therein. "This is the kind," he explained. "Only you can't buy them now."

I remarked his reel, and he gave me its history. "I bought it in 1900," he explained. "Wrote to New York for it and sent fifty cents. It was silver when I got it." It wore the sheen of brass or copper now; and there were channels in the metal where the line had run. "I can take it all apart and fix it if it breaks," he added. "It'll last me the rest of my time."

And he smoked an ancient pipe, the rim of the bowl charred and cracked away, the wood polished by his tender handling.

When we finished eating and began to fish again he offered me the use of this gear he treasured so. I had caught few fish, and he blamed my tackle. "Try mine,"

he insisted. And though I long demurred, he won at last; and I fished that afternoon with this cherished rod and reel of his, with one of his precious hooks. So I had new light upon this man, who would permit an amateur the usage of the things he seemed to love best in the world. When we came back to the farm he dumped his fish into my basket and would not listen to my protests, and I had at last to take them all away with me to town.

"We have all the trout we can eat, right along," he insisted. "They don't mean a thing to us. You take them." And when I pointed out that no one family could eat them all, "Then give what you don't want away," said he.

I was later to remember Mrs. Mac's countenance as she stood on the porch and listened and saw us disappear; was later to discover in it the unadmitted longing which it wore. But I was on that particular occasion blind.

Through the intervening years, we have been much together, Chet and I, and always I have had to fight against his generosity. The man has many treasures; but it is wonderful that he has kept any one of them so long. I remember one summer evening I stopped for supper before going on my way to town, and there was honey on the table, which I gustily devoured. He laughed with delight at my appetite; and afterward he loaded me with great flakes of dripping comb, packed in a deep bowl so that at the bottom of the dish a golden pool took form and grew—more than any man could find use for. When I protested, he hushed me. "Sho!" he cried. "We've got bees in the orchard. I can raise all the honey a whole town can eat, any time I want."

He did not add that, as a matter of fact, he did raise very little; did not add that this particular trove which he gave me was all they were like to have. Nor did Mrs. Mac protest at all.

I gunned with him in the fall, and once or twice other men came with me. No matter how many birds we ourselves killed, Chet always insisted that we take his as well as ours. "We don't care a thing about them," he would declare. "You take them all along. If you don't eat them, give them to your friends."

He took one day a great trout that weighed near two pounds. We had fished together all that day, and I had caught as many as I could desire. But I must take his prize, too; this monster, as well as the run of his catch. I said stoutly, "Chet, if I'd caught a trout that size, I wouldn't give him to anybody in the world. I'd lug him around and show him to my friends."

"You go on and show him," Chet applauded. "He's a handsome trout; show them what there is in the meadow brooks."

I appealed to Mrs. Mac. "Don't you two ever eat trout?" I urged. "You must like a mess now and then, and Chet never keeps any."

She shook her head in loyal wise. "Chet don't care only about catching them," she explained. "I don't know as I'd know how to fry a trout any more—unless someone stays to supper here."

His generosity displayed itself not only with regard to game. He brought out one night an ancient single-action revolver, to illustrate with it a tale he told.

"It was taken off the body of a murdered man," he explained, "in a gulch outside of Denver, somewhere, in 1878." He showed me how the front sight had been ripped away so that it might not catch in the holster and impede a swift draw; bade me test the hair-light trigger pull.

"They used to shoot a gun like that with their thumbs," he declared. And when I permitted my great interest to appear, he gave the gun to me, and my protests were of no avail.

I remember Mrs. Mac said then, "My brother sent that pistol to me, Chet." I was too much absorbed, at the moment, in the altercation with him to understand her word. But it came somewhat later to my mind enlighteningly.

He spoke, one fall night when I was stopping there, of Uncle Jed Grant, an ancient miserly fashion of man, at that time not long dead. The tale of Uncle Jed has been elsewhere set down. But Chet said that the old Grant house had been one of the first in the town.

"They didn't build it," he explained. "But Jed's father come on here from Cape Cod when he was a boy, back in 1860 or so, and they bought the farm and lived on it; and when the house burned, I helped to clear up the ashes. I took up the old hearthstones, and I found a pothook under them. It was worn near through; and Uncle Jed used to say he remembered it was just as bad in 1860; and he said his father told him it was worn so when he was a boy, along about 1810, down on Cape Cod." And he called to Mrs. Mac, "Where is that old pothook, Mary?"

So, patiently, she rummaged it out for him, and—he gave it to me. He had kept it put away for twenty years.

Then there was the more tedious business of his hammer, the hammer which as a marble cutter, in his younger days, Chet had used to use. He was telling me one night about a protracted battle between the Irish and the Scotch granite cutters who dwelt in a boarding house at Vinal Haven; and his memory reverted to this hammer and he spoke of it—called to Mrs. Mac, "Where's that old hammer of mine, Mary?"

She did not know; but at his insistence, and despite my protests, she went patiently to work to hunt it out for him. When she failed to discover it, its value in his eyes immediately doubled; and they turned the house upside down. But they had not discovered it when I left for home; and when I came again, months later, in June, she said to me wearily, "He's had me hunting that old hammer all winter, to show it to you."

I protested, but Chet was as usual impervious to my insistences. "It's no bother!" he declared. "Mary'll find it by and by."

And sometime that summer she did find it, and I saw it when I came again. Chet displayed it proudly, and I examined it with the attention it deserved. The handle, I remarked, was badly worn.

"It's white oak," Chet assured me. "I remember the day I made it and fitted it."

I turned the thing in my hand appraisingly. He must have used the hammer many years; for the granite dust, rubbing beneath his sweating hands, had abraded the wood, hollowing grooves and gripe in it where each one of his fingers had been wont to rest. Thus was the history of long toil graven deep in the polished oak; and the tale of Chet's stout youth. The hammer seemed to me a thing

(Continued on Page 100)

He Spoke as One Who Is All Bewilderment; and I Remembered, Floodingly, So Many Half-Forgotten Things

ON INSPIRATION'S TRAIL

Gathering the Eggs of the Booby Bird

Duck Battalions Ready to March on a Feeding Ground

By HAL G. EVARTS

HOW does one write a story? That question is asked a million times and seldom answered; at least, it is seldom answered by one who writes, for the reason that it is difficult for anyone to tell another how to construct a tale, the same as it is a bit of a chore to teach, by printed instructions or by word of mouth, proficiency in surgery, tight-wire performance or a graceful method of absorbing Chinese noodles. Probably every member of the scribbling fraternity ever and anon is accused of trafficking in the somewhat mysterious commodity listed as inspiration, coupled with the surmise that it is the spring that makes him tick. Admitting it, he automatically confesses that he is but a helpless agent purveying ideas other than his own; deny it and he is placed in the position of one who would arrogate to himself a faculty bestowed upon him by some outside agency through no merit of his own. So either equation resolves itself into the same answer—that he may know what he does, but never why.

There are occasions when such a pose might constitute a haven of refuge for the harried scribe. Having launched the forked lightning of his pen upon one or the other side of a controversy, he is free to accept the heartfelt congratulations of those whose cause he has espoused, even though they credit him with nothing more than being the irresponsible agent through which these shining words of truth were liberated. Then when the opposing parties clamor for his scalp as a sacrifice to atone for his black misrepresentations, how comfortable it would be if he might still waive all responsibility: "Too bad, old chap, but I couldn't help it in the least, you know. Inspiration played it low-down on both of us. Go out and kick him soundly in the slats." Leaving the irate enemy to shadow-box with inspiration, the scribe could go his carefree way. No doubt some ancient of the profession, laboriously inscribing his ideas on tablets of stone, created this inspiration humbug as an alibi.

Forgotten But Not Lost

IN ANY event it is an unsatisfactory solution to one endowed with sufficient curiosity to ponder upon just what is the matter with him and why, and who feels the urge to see what makes him run. It was with something of the sort in mind that I set forth to track inspiration to its lair, isolate the germ and pin it down for leisurely inspection.

When confronted with the usual formula as to where did one procure the inspiration for his latest creation, it is difficult to answer with brevity and accuracy for the reason that the process of deliberate cramming, if resorted to at all, must necessarily be supplemented by many other factors; and the finished story will be rather the product derived from innumerable stray bits of knowledge that have been absorbed more or less casually during the course of a lifetime, tinctured, no doubt, by whatever individual brand of philosophy has been engendered during the process of absorption.

Odd bits of information, stored for no particular reason other than that one has chanced upon them, are carried along with the vast slow river of general thought, unassorted scraps of débris that are thrust beneath the surface of consciousness by the ceaseless influx of new impressions, perhaps submerged for years without once bobbing to the surface, but nevertheless retained in the depths below the froth of present conscious thought. Then a clear spring of ideas breaks bounds and trickles for a time, and into this tiny swirl of clear water where it empties into the main stream of thought come flocking all the stray bits of related facts or fallacies that have been carried in solution or as sediment, there to engage for a space in an animated family reunion of mingled amity and dissent before the small crystal pool merges again into the murky depths.

A Remarkable Photograph of a Humming Bird in Action. In Circle—On its Nest

The water of any stream carries a host of foreign matter, either in solution or as sediment or débris, but only such matter as has been sluiced into it from the country drained by its tributaries. Likewise, any individual's stream of mentality carries only such elements as may have been washed into it from the various mental regions drained by his many tributaries of thought.

And it is along this submerged stream that the little god—or imp—of inspiration lurks. On several occasions I have back-tracked him to the headwaters, so I know now where he lives. That is, I'm familiar in a general way with the boundaries of his home range and favorite stamping grounds, although he frequently eludes me for such a considerable period that I fear he has kicked up his heels and high-tailed it off the reservation. But he is sulking round somewhere, scorning such familiar baits as have served to lure him into the open in the past, and whenever some tributary of thought sluices in sufficient material to start a sluggish whirlpool of ideas, he comes rollicking forth to see what it's all about.

Any normal human being is capable of summoning inspiration, or of indulging in the fishing process of associated reasoning—call it which you will. The time-honored phrase "lost but not forgotten" operates here in reverse, for though much may be forgotten, not one bit is lost. Every tiny shred of knowledge, once stored, remains there, waiting only the summons to reappear and make its bow. In order to demonstrate this clearly to oneself, it is but necessary to pick any known topic and dwell consciously upon it.

Fishing the Stream of Thought

ODD scraps of information, long dormant, crop up unexpectedly. They come in increasing numbers until they are marshaled in such hosts that only matters having a direct bearing on the subject under consideration are admitted to the consciousness, excluding all irrelevant ideas—merely the process known as concentration. Personal observations and past experience, what others have told one, what one may have read pertaining to the subject, theories and conclusions formed long since, then modified in view of later bits of knowledge—all these come scurrying forth from obscurity perhaps for the first time in a dozen years, all the files and data gathered on the subject throughout a lifetime, there to be assorted, weighed, discarded or retained by the process of conscious analysis.

That to me is the only adequate definition of the source of so-called inspiration—that it may be summoned only by the association of ideas, fishing for related factors in the stream of past experience and observation, adding the fragmentary catch of facts netted by present research and assembling the odds and ends into a more or less presentable whole. It is the process utilized by every mortal according to his talents and applied to the matter at hand, whether it be a business problem, the painting of a picture, writing of a story, pleading of a case in court or peeling a banana.

The notion that one must go out on the mountain, there to sit with folded hands and blankly receptive mind until some mysterious agency alights upon his shoulder and whispers sweet words of wisdom in his ear, which is the popular conception of the manner in which one must imbibe his inspiration, is apple sauce.

What one may fish out of the stream is limited only by what he has put into it. It is quite natural that it should be heavily impregnated with subject matter drained from whatever mental region has challenged his particular interest or constituted his special field of conscious endeavor. All that is quite simple, the three R's of psychology, but it is somewhat more difficult to determine just what is primarily responsible for steering each known mind into some special tendency in the beginning.

The initial impulse is obscure in origin; largely, no doubt, a matter of chance. Though early environment is probably the greatest determining factor, it could scarcely account for certain tendencies that developed early in my case; except perhaps upon the grounds of contrariness, for it is quite certain that they could not have been acquired from emulating family traits after the well-known imitativeness of childhood.

That my mother's father, John McLaughlin, was in a measure responsible for certain of my tendencies, even though they were seemingly at variance with family traits of my own day, there can be small doubt. It is said of him that he could never be content indoors. As a youth he left the fringe of settlement in Indiana and made his way westward to the plains of Texas in the early 40's, there to throw in his lot with the Texans and to fight throughout the Mexican War.

Years later, returning to marry into the Morehouse clan, he espoused the Northern cause at the outbreak of the Civil War as colonel of an Indiana regiment. At the cessation of hostilities he again moved westward, settling in Kansas, there to open what was probably the first exclusive gun, sporting goods and outfitting store of its character in the state.

There seems to have been a lapse of one generation without a single member having inherited John McLaughlin's outdoor inclinations. And the Evarts family, of Connecticut Yankee stock that came to Kansas in the 60's, was an indoor clan. My father, George Evarts, was a professor of languages, but with a bent for mechanics; and when hard times made it temporarily impossible for him to eke out a livelihood at his profession, he turned his hand to construction work on the railroads that were pushing on into the West.

An Outdoor Boy in an Indoor Family

MY MOTHER, traveling with him, was the first woman to cross the Rio Grande by railroad, riding in the cab of the first engine to feel its way across the newly completed bridge that spanned the river. He remained a keen student of both ancient and modern languages in anticipation of soon returning to his chosen profession—a hope not destined to be fulfilled, for he died when I was a chick ten days old. His father and his younger brother departed this mortal sphere, and another brother moved west to California.

One of my mother's brothers was killed in an accident and the other strayed off to be heard of no more for a score of years. Then before my fourth birthday, my grandfather, John McLaughlin died, and there was no one in the entire relationship with sufficient knowledge of outdoor matters to carry on the gun-and-sporting-goods establishment; so it was sold.

A Mother Wood Thrush and Her Young. In Circle—On Guard

There was I, the sole male infant, and the youngest, in a large relationship copiously supplied with girls. Therefore the environment of early family life could scarcely be held accountable for my pronounced preference for various outdoor pastimes. Although inheriting none of John McLaughlin's martial spirit, it was certain that my small frame was charged to the limit with his disinclination to remain indoors, while of my father's studious tendencies there seemed to be not a trace.

My mortal body might be cramped into an undersized school desk upon which reposed the geography, spelling book or what not that should have claimed my undivided interest, but my thoughts were always elsewhere, scouting along some creek in search of a likely place in which to set a trap, flushing imaginary coveys of quail from the hazel brush or jumping cottontails in favored pastures, lurking in a blind on marsh or sand bar in wait for the hiss of wings that presaged a flock of incoming mallards.

Instead of being fired with my father's passion to learn much of everything, I resolutely refrained from learning much of anything. Many were the pelts of muskrat, opossum, mink, civet; many were the squirrels and ducks that I proudly carried home—never once a report card upon which my anxious relatives could discern a trace of hope fulfilled that I might yet become a brilliant scholar. But each year I handed them a pleasant surprise by slipping through by a narrow margin into the next grade.

With Bated Breath and Unbaited Trap

THE first powerful ambition that claimed me was the desire to possess a gun, and I was not to be dissuaded from following my first love by promises of less lethal toys. In lieu of better armament, I went afield with a sling shot and a rusty steel trap of small dimensions, acquired by barter from a boy who had salvaged it from a deserted farm. No sooner was this treasure acquired than I hastened to a tract of woodland a mile or more from town and sought a giant tree, the cavity in its great trunk capable of housing anything up to the size of a team of horses, and carefully placed the trap in the wood rot on the floor.

The next day, charged with high hopes of bagging anything from a chipmunk to a panther, I approached the spot cautiously with the sling shot held at ready. The initial disappointment at finding the trap empty was soon superseded by an access of fresh hope, and it occurred to me that a small limestone cave that I had discovered some time previously was a likely haunt for desirable prey; so the trap was transferred to its mouth. I modestly christened this unpretentious cavern Evarts' Cave in honor of myself. It proved unproductive of valuable fur; so the scene of operations was shifted again, this time to a washed-out cavity under the roots of a giant tree that stood on the banks of the Kaw River. Hope never died, even though the trap occupied perhaps a dozen different sets in the ensuing three weeks without yielding a single pelt. Likewise the desire for a gun, instead of waning, mounted daily, and on occasion I would repair to the gun store that had once been a family possession and peer enviously through the windows at the noble array of firearms on display.

During my second year at school the hours dragged slowly until the dismissal bell permitted a visit to the trap. My one indoor pastime was the reading of outdoor stories, and through this medium it was discovered that bait was a material help in luring fur bearers to the trap. This was in a day of lower commodity prices, when unbelievable quantities of either vinegar or molasses were drawn from spigoted barrels upon the presentation of a five-cent piece, while the

(Continued on Page 130)

White-Breasted Cormorants at Cabinzas Island, a Paradise for Waterfowl Off the Coast of Peru

FINE METAL

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

TOWARD the end of each week a melancholy looking young man from a modest clothes-pressing establishment appeared in Willie Gerald's rooms and supervised generally the state of Gerald's outer dress. The things that needed pressing he carried away, but minor repairs, a mere absence of buttons, he attended to, when it was possible, on the premises. It was he, some time after eleven o'clock, who admitted a waiter from the Constitution Restaurant with Willie's breakfast. Unlike the modest tailoring shop, the Constitution was very impressive; it was an incontrovertible mark of the polite world's attitude toward Willie Gerald that his breakfasts were sent up from it; it was a particular sign of the esteem in which Ernest held Mr. Gerald.

At the moment of the tray's arrival, however, on a brilliant morning in late winter, Gerald was not in a mood to appreciate that special privilege. He had bathed and shaved, but he wasn't yet dressed; and in an elaborate affair of blue brocade, tied by a girdle with large squashy tassels, he was reading with painful attention a long typewritten letter. When Gerald had finished he announced to the clothes-presser's assistant and the waiter, that Matthew Wilson was a fool. The waiter replied in a tone of shocked surprise, "Is that so, sir!" The other said nothing. Willie Gerald found it necessary to read the letter again; it seemed complicated.

"A Great Many Times I've Been on the Point of Coming to You for—for Help"

A Mr. Veale was writing from Chicago, on paper that, with an utmost correctness of style, announced him to be a dealer in authentic antiques, to ask Mr. Gerald about a pair of girandoles. A client of his, Mrs. G. L. Watson, of Lake Forest, had bought them in New York, and in the process of shipping West one had been very badly broken, at the crowning eagle. In connection with this, in Mrs. Watson's interest, Mr. Veale had written the dealer from whom the mirrors had been bought, but could get no satisfaction; in short, no reply, from him. Then Mrs. Watson had discovered, turned inside on one of the boards that had formed the crate, a name and part of an attached address which had proved to be Mr. Gerald's. For this reason, and because of his acknowledged reputation where early Americana were concerned, Mr. Veale had taken the liberty of addressing him. First, did he know anything about the mirrors; and second, it was the opinion of the writer that they were no good. He proceeded:

"The broken eagle has been skillfully made of plaster, and finished in surface and stain to imitate wood. Is it not true that such eagles should be carved from wood? I have never seen any old in plaster. Also the brackets for the candles are not set in slots, but riveted to the frame, and there are no provisions for lusters on the guards. I would be greatly indebted to you ——"

No one in Chicago, Willie Gerald felt, had a right to know or guess so much about girandoles, a subject belonging to the more esthetically sophisticated East. And Matthew Wilson should have known better than to use that particular part of the crate in which Gerald had sent him the mirrors. The question was, should he or should he not answer this inquisitive Mr. Veale? Willie Gerald remembered who Mrs. Watson was; he had met her somewhere; an actively persistent woman. The letter, he finally decided, must have his attention; and so he replied that the eagles of all proper girandoles were undoubtedly carved from wood; he applauded Mr. Veale for his right sense of materials; and said that Matthew Wilson frequently sent him objects for approval and purchase which he almost as frequently returned.

"I'll have to see Matthew," Gerald, now alone, said audibly. On the table where he was writing stood a small ingratiating eagle, cut from wood, that he had rescued from the Pennsylvania Dutch. It had a dusty look; the truth was that a mold had been made from it—by an Italian worker in plaster as obscure as he was honest and as stupid as he was obscure—which had resulted in the great enhancement of a pair of girandoles lacking their original eagles and glass candle guards. Gerald regarded the wooden Lancaster County eagle—it had certain aspects of a rooster—regretfully, for he found it to be very entertaining. However, moving across the room, he laid it on the top of an open fire of cannel coal. That, he thought, was now necessary. The mold had been carefully broken.

Then, with an air of relief, he turned to a small square box very heavy to carry. The top had been removed, and he lifted out and unwrapped eleven extremely bright silver platters. They were entirely plain, splendid in proportion, and eight, ten and a shade over twelve inches in diameter. But new, he added. Gerald recognized further, from the clear tone and crispness of the metal, that they were either Portuguese or Spanish. English or American silver of the past twenty years was never at once so admirable and so crude. They were heavy, and he saw that they had escaped the marks of a government test of purity. Willie Gerald, returning from Palm Beach, had found them in a small store in St. Augustine; and he wondered, now, what exactly, in addition to the reasonable price, had prompted him to buy them. Foreign silver, even so good, had commonly no value for him. Where had he discussed the marking on Spanish plate?

It came back to him suddenly. While he was staying, in the fall, at Bar Harbor, with the Jasper Carlins; Freda Renant had arrived fresh—and fresh was the word—from a trip to South America for tiles, and she had spoken to him about Spanish silver and its markings. She had said it was finer than American, and that, in addition, she could identify its age from a mere scratching. That, of course, was nonsense; for the making of Spanish silver dated from the fourteenth century, perhaps earlier, and there had been little if any change in design.

The platters, though, he was forced to admit, were astonishingly fine; there was nothing national in their pattern. He recalled American silver of the best epoch, both domestic and ecclesiastical, that looked very much, if not precisely the same. Except, naturally, for the brightness and a sharpness of edge. Gerald had idly considered scratching the back of one with zigzagged parallel lines and leading Freda into an attempted identification, but abruptly he gave that up. Instead, he began to consider the various ways of treating new silver so that it showed the soft lustrous patina of a dignified—and valuable—age. It hurt Willie Gerald's susceptibilities, his sense of the proper—and remunerative—thing to have the platters so obviously bright. They must be toned down, he concluded; the edges softened, the definition blurred. And, with three of the platters carefully wrapped in a square package, he took a cab and was driven to the crowded confusion of a street of small stores almost at the New York end of the Queensboro Bridge.

There he entered beside a dusty window which bore the name of I. Simoneau, and who was further advertised as silversmith. Willie Gerald spoke very politely to M. Simoneau, who was French and aged, fragile and bent. He explained what he desired. That, Simoneau replied, in the spent and disillusioned echo of a voice, was not impossible. He would reheat the plates over a planishing anvil and work the rims and flanges with files and punches.

"Very pretty," he said of the quality of the metal. "Spanish, but late."

Gerald nodded. "That was the conclusion I had reached. I am trying to match a sixteenth-century dinner service."

Simoneau interrupted him to declare that if such was the case he would have to have a piece of the original for a comparison and a guide. "Or else it will be quite useless. I must see the degree and kind of wear."

Willie Gerald was deeply regretful, but under present circumstances that was impossible. The original plate was not accessible. Besides, in such a long time different pieces would be subjected to different wear. He thought, too, that if M. Simoneau were successful, there might be more pieces to be supplied for treatment.

With that accomplished Willie Gerald stopped at an auction gallery to watch a sale of Lowestoft bowls. The bowls were small, their prices very large; shining in their cool greens and powdery blues and vermilion on a small dais draped in black velvet, they filled him with a deep sense of satisfaction. There was a tea set, incomplete of course, but with the arms of the city of New York; and through sheer admiration Gerald made a bid. The auctioneer, the clerk of the auction and a young man in charge of the porcelain were all instantly engaged. Even Willie Gerald could recognize the air of renewed interest that ran over the audience. He had said three hundred and ten dollars and soon he agreed to three hundred and ninety. There was some concentrated whispering in a far part of the room; a stiff-looking individual with a single glass—like a monocle in a frame—in his hand, whom Willie didn't recognize, gazed about belligerently; and Gerald was left in the middle four hundreds. He shook his head negatively at the auctioneer.

He bought, however—more from a general sense of its rightness than because of any positive identification—a bowl with a very little decoration; but that, he saw upon examination, was armorial, a Spanish coat. Spain, he thought—unless this happened to be Mexican—was clinging to him.

There was a recess and the man with the single glass came up to him.

"Mr. Gerald," he said, "I should like to know you. I heard of you buying armorial, and I think Liverpool, earlier in the year, at London. I am Salmon Jenning and I live in Albany."

Willie Gerald thanked him. "I know of your collection of course. Wall Worcester. I have a small pitcher of the doctor's that might interest you. Small and unimportant, but very early paste, and a nice blue. If you'll let me, I'll send it to you." In his turn, Jenning thanked Gerald. "With a note of the coat." "Not at all," he replied. "I am sending it to you. I got it, you'll be surprised to hear, in California. At almost nothing; and it is a complete orphan among my things."

Salmon Jenning, he decided, was characteristic of his kind, rich and opinionated, with a very sufficient knowledge of his specialty, early Worcester; admirable when he was supported or agreed with, but impossible under any other condition. He was nearing sixty and, Gerald recognized, married—he had the complacent air of small tyranny that distinguished a great many married men. "If you are ever in Albany you must take dinner with us and see my collection," Jenning proceeded. "Or let us know and stay over night. It might interest you."

Still again, Gerald acknowledged that he was in his debt. "Your tea set I liked very much, but wouldn't pay for." Jenning said decidedly that he would have carried it to any price; and, leaving the gallery, Willie reflected that the principal characteristic of the congenital amateur was vanity. Such men, such traits, made auctions places to be entered only with the most wary caution. Once more home, he was better pleased than ever with his bowl. It had been only a hundred and eighty dollars, perhaps the cheapest piece sold, but far from the least considerable.

It was Willie Gerald's habit to get back to his rooms an hour or more before going out to dinner; he'd sit comfortably and smoke and examine whatever was momentarily around and interesting. When he wasn't so objectively engaged he was either planning the immediate future, piecing together his material interests and apparently casual engagements, or sunk in dark thought. Gerald's appearance was definitely changing.

The depressions at the corners of his mouth were sharply and permanently marked; there were lines at his eyes. His face, his expression generally, had lost an old air of the casual; it was at once less expressive and more determined.

His moods of depression overtook him when his thoughts turned to the past, to all the years that were, in essence, Rose Brincker. Except for the loss of her, he didn't, however, actually regret them; without her he would not have considered returning to them. No great change, aside from Rose, had overtaken him, he told himself. His life had always been dishonest. The form had shifted. That was all. Once he had lived with the very rich through the exercise of his wits, and now, through his wits and knowledge, he lived on them. There was only the difference of a word; and he didn't propose, at this advanced stage of his progress, to be afraid of a word.

Strangely enough, Gerald never forgot Fairman Lane at the moment he had thought Lane would announce the fact that he was offering spurious Chippendale chairs for sale as genuine. Willie remembered his own strong impulse to admit that the chairs were copies, and he often wondered why he had kept still. That act, he began to see—in spite of his assertions to the contrary—had brought about a change in his manner of life and thought. It had justified, at any rate, Lane's expression of implied doubt—yes, of contempt. Willie Gerald frankly faced the fact that he was—to put it as concisely as possible—a thief. He had been a thief, with very great success, for nearly six months. Before that, in his best year, he had made not quite thirty thousand dollars; and since then he had already put into the most approved investments about seventy thousand.

This, too, was clear. He thought no less of himself now than he did of the old Willie Gerald, a hanger-on to the politest society. He didn't see how he had existed through those years of pretense and a flexible spine. At its best, probably, such a life was the most admirable thing the world had to give; but that best required an essential easiness of mind and body, an entire security. Certainly there wasn't much security in his present engagement, selling extravagantly priced bogus antiquities to the

(Continued on Page 138)

"Very Pretty," He Said of the Quality of the Metal. "Spanish, But Late"

THE BELOVED HANDICAP

"You Just Shan't Put in Another Cent," Said Lollie. "I'll Attend to It Myself." She Went Back to the Secretary and the Plume Writhed and Scratched Again

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

MR. LANDRETH was augustly paternal about it. The habitual solemnity of his face and voice had deepened to a suggestion of friendliness that, unreasonably, Peter Jessop found it hard to bear; it was as if under the correcting chastisement of a serene, unhurried slipper he was obliged to listen to the declaration that every pang was inflicted in sincere, far-looking affection.

"It's the kindest thing we can do, Peter." Mr. Landreth's slightly froggy eyes regarded him with ponderous benevolence. "Even if we could feel justified, as a matter of business, in carrying you any longer, I should still oppose it, I tell you frankly, for your own sake."

"But ——"

Mr. Landreth's plump, pink hand moved majestically and Peter Jessop's protest died in his throat.

"It would be mistaken kindness on our part to encourage you in going on with a struggle that is obviously hopeless. Your own statement"—the broad finger tips touched the typed sheet on the desk slide—"shows that your sales have been falling off steadily for over a year, that your overhead has increased a little, and that your total liabilities are dangerously near your own estimate of your assets."

"But times are just ——"

Again the majestic movement of Landreth's hand subtly rebuked the interruption.

"Business conditions have nothing to do with your personal qualifications, Peter. Some men in your position might climb out of this hole, I freely admit, but you'll only get in deeper if we let you try. It's the personal equation that we have to consider; you own the business and of course control it. It stands or falls on your individual ability."

"And you think I'm no good?" Jessop's voice grated. "I've run it for five years, haven't I? I've ——"

"I'm afraid that you've run it on—on its momentum, Peter. It takes time for a healthy business to run down, whoever manages it. Now this Consolidated offer ——"

"It's a holdup!" Jessop spoke hotly. "The bare buildings are worth more!" He leaned forward. "I don't see what you've got against me, Mr. Landreth. I was brought up in the business. I had six years' training under father. I've kept it going through some pretty bad years when a lot of my competitors went under. You're one of our customers yourself—you know that your checks and letterheads cost you less, quality for quality, than if you bought from the Consolidated. You know ——"

"Let's not discuss it, Peter. I've told you our feeling. I—we haven't enough confidence in your ability to warrant us in carrying you. I'm sorry, but it comes to just that. Our advice would be to accept this offer. You'll have a little capital to put into some other business."

Jessop got to his feet. "Thanks. I'll see it through, I think." He hesitated. "I'll be sorry to leave the Middlesex. We've banked here for a good many years."

Dan Glynn

Landreth's eyes became more froggy than ever and his face congealed to massive disapproval.

"Going to try Dan Glynn, are you?"

He contrived, in uttering the name of Dan Glynn, to convey a deep personal disregard for its owner without depriving him of the professional reverence justly due to any bank president, even the president of the upstart Weymouth National across the street.

"I'll be sorry to leave the Middlesex," said Jessop again. Mr. Landreth emitted a presidential laugh. He pushed the statement across the desk slide.

"You haven't left us quite yet, Peter." He moved his head knowingly. "Wait till you've shown this statement to Dan Glynn and his loan committee before you close your account with us. Perhaps you'll think better of our advice after you've talked to them."

He spoke with even more than his usual suggestion of esoteric knowledge, and Peter Jessop felt a dim foreboding as he obeyed the dismissing quality of tone and gesture. One of the tellers hailed him softly as he passed the grilled wickets on his way to the door, a familiar hint of amusement below the professional courtesy of the tone.

"I was just going to telephone Mrs. Jessop. She's overdrawn again."

Peter Jessop managed to return the smile. It had been established, long ago, that Lollie's little eccentricities weren't to be regarded seriously, but today he rather envied the teller for his ability to enjoy the humor of them.

"How much?" he said briefly. He filled out a counter check for fifty dollars, aware that Lollie's overdrafts almost never happened singly. The teller's smile widened to the edge of indiscretion as he slid a new check book across the glass shelf.

"Just came in," he said. "One of the Consolidated's specials. Mind taking it along with you?"

Peter Jessop tried not to glower at the three checks that constituted the first page, each with Lollie's name printed at the margin. The Consolidated could afford to lose money on such folderols; a shrewd entering wedge, charged off to selling expense. It was almost an omen to find one of the detestable things supplied by his own bank and bearing his wife's name, his name, for that matter. A sudden unhappy thought came to him against his will.

"This overdraft—did Mr. Landreth know about it, do you know?"

The teller grinned. "I'll say he did! Has every one reported to him the minute it's discovered. I thought that was what he was talking about when you were in there just now."

Jessop swung away without answering. He saw through it now. Perry Landreth was just fat-witted enough to interpret Lollie's harmlessly happy-go-lucky carelessness with her petty housekeeping account as a sign of business incapacity in her husband. Peter Jessop's sense of injustice, however, was temporarily obscured by a simmering resentment of the implied criticism of Lollie; in some underhanded fashion Landreth had managed to make her innocently to blame for the bank's change of heart. He marched straight back to the president's office and glared angrily into the lifted, inquiringly froggy gaze.

"When you mentioned personal reasons just now, did you refer, by any chance, to this little overdraft of Mrs. Jessop's?"

"I thought I was rather careful about avoiding it, Peter."

"But you meant it. You're trying to use it as a—a pretext for going back on me."

"If you take that tone, you'll give us a better one," said Landreth heavily. "I'll be frank, as long as you prefer it. I took it for granted that you'd rather not discuss Mrs. Jessop with me."

"I ——" Peter's voice stuck in his angry throat.

Landreth went on calmly:

"You probably feel that your household affairs are none of the bank's business. Unfortunately we can't take that view. These loans are largely personal, as I tried to tell you. Their safety depends on you and your ability to govern yourself and a good many other people. We can't possibly ignore your obvious inability to govern your own home, Peter. These things are trivial perhaps, straws, but they show how the wind blows, and enough of them will break a camel's back."

"Don't misunderstand me." Peter Jessop managed to control his anger. "You can throw me down if you want to. That's your privilege and I'm not arguing it with you. I'm just serving notice that I won't stand for any attempt to imply that—that Mrs. Jessop's at fault, that she's responsible ——"

"The implication is that you're at fault," said Landreth with a touch of temper. "We're asked to risk the bank's funds on our belief in your ability to bring your business through a pretty tight squeeze. Time and again we've drawn your attention to the fact that your name is signed to worthless checks."

"Worthless! Why, they ——"

"You make them good, of course, but the fact remains that when they're signed and uttered they're worthless. If you were the business man you've got to be to save your firm, you'd be the first to realize that, Peter. As it is, you not only permit the practice to continue, but you defend it, excuse it, even laugh at it! We don't find it funny, Peter."

Against his seethe of anger, Peter Jessop felt the force of the reasoning. He hesitated. Landreth was right, but even to admit it seemed like disloyalty to Lollie. He could promise that she'd never overdraw again, of course, but he knew very well that she would. Even if he managed somehow to steel himself to the unthinkable barbarity of making her understand that she'd done a lot of harm, she'd still be Lollie. He couldn't change her; he didn't want to change her, ever so little. It came home to him that this justified Perry Landreth's inference about him. He couldn't be much of a business man or he'd at least want to reform Lollie in this one respect, instead of rejecting the idea as if it were a sort of blasphemy.

"I see," he said dully. He turned away and went out to his car. It was too near lunchtime to go back to the plant or stop in at the Weymouth National for a preliminary talk with Dan Glynn; he might as well go straight home. Somewhere in the back of his brain he felt a dull reproach for that funny little lift in his spirits; Landreth was right about him. No real, first-rate business man, under notice that his loans wouldn't be renewed, could possibly get that obstinate thrill at the prospect of a few extra minutes of his wife's society. It was a weakness, a vice almost, like drink or drugs. He scowled and elbowed the thought aside.

The placid street soothed him as he drove, the two rows of stores smiling at him like familiar, friendly faces. There was a beckoning welcome in the mellow brick of his own house, standing back beyond its stretch of shaven turf; he ran up the steps to Lollie's inevitable greeting, his cheek thrilling, as always, to the light, double pat-pat of her fingers. Here, within sight and sound and touch of her, there was no longer any mystery about his enslaving addiction; he was dimly aware, indeed, of a condescending pity for Perry Landreth, to whom such trivialities as overdrafts were matters of importance. Lollie seized the new check book with her funny little squeak of delight in any new possession.

"How lucky! I used my very last check this morning."

Remotely a troubling shadow darkened the fringe of Peter Jessop's mind. "This morning, eh?" He spoke carelessly. "What you been buying this time, Lollie?"

"Oh, nothing so nice as that." Lollie's ridiculous scowl drew an upright line between her eyebrows. They always reminded Peter of parentheses lying on their sides. "I had to pay a stupid bill from Madame Miliganne. That hat I gave to Geneva, you know—I looked ninety in it."

The shadow rose a little higher. "Guess I'd better give you some more money, then. I put in fifty ——"

"For me?" The parentheses arched in protest. "You just mustn't, Peter. I've got heaps and heaps left out of that last dividend."

Peter Jessop honestly endeavored not to grin. Landreth was right. It was his fault that Lollie tangled her accounts this way; he hadn't any business to countenance her eccentricities like this. Nevertheless, he grinned. "Overdrawn," he chuckled. "I've just been at the bank."

Lollie was indignant. She rummaged in the secretary for her exhausted check book and insisted on exhibiting its stubs. Most of them were blank; the ruled columns were scribbled, here and there, with private hieroglyphics that Lollie translated. Peter's grin widened affectionately.

"You've forgotten some of your checks, that's all. You see, if you don't enter them every time ——"

"I hate to. It's so much nicer to see a nice fat balance instead of a measly little one." Lollie shut the book with a spiteful slap. "Anyway, I'm not going to take a single penny of your money, Peter. It isn't fair; you've given me a lot more than my allowance every month."

Peter continued to grin as she marched back to the secretary and impressively opened the new check book. The huge red plume wiggled resolutely; there was the sound of paper torn along perforated lines and Lollie peremptorily ordered him to accept the wet check she had written. He waved it carefully. Conscience solemnly adjured him; he seemed to see Perry Landreth's frog eyes staring at him over Lollie's shoulder.

"This isn't any good, you know," he said. "I'll keep it till you get your next dividend. And you'd better not write any more checks till then, Lollie. I'll deposit some more on my way back to the plant, but I'm a bit hard up right now, and ——"

"You just shan't put in another cent," said Lollie. "I'll attend to it myself." She went back to the secretary and the plume writhed and scratched again.

"There!" She held out another check. "You just stop and deposit this. I've made it out for a hundred, so there'll be plenty to pay you back your fifty."

She was so determined, so radiantly purposeful, that Peter Jessop disregarded the froggy stare of Perry Landreth's

(Continued on Page 108)

He Was Mysteriously Sorry for Poor Jam Fraser, Condemned to Witness That Welcome

TRADE AND PROSPERITY

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THE more you analyze the elements that have been compounded in our prosperity, the more you realize that domestic trade linked with finance is an outstanding factor. While immense home consumption, the natural result of high production and high wages, accounts for 90 per cent of output and is the mainstay of expansion, we have also increasingly become a power in international commerce.

American exports last year rolled up the impressive total of, roughly, $5,000,000,000, representing a large increase over the volume of the preceding year.

The sun never sets on the products of Yankee forge and factory. Our motor cars plow the desert sands; our steam shovels gouge the African veldt; our harvesters glean the Argentine fields; our airplanes encircle the polar area; and our drills hammer at the heart of the Andes. The whole world goes to see our movies.

Buffalo Harbor as Seen From One of the Large Grain Elevators

American Goods See the World

AMERICAN capital has ventured wherever men engage in barter. Formerly only the Constitution followed the flag. Today our money marches hand in hand, so to speak, with our goods for a new financial mastery of the civilized globe. From $500,000,000, which represented our entire investment overseas in 1900, we have gone to more than $23,000,000,000, which includes the European war debts.

The Great War galvanized American industrial efficiency and capacity, and put our fiscal resources to a supreme test. The aftermath has not only brought fresh responsibilities, but with them larger opportunities for commercial development everywhere. We think and operate internationally. Hence what we achieve out on the broad highways of trade affects every American, regardless of his social or financial status.

In the foregoing article production, as a factor in our prosperity, was elucidated. An effort will now be made in the concluding paper to show how our trade and finance, in all their aspects and diversifications, further guarantee the solidarity of our national opulence at home and abroad.

The foundation of our whole economic structure is an equitable and comprehensive national financial system. It would fail of its larger purpose, however, without adequate vision and courage to direct and animate administration. More and more has the country come to realize the wisdom of the selection of Andrew W. Mellon as Secretary of the Treasury. To this most responsible of posts he brought a seasoned experience as banker and business man which has been reflected in the integrity of our fiscal status and the success of our negotiations with foreign debtors. The Treasury surplus of $400,000,000, despite the lowering of taxes, shown at the end of the fiscal year on June thirtieth last was one of many evidences of his sagacity.

Wide significance attaches to those rare occasions when Mr. Mellon speaks out. Hence the value of the following statement that he made in reply to my request to indicate the contributory causes of our prosperity:

"You have asked my views on prosperity in the United States. Real wages—that is, wages in terms of purchasing power—are higher today than they have ever been in our history. Production, while below capacity, is well maintained. Our consuming power, with high wages, increased standard of living and wide credit facilities, is greater than a few years ago seemed possible."

Causes

"THE farmer has not yet been restored to the relative position he occupied prior to the war, but there has been a lessening of the inequality, and with an elimination of waste in marketing and the stabilization of Europe, with the consequent higher net yield at home and increase in purchasing power for farm products abroad, I think that this inequality will be eliminated. No better proof of the prosperous condition of this country has been had than the Federal Government's increased revenue from income taxes under lower rates of tax. We can well say, therefore, that prosperity is here, but when one comes to an analysis of the reasons for our prosperity it is difficult to point to any one factor or set of factors as responsible for this condition. I can but mention what seem to me to be some of the contributing causes.

"We are a country of 110,000,000 people, speaking one language, having an enormous consuming power and an adequate transportation system for prompt distribution. We are not restricted within our wide limits by artificial barriers. We produce where it is most advantageous and distribute to the consumer where he may live. Here in the East we may eat the apples and use the timber of the Northwest, and on the Pacific Slope they may buy cotton cloth from the Carolinas and motors from Detroit. Nowhere else in the world does there exist so large, so varied, and so unrestricted a market as the United States.

"So much for our natural resources of space and an easily reached great consuming population. Natural resources must have economic conditions favorable to their realization. By our tariff we have protected our manufacturers in the development of their business, so that by reaching quantity production they have been able to pay high wages and at the same time manufacture cheaply. In the Federal Reserve banks we have a nation-wide banking system upon which reliance can be placed in time of

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S. S. Californian Passing Through the Gatun Locks, Panama Canal

Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, With Undersecretary Garrard B. Winston and Former Assistant Secretary Eliot Wadsworth

stress, and we need not fear panic. Anyone who has watched Germany during the period of its monetary instability, or who observes some of the countries in Europe today, knows that even during inflation seeming prosperity is as false as is the feeling of well-being under a drug. Industry cannot go on, the spirit of thrift and saving is crushed, and classes of society sink to destruction in the wide swings of an uncertain currency. I cannot exaggerate the value to us of a steady price level and a sound banking system.

"Large as is our population, our country might still support many more millions. Were we as crowded as China we would be driven to unemployment and a minimum standard of living. So our immigration laws, which prevent a too rapid influx of a new population and which restrain the further dilution of the quality of our citizenship, are a material factor in our present strong condition."

Mr. Mellon Talks on Prosperity

"AMERICA has suffered little from the vagaries of those who would invent new systems of economics and impose them on the country. It is true that some states have tried socialistic schemes, but the schemes' early failures and the general common sense of the average American have prevented real harm. There has been left a burden of debt on the communities who have made the experiment. As a nation we have not pursued will-o'-the-wisps. I think that of all of the great countries of the world America in the past decade has suffered the least from unsound economic theories.

"The inspiration of President Coolidge's spirit of economy is being felt even beyond the Federal field, where it has been so effective. There remains much to be done with state and local expenses, but, so far as the Federal Government is concerned, the drain on the people of this country of an extravagant government does not exist. Not only have we Federal economy, but Federal taxation has been put upon a sound economic basis. To reduce, and at the same time to reform, taxation is a large contribution to prosperity.

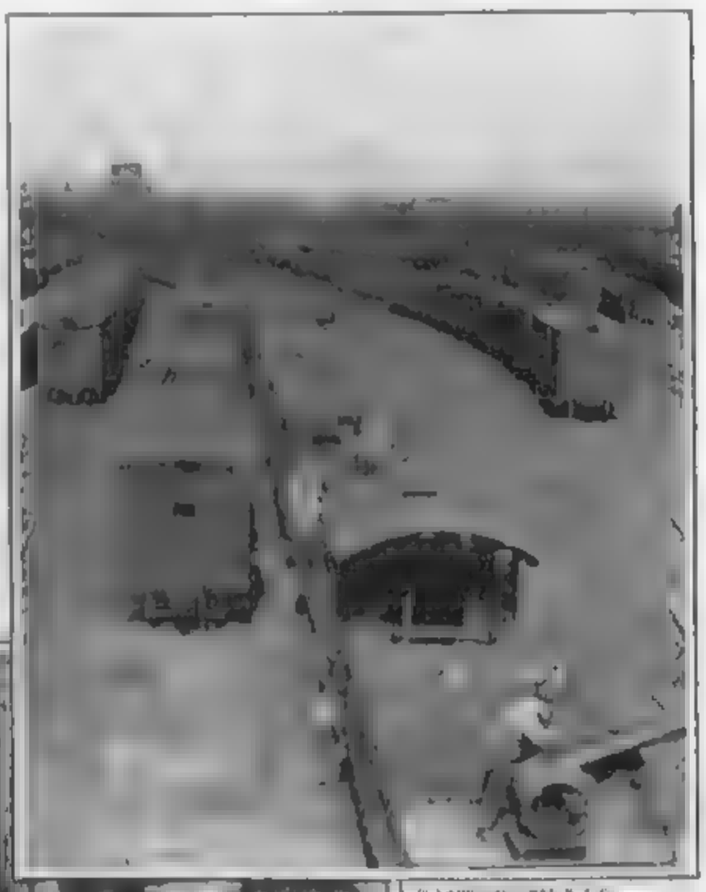
"These are some of the material factors which, with perhaps others, have in varying degrees contributed to the present healthy condition of the United States. But there is a force underlying these factors, and one which to me is all important. I mean the initiative and the energy of the American people. We are willing to work. We have that divine restlessness which will not permit us to accept things as they are, but drives us to find something better. We are constantly improving our machinery, our methods, ourselves. Here no man accepts the level into which he has been born as fixing his status for life.

"Ability is quickly recognized and to rise is easy, while inefficiency as promptly receives its due. There is movement, not fixation, in our life in America.

"Prosperity is not a permanent state. There is always change; new conditions, new problems arise; but fundamentally America is very strong, and if we use our strength with intelligence we need not fear the future."

From its earliest day the house of J. P. Morgan & Co has been not only a part of the bed rock of American finance but a fiscal bulwark of foreign nations as well. No member of this famous firm occupies a more distinguished position than Thomas W. Lamont, who is both international banker and publicist. His appraisal of prosperity factors is made in this wise:

"In trying to name some reasons for the present prosperity in the United States, as shown by the production, distribution, and consumption of commodities in unparalleled and sustained volume, I should first mention, as fundamental causes which cannot be ignored, the extraordinary natural resources of our country and the comparatively rapid growth of our population. The following figures, or similar ones, have oftentimes been cited, but they are none the less striking:



Illinois Central Freight Yards, Chicago, Illinois

"The United States, with only about 7 per cent of the world's population, produces more than 40 per cent of the world's coal output, 60 per cent of its steel, 50 per cent of its copper, 25 per cent of its wheat, 50 per cent of its cotton and 70 per cent of its petroleum. Truly, nature has been generous in granting us the resources from which to produce such proportions of the world's supply of these important materials."

American Automobiles in Tampico, Mexico

Natural Resources Plus Organization

"BUT the possession of natural resources does not tell the whole story. Our organization of industry and the well-being of our industries are of great importance to the general prosperity of the nation. According to a recent analysis, the total national income of the United States in 1923 amounted to nearly $70,000,000,000, to which the manufacturing industries made the largest contribution—that is, $23,800,000,000, or 34 per cent of the total; agriculture ranking second, with $9,400,000,000, or about 13.5 per cent of the total.

"The outstanding characteristic of our industrial organization, as contrasted with that of certain other industrial countries, is large-scale production—that is,

(Continued on Page 80)

The Great West Shore Railroad Yards, Grain Elevators and Piers at Weehawken, Across the Hudson River From New York

SHEIK'S CLOTHING

By Charles Brackett

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

Under Their Dim, Orange Lamps, Dancers and Musicians Created a Sense of Hysterical, Surreptitious Activity Which Was Contagious to a Degree

II

THE Thermidor was a collection of rooms so decorated, in the modern manner, that deserted and at noonday they would have given an impression of crowded secrecy. Under their dim, orange lamps, pounded full of their famous jazz, crammed with eaters, drinkers, waiters, dancers and musicians, they created a sense of hysterical, surreptitious activity which was contagious to a degree.

A black-mustached maitre d'hôtel, who was none other than Eddie Bezer himself, the most eminent man in his profession who still actually supervised from the floor, met Reg and the silken woman, and such was their decorative value that he led them to a table contiguous with the dance space.

The conspicuousness of it appalled Ruth Mosher.

"Couldn't we have one over there?" she asked, glancing toward a sheltered corner.

Her request was in the great tradition of mysterious and unsatisfiable silken women. Even Eddie Bezer was a little impressed.

"Certainly, madam."

"Can you let us have some champagne?" Reg inquired.

"Oh, as much as you'd like, sir."

"Bring us a quart."

"Very good, sir. And will you have something to eat?"

"How about it?" Reg turned to his companion.

"I'm hungry," she said.

Eddie Bezer was all solicitude.

"We can remedy that," he promised. "May I suggest some oysters, and then mock-turtle soup *amontillado*, followed by Lake Champlain ice fish, and the squab, which is the specialty of the house, with California asparagus? Alligator-pear salad, perhaps? And for dessert, how about a surprise? Don't ask me what; I'll guarantee the surprise."

Eddie Bezer's manner was like some rich, foreign sauce smothering every syllable in the promise of deliciousness. The very way he pronounced asparagus made the papillæ on one's tongue tremble with desire. During his recital, however, Ruth Mosher's eyes strayed to Reg Brown's face. Reg Brown had something of a reputation as a stoic. His arm had been broken at football and he hadn't winced. He'd been knocked out three times in one hockey game and played till the end. But after her glance Ruth, when Eddie Bezer had finished, said capriciously, "I think I'll take eggs. Bacon and eggs."

"Bacon and eggs," said Eddie Bezer without an inflection of inquiry. "Very good, madam. And here are the cocktails. The Thermidor invites all its guests to have one of these."

It was a gesture the Thermidor could well afford, with cover charges at twelve dollars apiece; but after he had drunk his, Reg had felt that it was almost touchingly benevolent of the management. That's the kind of cocktails they were. In fact, the Thermidor made sure that they were of such a consistency that, having partaken of them, their guests, when it came time to pay checks, could never be very dogmatic about which were overcharges.

"Do you know I don't know what your name is?" Reg said in the gust of warmth that spread over him.

Ruth Mosher, thinking defiantly of Madge, had gulped her cocktail too. She had always loathed her name and at that particular moment to be anything but romantic struck her as simply silly.

"Worthington," she said. "Yolande Worthington."

"It's a beautiful name."

"I suppose you think it's not my real one."

"Who said I did? Let's dance."

Ruth couldn't have held her job in Broadway Moon without being able to dance. In fact, even as the dolorous Héloïse she had nightly to go into a Charleston for the final curtain. Reg had never had a partner quite like her.

"Gee, you're good," he breathed, as they moved back to their table.

"You wind a wiggly one yourself," Ruth quoted one of Madge's lines to her own great surprise and satisfaction. Broadway talk. She was at the heart of Broadway at last. She wasn't just that screaming Madge Mosher's sister. She was a Broadway butterfly.

"I'll have a cigarette," she announced as she sat down. That was what a Broadway butterfly would have said.

Reg held out Tubby's gold case lined with long Russian ones.

"Does this kind suit you?" he asked.

Ruth gathered that they were something special. When the one she chose was lighted she drew on it wickedly, and puffed out smoke and half closed her eyes.

"That's wonderful."

The only way to please these silken women was to ruin yourself for them, Reg saw that. He had, however, a sneaking feeling that it was rather worth it.

"What made you think I'd think your name wasn't Worthington?" he asked. "Just to look at you I'd know it was something like that. Are you from the South?"

The Moshers had reason to be proud of their forbears. A Mosher had been among the founders who moved up the river to establish Hudson beyond the British menace to shipping. Ruth could just remember the splendid family house her grandfather had still owned on the old Parade. Yet it seemed inevitable in the beautiful cosmic scheme whose supreme expression was the Broadway butterfly that Yolande Worthington was from the South.

"Yais," she breathed.

"Bacon and eggs was here, yes?" a pale, friendly little waiter asked. "My name is Looie."

"And champagne too."

"I get it right away, gentleman. That bacon done the way you like it?"

"Oh, yes, that's fine," they both said. They liked Looie

"Nothing else you want?"

"Nothing but the champagne."

"I get it right away."

"Everything golden," Yolande Worthington said, looking at the wine as Looie poured it, and the daffodils on the table, and the bacon and eggs.

"This is the most golden though," Looie chuckled about the wine.

She lifted her glass and sipped.

"Champagne," she said, meaning: "So this is the way champagne tastes."

To Reg it seemed the gloating of a gambler over her gains, "Well, I've got champagne out of him anyway." It was what she demanded of men, he thought, and he was ruining himself to give it to her for a single evening. It made him almost want to cry, and yet he loved the feeling.

"Do you like it?"

She sipped again.

"Well, I don't know."

She must be a connoisseur, of course. It tasted to him like all other champagne he'd ever had.

"Too sweet?" he queried.

Again she lifted her glass.

"No, I like it," she laughed her strange laugh. "I like it a lot."

She was running true to form. They were always agreeable while you spent. Let him try to cross her though!

The music began to beat again.

Has she got naughty eyes?
Yes, she has got naughty eyes.
Boom, boom, boom,
Boom, boom, boom.

"Let's dance," Reg begged.

"Let's eat our eggs first." And the silken Worthington added with native shrewdness, "They might take them away if we left."

Reg refilled their glasses.

"Have I finished one already?" she marveled; and she added in a released voice, "I like it. You can live when you have champagne."

"Can't you though?"

"I'm tired of not being alive."

Noisily, ostentatiously, trampling into the tinsel world Reg Brown and Miss Worthington were making for themselves, a man and a woman took the next table. A gross, smooth, hairless man like a fat baby magnified to obscene proportions, and a woman who might conceivably have been born blond but who was certainly now just being stubborn on the point. If Eddie Bezer had been solicitous in ushering Reg and Miss Worthington to their place, he was almost servile to this pair.

"Well now, Mr. Baumgras, how does this suit? And how's the little lady this evening, Miss Aussinger?"

"Cut out the soft soap, Eddie," the man said. "You know the kind of feed we want. Fix it up right."

"You begrudge me a decent word, don't you?" the woman snarled at him when Eddie Bezer had withdrawn, and they began to quarrel heavily and without imagination.

"Rich People!" Miss Worthington Almost Snarled. "You Rich People!"

They were an affront to the gay intoxication of the Thermidor. Both Reg and Miss Worthington felt it.

"What business have people like that here?" she demanded, though the merest Broadway cocoon should have known that it is for the Mr. Baumgrases and the Miss Aussingers that the Thermidors of this world exist.

"Aw, don't let's look at them," Reg told her. "Finish your eggs and we'll dance." As they reached the floor the music stopped, and they were swelling the applause in demand of an encore when someone said, "Why, Reg!"

It was Mrs. Dana, who was standing with Major Sedgwick.

"Hello, Mrs. Dana."

She held out her hand, but the music started and she simply waved and danced off. As she did so she saw Reg's companion.

"Look, Bill," she said to Major Sedgwick. "Have you any idea who that woman is with Reg Brown?"

"Not an earthly," Major Sedgwick replied. "Beauty, isn't she?"

"She is handsome," Mrs. Dana agreed, but Mrs. Dana was troubled. It was so little the type one associated with Reg Brown. Being a more or less egocentric person, Mrs. Dana wondered if she were responsible in any way.

If it were possible to enjoy a dance more than he had his former one with Miss Worthington, the fact that Mrs. Dana was seeing him enabled Reg to do so. He was a little giddy with the way his enterprise was turning out. When he and Miss Worthington returned to their table to hear Mr. Baumgras fuming at Looie because his soup was cold, they threw themselves into abuse of that objectionable individual with fervor.

"It ought to be cold," Yolande Worthington remarked. "So ought hers. All they ought to have is black bread."

"Old black bread," Reg suggested.

"Moldy."

"Rich people!", Miss Worthington almost snarled; then she gave Reg a suspicious glance. "You rich people! I suppose you're a Vanderbilt or something."

Reg explained that he was not a Vanderbilt. Toward that family she seemed absolutely implacable.

"You should have heard my mother on the Vanderbilts," she asseverated. "My mother lived on Staten Island and her people knew them. At least, old Cornelius Vanderbilt used to ferry her grandmother over. She used to call him Corneley until he got so much money she had to call him Mr. Vanderbilt; and when he came to see her he used to sit on the edge of his chair."

Just then poor Looie, quivering from the controversy of the soup as he toiled at the removal of the pink flesh of a lobster from its vermilion shell for Mr. Baumgras and Miss Aussinger, upset the balance of his tray; and lobster, plates and lettuce silverware catapulted to the floor in a great crash accompanied by splattering blobs

Someone Said, "Why, Reg!" It Was Mrs. Dana, Who Was Standing With Major Sedgwick

of mayonnaise. The pachyderm rage of Mr. Baumgras was terrible to see.

"Head waiter!" he bawled to Eddie Bezer. "Head waiter! Just look what that piece of furniture has done now."

"It's all right, sir," Eddie Bezer calmed him. "We'll have some more in just a second."

"But what do you say to a fool like that?"

"And Ise so hung'y," Miss Aussinger baby-talked, as only a great buffalo of a woman can.

Eddie Bezer took the shuddering Looie aside and raged at him.

"Those beasts," Yolande Worthington execrated her neighbors.

"Hogs."

"That little waiter probably has eight children and they try to lose him his job."

"What makes you think he's got eight children?"

"He's so unhealthy."

"I think he's got ten," Reg said. "I'm going to calm him down. Looie!"

"Yes, gentleman." Looie escaped from the clutches of Eddie Bezer.

"Accidents happen to everybody. Don't you worry. And when you get a chance bring us another quart of champagne."

It was there almost instantly.

"I think he's a darned good waiter," Reg declared.

"Wonderful, when you're decent to him."

"There's the music though."

Who? Who? Who stole my heart away?

"Who? Who? Who?" the brazen instruments demanded, with great sobs for punctuation.

"Your friend's watching us," Miss Worthington said of Mrs. Dana, who occupied a floor-side seat. "I wish she wouldn't."

"I'm glad she is," Reg exulted.

"Why? Is she in love with you? I'll worry her if you say so."

"Great."

At the word Miss Worthington seemed to twine herself about Reg like a scarlet serpent, her eyes gazing fixedly, mawkishly even, into his eyes. It was not the performance of an expert, but curiously enough it did worry Mrs. Dana.

When they got back to their table Looie was just serving a second lobster to the gentry next door.

"Now don't knock it off again, butterfingers," Mr. Baumgras was bullying him.

(Continued on Page 94)

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PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 21, 1926

Materialism in America

THE most widespread myth of our day relates to the so-called materialism of America. It is almost as universal as the once firmly held belief in witches. Many of our foreign critics and not a few of our native commentators, after comparing us most unfavorably with modern Europe, indulge in the rather futile pleasure of measuring our young and vigorous civilization by the standards of those that died long ago of old age.

More often than not they are blind to the fact that their examples from the past are drawn from eras in which the highly privileged few were forced into flower at the expense of the oppressed and starving many. They speak with proper awe of Athens in the age of Pericles; but they ignore the fact that the culture of the period was centered in some fifteen thousand persons who lived on the labor of sweated slaves, artisans, shopkeepers and aliens.

In the same way they honor the Italy of the Medici and the England of Queen Elizabeth, with small concern for their squalor, poverty, disease, oppression and general hopelessness. The deep background of Europe is so foreshortened that it is hard to keep past performance out of our picture of the present. At home we are all foreground. In New England we have three hundred years of history; in some regions a generation or less.

There is no sound basis upon which to compare our civilization with those of the older nations, nor is there any valid reason for trying to do so. When we go into ecstasies over a thirteenth-century cathedral, few of us stop to reflect that it was built when skilled artisans were glad to work for a penny a day, and that those who witnessed its completion were the great-grandchildren of the pious men who began it. If we find much to admire in the Old World, it is because we see in cross section the crust of time six or eight centuries in thickness. Mighty as Europe's contributions to culture have been, she was a mighty long time making them, and the greatest of them were old before Columbus set out on his great adventure—relics of the past and not wonders of the present.

The myth of our materialism seems to have for its framework our universal love of convenience. Our widespread possession of motor cars, telephones, bathtubs, electric lighting and radios by persons of slender means gives a handle to the argument that we value ourselves and each other for what we have rather than for what we are.

The least informed of our critics firmly believe that the dollar is our universal unit of measurement, and that it is alike used to measure the merit of a man and the importance of a business and the beauty of a painting. Even our virtue of industry is counted against us as a vice; for with most well-to-do Americans it persists long after its bread-and-butter excuse has been worn out. So, too, our creative genius—our love for making seemingly impossible dreams come true—is rated as mere money grubbing; and the epic imagination and the constructive audacities of our great men of business often seem to those of cloudy vision as nothing more than manifestations of indefensible avarice.

If we are a nation of money grubbers, what use are we making of our money? If our creative efforts have outrun their need, how have we employed their surplus fruits? A survey of our charities convicts us not of materialism but of a spirit of sentiment and helpfulness run wild.

Public and private charity are so much the fashion that the man who turns his back upon the obligations of wealth does so at the risk of social ostracism. The same spirit animates the business and fraternal organizations of every sort that engage in a vast amount of charitable and benevolent work which passes unnoted because it is so common. Our trade bodies, moreover, have for years been steadily engaged in formulating and enforcing new and higher business standards. They have lately made signal progress toward the goal of honor, equity and fair dealing.

Those whose vision fails to pierce the shining surface of our national life pick out the flivver and the electric toaster as symbols of our culture. Domestic conveniences of all sorts are brought forward as evidence of our materialism. Closer examination would reveal the fact that consideration for our womenfolk is the mother of most of these inventions. At home the worthiness of such a motive needs no argument, however it may be considered abroad. Smoothness of living in Europe is attained by an abundance of skilled personal service and the employment of much menial labor. In America we make ourselves comfortable by the use of a thousand ingenious mechanical contrivances and unlimited electric current. These devices have emancipated and set at more constructive work millions of men and women who in Europe would still be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Our slaves are not men and women, but machines.

Our sound industrial relations, efficient labor, high wages and low production costs are the envy of every foreign economist; and yet there are reasons for believing that these blessings are the outgrowth of our national temper rather than of an intricately planned system. The average American of the better type wants to work as hard and as well as he can. He expects to be paid as liberally as possible; and, having effected this combination, he feeds himself and his family as well as he can afford, he spends his money freely for wholesome enjoyment, he gives his children more education than he had himself and brings to his community contributions which only the contented and the prosperous are able to offer.

Considering the altered character of our immigration since 1880, it is a wonder that we are not more materialistic than we are. Certain parts of Europe have sent us low-grade humanity in such quantities that its debasing effect is bound to be felt for many years to come. It is to a large extent these low-grade importations from Europe who ask nothing except a chance to become money-makers.

Certain discouragements are bound to arise when the national urge is to raise the lot and condition of the multitude rather than that of the favored few. The fruits of such effort are less conspicuous; but it does not follow that they do not exist or that their existence is less beneficent when judged by the standards of those who believe in democracies.

All these traits and tendencies and aspirations may, indeed, be proofs of our materialism, if one cares to call it that. If they are, many wise and learned men will say that the more of this kind of materialism we have the better for us and the better for those who come after us. But most of our less-materialistic-than-thou, more-spiritual-than-thou critics mistake comfort for materialism and overlook the fact that in a generation a whole nation has lifted itself to a point far beyond the wildest dreams of the most idealistic socialist of the eighteenth century; that it is not in a nation where every man can have the comforts and even the luxuries of life that materialism reaches its fullest development, but in those nations where, with the exception of a favored few, the population must and does concern itself almost wholly with getting a bare living.

Though we must not underrate the importance of music, painting and literature in the life of a nation, we should clearly understand that there are other forms of expression quite as significant. Our critics, with their mid-Victorian standards and their standardized thinking about culture, fail to appreciate that here in America a culture suited to our new civilization and not to a dead one is being evolved and is beginning to take form.

Of Unsound Mind

AT RATHER frequent intervals statistics are published which show on their face an alarming increase in mental disease. A commission on lunacy in one of the Canadian provinces finds so marked an upward trend that unofficial newspaper mathematicians, so to speak, predict that the entire population will be deranged within a hundred years if the rate of increase continues. In 1890 there were 266.6 insane persons to each 100,000 in New York State, while in 1924 there were 411.88.

The menace of mental derangement is serious enough. As a health problem it demands just as earnest attention as tuberculosis, cancer or any other great scourge. The pressure of modern life, of urban congestion, bears down hard upon man's natural equipment, which after all is rather feeble. But statistics are edged tools, to be handled gingerly. Up to a certain point a reported increase in the proportion of the insane may be a wholesome sign, for it may show a more systematic and thorough detection. Mental disease is more quickly detected and cared for than in earlier decades.

Though the management of hospitals or villages for the care of the insane is not as yet perfect, the improvement in this phase of state activity is one of the outstanding features of human progress in recent years. The custodial prison idea of but yesterday is fast passing.

The improvement is not merely in theory. A better type of employe is now required for the care of the insane. It may be said by way of parenthesis, however, that the morale of the employes would be raised still further if the foolish citizen outside would only get over his ingrained idea that to be a doctor or a nurse inside is a cruel and dreadful occupation. Helping people who need help is never a hardship for those who have the interest of humanity at heart.

There has been marked improvement in building construction. The old type of insane asylum was a many-storied fire trap, forbidding and harsh. The modern cottage village is attractive in appearance, in respect to both exterior and interior. The living rooms of many such cottages are like those of a pleasant country inn, simple but with no suggestion of the sinister.

No longer does the patient brood, day after day, without occupation. Not all can be interested in work, for the veil or curtain which drops down in front of the mind in most forms of insanity is not easily lifted. At best, mental disease is one of the worst of human afflictions. But increasing ingenuity is directed to finding congenial occupations for patients—gardening, furniture making, and the like.

Best of all, perhaps, state institutions for the care of the insane are fast ceasing to be exploited by corrupt politicians, merchants and manufacturers. Time was when such an institution was regarded as the proper place on which to unload inferior merchandise at the prices charged for the best quality.

Centralized buying and, it is to be hoped, higher ethical standards in political and business circles have put an end to much of the older graft. The problem of deranged mentality is not likely to become less pressing as time goes on. That it will need all that men possess not only of ability but of civic honor goes without saying.

EXPOSITIONS—By Will Payne

I HAVE been looking back over the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893, where I had the good fortune to make a sociological discovery of great importance.

One of the afflictions of the evening paper that I worked on was the dogwatch. After the regular five o'clock edition went to press at half-past two all hands took a turn, in pairs, sitting in the office until five o'clock, so that if a tremendous piece of news broke, as happened about once in three months, we could get out an extra. Except on election days we went home at the stroke of five, and if anything momentous happened after that the world could wait for it until breakfast time.

Dogwatching was a great bore—dawdling in the city editor's cubby listening to the fire alarms strike in on the big gong in the local room next door, then waiting to see whether it would be a two-eleven, or a four-eleven, which meant that it was calling equipment from more than one engine house. If it turned out to be a two-eleven, or especially a four-eleven, we worked the telephone, calling up the nearest drug store to get a report on the fire.

But the hours from two-thirty to five were unfavorable to fires. Even the rare four-elevens always petered out. In my experience of dogwatching I never knew a fire to achieve proportions that warranted an extra. After repeated disappointments we got pessimistic about it—the brazen whang! whang! of the old gong merely punctuating the boredom without relieving it. But one afternoon not long before the opening of the fair there came a thrill. The city editor and I were sitting in his small den talking about nothing in particular, when he told me he was going to resign. I think he was only a couple of years older than myself; but already there were indications around his chops, waist and knuckles that he was doomed to be plagued with fat. Humped over the desk, if he lifted his head a roll of flesh appeared on the back of his neck. That annoyed the managing editor, who was prejudiced against superfluous flesh.

"It's going to get Kendrick if he don't watch out," said he to me darkly. "Nobody can think if his head is all over tallow. He ought to take more exercise and eat less. He's nervous as a cat now. Ever notice how he's always rubbing his hand over his hair or fiddling with a lead pencil? That's the fat getting its hooks in him."

For a young man, Kendrick was little given to talking about himself. But he had made an impression on me the year before, when I was getting acquainted with him. The Democrats held a national convention in Chicago that summer. A majority of the delegates wanted to nominate Grover Cleveland again. But the New York delegation, led by Tammany, passionately opposed it. The mere notion of Cleveland's nomination gave Tammany a fit. New York was Cleveland's home state. The delegation maintained that it was against the laws of Nature to nominate a man who wasn't supported by his home state. That was the grand issue.

After three days of skirmishing and volleying, which wrought the nation to a high pitch of excitement, the contestants finally came to grips. There was a night session at which, obviously, one side or the other would win. The managing editor himself stayed down at the office that evening, with three or four of the staff and a contingent of printers, pressmen and stereotypers, with steam up, to get out extras just as on the night of a national election.

It wasn't his job; but Kendrick had asked to report this night session of the convention, wanting to see the show from a press seat. As a remarkable exemplification not only of the triumphs of modern science but of the prodigal lengths to which a metropolitan daily would go in order to get the news, we had arranged with the telephone company to run a private wire from the convention hall to the office. In our opinion that was going some. Maybe other conventions have equaled that one, on that evening, in volume and pitch of noise; but I remember now how it sounded when I took the telephone receiver off the hook—that is, about like a cyclone motif played by a mile-long orchestra of artillery. The racket would continue half an hour, and in the lull Kendrick's poor little voice would pipe something.

We issued an extra, as I remember it, merely to inform the world that nothing

Continued on Page 145

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Honest, Attaboyce, You Got Me Wrong. I Never Made That Crack About You. What I Said Was ——"

Fisherman: "I Wonder What Became of All the Fine Trout We Used to Find Here?"

Sad Case of Old Sports Writer

WILLIAM T. BRUMBLE, for the past thirty-six years a sports writer for the Daily Morning Moon-Intelligencer-News-Bee, was taken to the Pleasant Hour Sanitarium by two doctors and three keepers from that institution today. Mr. Brumble, who has for many years been widely known as the "Poet of Our Pastimes," and an authority on all games from football to lotto, has reported every major sporting event in this country since the days of John L. Sullivan and high-wheel bicycle racing. His condition was not suspected until this morning, when he wrote and had printed in his column the following report of a big-league baseball game:

"When the earth's last batter's retired,
And hung up his ring togs to dry,
And the last sporting scribe has been fired,
Some folks will be sorry; not I.

"There are several ways to make an omelet, but, as Pat said to Mike, you first have to catch your rabbit. I was talking to Old Fitz just before his historic set-to with Jem Belcher, which was to have been pulled off in a sea-going hack, and 'Ruby Robert,' as the Freckled Cornishman—whose right name was Tom Sharkey—was called, said something to me I'll never forget. At that the Green Sox were lucky to cop the gonfalon, though chukker for chukker, they were the better man. Who cares?

"In the first stanza Pringle singled. Tire trouble on the seventeenth lap sent the Orchid Man to the kennels for a new pair of skis, but a stiff breeze to starboard, coupled with a sweet left jab to the Pittsburgh Phantom's proboscis, proved, once again, in a grueling duel down the home stretch, that youth will be served and that clean living pays. Especially in wrestling!

(Continued on Page 52)

"Myrtle is So Ashamed of Her Freckles"
"She Must Have One of These Inferiority Complexions"

"Which Way Do We Jump for Rhode Island?"
Guard: "A Little to the Left, Sir"

Only the finest parts of the tomato are blended in this delicious soup!

The pure, tonic, wholesome tomato juices! The luscious flesh of the tomato, RIPENED IN THE SUN right on the vines until it is rich, meaty and mellow.

All other portions are discarded in the making of Campbell's Tomato Soup. Strained through mesh as fine as pin-points, the soup is a SMOOTH AND TEMPTING PUREE of all that is beneficial and nourishing in the tomato.

Golden butter, fresh country herbs, and skillful seasoning make the blend even richer and more appetizing. Here is invigoration. Here is as HEALTHFUL AND DELIGHTFUL a soup as ever reached your lips!

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With the meal or as a meal,
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21 kinds
12 cents a can

TWIN PROPELLERS

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

Seeing His Inquiries, Cliff Hauled the Two Girls Aboard, Then Gave Lanty a Hand Up

VIII

THEY were rowed ashore by Tony. The boat grounded some fifty yards from the flat shelving beach. There, declining assistance, the two girls pulled off their shoes and stockings and waded in, followed by Lanty with the water breaker on his shoulder, Tony bringing up the rear with the load of stores.

He was taking no chances this time, a heavy automatic slung from one shoulder. He made two more trips, for Mike with all his faults had not been stingy in the matter of equipment. There were the big tarpaulin, blankets and their own rain clothes taken from the A and P. Neither had the rum runner robbed them of any personal effects.

Sitting in the sparse shade of a stunted tree, J. J. commented on this fact. Lanty frowned. "He's out for bigger game. Did you ever see such an abomination of desolation? Nothing in sight but sea and sand and bushes and birds." For the colony across the stretch of topaz water was now hidden from sight. They had been marooned, as far as one could see, on one of the thousands of little cays scattered throughout the Great Bahama Bank.

Over opposite them, what Lanty took to be Great Bahama Island dwindled away into the blue distance.

"Will they take us back aboard when they get their load?" Pax asked.

Lanty shook his head. "'Fraid not. He wouldn't have given us such a lot of stuff."

"Then how do we get off?"

"The Hyacinth may sight us when she goes out."

"What part of Florida is this?" Pax demanded. "There doesn't seem to be so much as a snake."

"Florida's only settled in spots, Pax dear," J. J. said.

"But why aren't there any boats?"

"We're off their track. Stuck out on a little sandy cay."

"Well, anyhow, it's good to be on land. I'm a rotten sailor." She rose to her feet. "I'm going to explore."

The black launch had not budged. Then as Lanty watched her, Mike came up and dropped a light anchor over the bow.

"Looks as if they really were waiting for somebody," J. J. said.

Lanty gave her a keen look. "Well, what else would they be doing here?"

She dug at the sand with her pink toes, then turned and stared at him. "Well, what ——"

"I don't know. But I don't like it."

"Why not?"

"Last night when I was telling you about the Hyacinth making for Great Bahama Island, Mike was looking down into the cabin. What I said seemed to jolt him. Then he came down and laid out another course and did some figuring on the edge of the chart. When he went back into the wheelhouse I felt the boat swing to port."

"Which says what?" J. J.'s purple eyes darkened.

"Does that say anything to you?" Lanty asked.

She picked up a handful of the fine white sand and let it trickle in a tiny stream on a snowy leg.

"It can't be possible," J. J. murmured. "There are too many of them. And only Mike and Tony."

"There might be more coming. A mob of four or five holds up a whole train. One lone bandit has done it—at a bank, too, for that matter, right in the heart of a crowded city. Why not a lone house boat in a fold of nowhere with only a handful of Bahama conch blowers over on the shore?"

"Lanty, you scare me."

"Don't like it myself. The more so with that brute of a steward aboard. And Cliff wasn't so sure about his electrician."

"But they wouldn't have time to throw in with this crowd."

Lanty was silent. "Any house boat like that, with a party aboard, would be a fat haul. Jewels and table service—Cliff's coffee set is solid gold and there'd be money in the safe. One might expect to find a lot."

J. J. sprinkled the other leg. "Mike struck me as a harmless good-natured sort of rum runner."

"You didn't see his face as I did. Sheer devil. Your big-game desperado might be gentle enough when not on the job. It's the pikers that are apt to do the dirt."

"True enough," J. J. admitted. "Are you sure he changed his course after hearing what you said about the Hyacinth?"

"Fairly certain, on two counts. In the first place, he had just laid out his course on the chart and put her on it, and why should he have done that, since we were well out of the inlet? In the second, the boat heeled a little as she swung off, and the swell that had been rolling her abeam came in dead astern. The motion was altogether different."

"You are keen, Lanty."

(Continued on Page 30)

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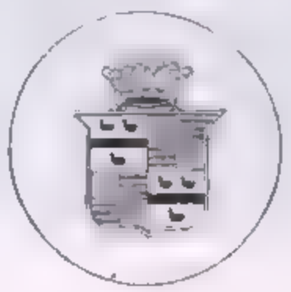

E33

(Continued from Page 28)

"Well, I hope I'm wrong. But there's another thing to think about. Since he'd got high-handed and kidnaped us, he'd know it wasn't safe to hang around there any longer So he may have figured that, since he had to beat it, he might as well get in for a sheep as a lamb."

J. J. glanced out at the launch. "Why should they be staying here?"

"To keep us from signaling if Hyacinth should start out to sea. They want to sleep and they'll rest better with me ashore."

J. J. smiled. Her violet eyes shot him a look that many a man would have traveled far to get

"That's true enough."

Lanty stared out at the launch. "I haven't so much as a clasp knife."

"Forget it." J. J. measured the distance with her eyes to the opposite shore.

"How far is that point, Lanty?"

"Forget it yourself," he echoed and smiled. "You and I might fetch it, but it would be too much for Pax. I wouldn't want to leave her here alone."

"I think I could make it," J. J. said. "You could stay with Pax."

"Nothing doing. What about sharks and devil fish? And there may be a strong current out of here. And they might see you and sink you. We're not sure enough to warrant taking such a chance."

"Can't we signal Hyacinth some way when it gets dark?"

"If she were only in sight from here I could send an S O S with a bonfire and a blanket. But they're not."

"Lanty, we're fussing for nothing. These two wouldn't dare, and if they did they couldn't get away with it. Cliff was a U. S. N. R. brass hat in the war and he runs the Hyacinth navy style. There's always a quartermaster and a lookout on duty whether the boat's anchored off or alongside. And besides himself and his men guests, there are captain, mate, two engineers, one of them electrician, two quartermasters, two stewards, two cooks and a couple of deck hands. How could two men hold up a crowd like that? It's not as if they were ordinary brass polishers. The chances are that every man did his war service."

"I guess you're right. Looking at it that way it could scarcely be done, and since they had no reason to know that Hyacinth was coming here, they can't have got a gang together. We'd better limit our worries to ourselves."

"Oh, well, the climate's good and the board and lodging wholesome and sanitary, with no crowding, and volumes of free air."

"Yes, and the bathing's wonderful, with pretty girls and everything."

"Where do you get the everything?"

Lanty gave her an encompassing look. "I'm speaking for myself. If I've got all I want, then so far as I'm concerned I've got everything. Epictetus was right."

"How about creature comforts?"

"They don't hobble me. I forswore drinks and smokes to keep Pax off them, and what you don't want you've got. If it's a choice between sleeping on a mattress in a stuffy room or cabin, or in the open air, I'll take the latter in a mean temperature of seventy-five degrees."

"Motion, speed, noise and bright lights?"

"All artificial and therefore nonenduring. Machinery of all sorts is the curse of the epoch. It carries you too fast from one sort of kick to another, kicking as you speed along. Your fuse burns out too soon, or with a sudden blink like the lights on Hyacinth."

"Have you turned the Klieg of your bright mind on that?"

"I told you somebody in the pantry might have signaled to the zigzag man."

"Too much movie."

"Well, that stuff's the pacemaker these days. People haven't grown up in this country."

"How can you say that in face of the many modern inventions?"

"All the work of some very few brilliant mechanical minds. Suppose you list the great discoveries in our short national life—since the birth of this nation. Steam, electricity, radium, radio, gas engines, aircraft, serum therapy. Call it seven. And they weren't all discovered in this country. What's that proportion for genius to our population? The bulk of it is about twelve years old. Scarcely that in the case of a thoughtful kid. Look at all the stupid crimes, and the silly waste of time. Perpetual dancing, like a swarm of May flies, inane divorcements. And I read the other day of a presumably serious-minded law court formally trying a fox terrier for the murder of a kitten under the auspices of the S. P. C. A."

J. J. nodded. "I saw that. It sounded insane."

"Oh, sane enough, but juvenile. Not grown up—schoolboy stuff. The corpse of the kitten was to be exhumed and a death sentence rendered if a case was proved. What can you expect of the lower criminal mind when the presumably higher judicial one pulls a stunt like that? It couldn't happen in any grown-up country. Look at us now. Sitting on a sand bank, worrying about a house boat being cut off by three lopsided, undeveloped thugs who have kidnaped us, that weasel Tony, an overgrown small boy in the pirate phase like Mike, and a moron like that Lapp."

"Hard to say whether it's more absurd or dreadful."

"Both. The bad-child mind functioning in the adults like juvenile Apaches. Like the vandals who slaughtered Archimedes when he was working out a formula for squaring the circle. What price modern science when it can't keep the house in order, stop the racket in the nursery, and flooding the bathtub to bring down the ceiling or playing with matches to burn the blooming house?"

"For a young man," said J. J., "you think old."

"'The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'"

(Continued on Page 32)

Even as it Was, They Managed Well Enough, Swinging Over the Wire Rope and Onto the Deck in a Sudden Cascade That Took the Assailants Completely by Surprise

In the GREATEST BUICK EVER BUILT—

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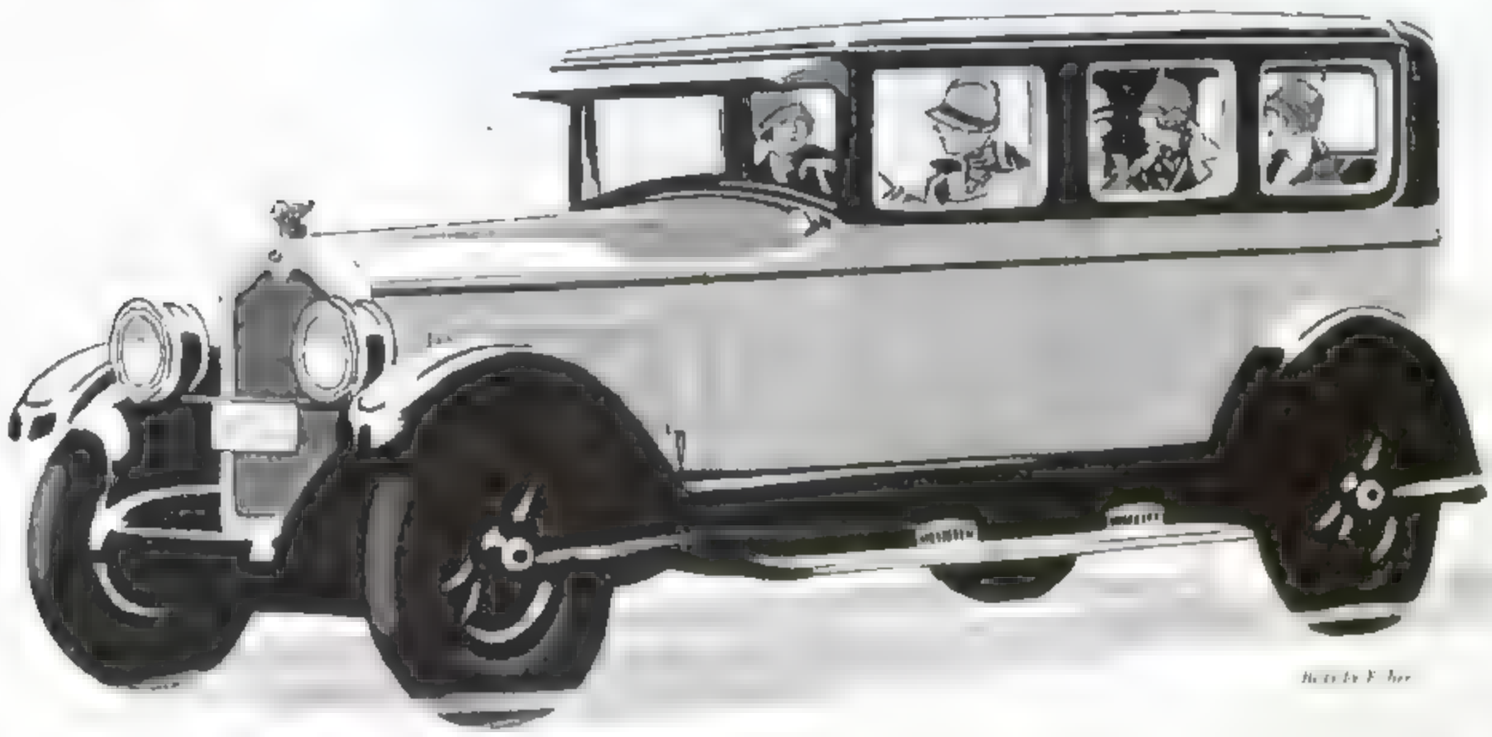

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT · · BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

(Continued from Page 30)

"I suppose that's because once a man starts to work for his living he hasn't time for them."

"No, he needs his spare time for golf."

"Cliff is a thinker," J. J. said.

"So Miss Satterlee told me. But it's not entirely safe these days to be the think-no-evil sort. Sound judgment is what we need. Call it grown-up mind. We've been thousands of years trying to grow our minds; and now we've got them, how many know what to do with them?"

"One in a million perhaps."

"Optimist."

"Don't be so bitter, Lanty."

He ignored the protest. "We know what to do with our bodies, though, as long as they last. How many pretty women would swap a beautiful body for a beautiful mind?" He turned and looked at J. J. intently. "Would you?"

"Oh, thanks." Her voice was dry. "That seems to say I've got the one but not the other."

Lanty laughed shortly. "That bump on the head must have started the wheels going round. Like biffing a dollar watch. I don't often get this way, especially sitting next the loveliest girl I ever saw."

"Now don't reverse your engines when running full speed ahead. It's bad for the machine."

She spoke lightly, but her color had flamed up, and she made that instinctive gesture of a woman when the ice is getting thin—pulled down her skirt.

"Can't help it," Lanty said. "I've fallen in love with you."

"This," said J. J., "is not the time or place for love."

"There is always time and place for love. But I suppose it would be more noble to wait until we're so placed that you can get away."

"A woman can always get away from a man whom she doesn't have to get away from," J. J. said.

"Yes, there's plenty of space for the soul. Sandy cays can't contain it. Now if we hadn't gone and limited ourselves to mechanical devices, I could send Cliff a mental radio that we are here."

She gave him a curious look. "I'm not so sure but what you might anyhow. What's struck you, Lanty? Are you fey?"

"I don't know. That thump on the head did something. I feel queer."

"How queer?"

"As if something fearful was due to happen. The water looks red."

"Lanty"—J. J.'s eyes darkened, but it was characteristic of her that she moved toward him instead of away—"let's talk of something else, boy dear."

"There's too much talk. It ought to be saved for emergencies."

"There you go again. Stop it. What can I do?"

"Give me a kiss."

"What good would that do?"

"Bring me back to normal. I don't like the way I feel."

J. J. stared at him intently. Lanty's face was pale, his eyes far focused, the pupils dilated. But J. J., knowing something about the symptoms of concussion, was relieved to see that they were not unevenly dilated.

She leaned toward him, threw one arm across his shoulders as he sat with knees drawn up, hands clasped in front of them, then pressed her lips against his dry hot ones.

Lanty did not unclasp his hands. "Thanks, J. J. That helps a lot."

"Do you feel better now?"

"Yes. The water's getting blue again."

She kissed him again. J. J. was no half-measure girl.

Lanty received this second divine gift with the same strange impassivity, as if she had been applying some healing balm to a head beginning to ache again, which as a matter of fact was precisely what had been done. J. J. drew away and observed him anxiously.

"Back where you belong?"

"Almost. Nothing else could have done it. Nothing else will ever be able to do that thing again. I was in a welter of red. I wonder why."

"Don't talk about it, Lanty. Keep on making love to me. That's better for you right now. Do you know, Lanty, that just after that philosophic outburst of yours and during it, I had a curious feeling that somebody else was talking? You seemed to have slipped away."

Lanty half closed his eyes. "I felt that way myself. Jolly odd. Rum, you might say. There were waves ——"

"Don't! Stop it! Shut your eyes." This time she took him entirely in her arms, pressed her cheek against his hot one, kissed him again and again. "Lie down, Lanty. Move out a little where there's more shade. You worry me to death."

"I'm all right. If there was anything wrong with my head from that knock I'd have known it before this. And I say, J. J., you're real. A fool girl would think I was stalling—to get treatment."

"I'm not that sort of a fool and I don't like that red."

"Oh, it's not a hemorrhage or anything. Nothing to do with my body. I can sense that."

"Then what is it? What else could it be?"

Pax came running breathlessly through the scrub.

"Lanty—J. J.—there's a shrimper or fish boat or something coming up from the other side of the cay."

IX

AT PAX'S cry J. J. sprang to her feet, Lanty scrambled up after her and they hurried to one of the sand dunes flanking the beach. From the top of this they saw approaching from the south one of the chunky able craft, high of freeboard, bluff of bows, full powered, weatherly and fast, such as are almost a stock pattern for the shrimpers along our southern Atlantic Coast.

They could distinguish the derrick for lifting the net, while the Portuguese ownership and crew to be found principally in this industry were indicated by the gaudy paint work—a bluish hull with variegated trimmings of raw reds, oranges and yellows.

"That must be the rum boat Mike's waiting for," J. J. said. "Coming from Nassau probably."

"Looks to be a shrimper," Lanty said, "like all those bluing washtubs dolled up every color not in the rainbow."

"Camouflage. 'Gese shrimpers stick mostly to their job. They make what wine and beer they want themselves. Not a bad idea, though, for rum running to the Florida beach. There are such a lot of shrimpers."

"Well, let's hope Mike gets his load and beats it back out of here. I think, too, we'd better lie doggo. Tough crowd aboard those hookers. We can rig a tent behind the dunes."

"This bay or strait is probably a depot," J. J. said; "only about sixty-five miles from the coast as the gull flies. A boat like Mike's could do it in five hours with a load."

They began to carry their stores and duffel back into the shelter of the dunes. The little cay was mostly hammock land back of the beach, dunes and hollows with patches of scrub and sedge and fine snowy sand. The hollows were deep; they but lacked the means of stretching the tarpaulin as a tent.

"These trees are too gnarled and twisted," Lanty said; "and besides, we've got no way of cutting them."

Pax spoke up. "There are the ribs of an old boat back up on the beach around the point. They are partly buried in the sand but we could easily dig them out."

"That would help. As soon as this fellow gets past we'll go after them."

The shrimper was coming up rapidly, full powered like all her class. It was easy for the three maroons to keep under cover of the scrub or, where none grew, to wind through the hollows between the dunes. Pax piloted them across the end of the little cay, where they came out presently on the beach near the skeleton of the old boat Pax had mentioned.

Lanty looked at it thoughtfully. "Some schooner's dinghy struck adrift."

He tested the frames or ribs, all of which were left with strakes attached. Evidently the boat had been driven up in a hurricane, for it was well above high-water mark, with scarcely more than the keel buried in the sand. The suns and rains of many past seasons appeared to have dried out rather than rotted it, for the wood was brittle as glass, yet fairly strong.

"Too small for a ship's boat," Lanty said. "Some old-time yacht's dinghy, more likely. All copper riveted. Now I wonder ——"

"What?"

"We've got the makings of a coracle, the earliest primitive boat. That tarpaulin Mike gave us is heavy canvas and oiled—piece of steamer's hatch cover. If there's enough of it free of holes it might serve."

"Lanty! The old bean's working again," J. J. murmured.

"It don't take much thinking. Wonder if we couldn't stretch it over this skeleton and ferry ourselves across to the Hyacinth. Let's go see."

They hurried back. Unfolding the tarpaulin, it proved to be intact though very worn, but its size seemed ample, being a parallelogram of about ten by twelve feet.

Rolling it up, they carried it back to the skeleton of frames and stem and stern transom with its few remaining side planks. This was speedily dug out, only the keel being buried in the sand. Lanty rolled it bottom up, looked at it and laughed.

"I think it will hold together. Anyhow let's try."

They set to work. Stretching the tarpaulin over the framework, Lanty punched holes with a can opener above the waterline, when they secured the canvas as best they might with strips torn from the blankets, carrying up the folded-over ends of the tarpaulin and securing them so that the whole skin was intact. This did not take very long and the result was, as Lanty had said, a coracle, though not unshapely as those of ancient days.

Lanty surveyed it critically. "Not so bad—for a collapsible boat."

"So long as it doesn't collapse *en voyage*," Pax said.

"It ought not to in a calm, and the breeze is dropping. It will die out with the sun. The main thing is how much water seeps through. Some parts are pretty badly chafed. If we only had a pot of paint."

"Let's try it," J. J. said.

They picked up the flimsy structure, carried it down to the water's edge and waded out. Their boat floated like a bladder. Lanty got into it. The water seeped through, but not so rapidly as he had feared. Pax and J. J. clambered gingerly aboard. More water seeped through. In a few minutes there would be several inches, Lanty perceived.

"If you two bail while I paddle we ought to be able to get across before she sinks."

"If you paddle with what?" Pax asked.

"We'll have to comb the beach for a piece of plank. I think I see an old crate. No trouble about that. Now let's carry it back so these birds won't see it if they happen to go out before dark."

They lugged the boat back up the beach again, leaving it behind a dune. Then as the afternoon was wearing on, they went back to where they had left their supplies and made a meal of sorts, pork and beans and biscuits and canned tomatoes.

The shrimper had come to anchor farther off the beach, and the launch had shifted out to lie alongside her. But there was no activity to be discovered aboard either craft. Nobody was in sight, but a blue column of wood smoke was rising from the galley stovepipe of the shrimper, to wreathe away in the faint air that now stirred.

The sun, a huge globe, orange red, was near the western horizon. A file of pelicans winged heavily along the beach in their usual military formation, as if each wing stroke was timed in unison by the leader. High in the thin pellucid blue a flight of flamingos drifted like ruddy glowing embers, a color note brighter than the sun itself, now partly veiled in a low thin stratum of filmy cloud. A rush of snipe spattered along the wet gleaming sand close to the water's edge.

There was no surf to speak of; the swell flattened in the shoal water of Great Bahama Bank.

Down went the sun, when a thin new crescent moon was faintly but clearly outlined against infinity.

"Make a wish, Lanty," J. J. said.

"It's made. I've tied it to the moon."

"Not hard to guess," Pax said. "That we get across before your bubble bursts."

"My bubble is not going to burst. And that's not the wish. Or at least only a part of it."

J. J.'s hand slipped into his. "That's warm," Lanty said.

Pax glanced at him suspiciously. Her eyes fell to the barefaced clasp of hands. "Oh, come, so you've started, have you?"

"I started long ago," Lanty said. "Two days ago, at Fernandina."

"Well, let's hope you finish. Don't forget there's a big class."

J. J. ignored her flippancy. "How are the red waves?"

"All rosy."

"What red waves?" Pax demanded.

"Lanty saw them when you were beach combing."

"Well, I'll say there's more profit in beach combing. I don't like this red-wave stuff. We see things sometimes. Always have. Something's apt to happen afterward, and it's not necking."

"What then?" J. J. asked.

"Trouble of sorts. We had red waves the year before the war. Red dreams. Lanty's never got over having been too young to enlist. He did try in London but they turned him down. When he swore he was eighteen the sergeant laughed, then clapped him on the back and said he wished the realm had about a million liars like him. Trouble is we look younger than our ages instead of older."

"That accounts for it," J. J. said, as if to herself. "I've seen it crop out in a good many boys."

"What?"

"A lifelong grouch against the date of their birth. Two or three years too late. Now they're men and they can never get away from that bitterness. It makes them fight at the drop of the hat. Sometimes sooner."

Lanty squeezed the comforting hand in his. "You've said it. Never quite saw it that way. Thought I was merely quarrelsome."

"No, dear. Merely resentment at something lost through no fault of your own."

(Continued on Page 44)

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YOU'LL be interested in reading the exact words of some of the men who answered the "breakfast questionnaire." And notice how strongly one writer corroborates another!

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NOTHING OVERLOOKED

By
J. Frank Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY
FRANK L. SPRADLING

The Rather Good-Looking Young Man With Slick Hair Who Was Known in Monita as George Marley Saw in This Incident Another Proof That He Needed to Consider Sheriff Jeb Lawler Very Little in His Plans

SHERIFF JEB LAWLER came out of the post office to where, while the noon mail was being given out, the usual groups of Monita citizens gossiped and argued on the sidewalk. His mild blue eyes, with little smile wrinkles thick about their corners, blinked a trifle in the glaring Texas sunlight. His mouth beneath his gray mustache smiled friendly recognition as he nodded to acquaintances who seemed to include every man there. His tall frame, at fifty-five, was not quite so straight as it had been in the hot young Ranger days, and as he lifted his wide hat to an elderly woman who passed in an automobile the breeze ruffled a head of hair that had become very thin.

An impassioned argument on a subject loaded with dynamite had got to going among three or four men at the curb, and with the dozen others who were crowded thickly about the disputants stood City Marshal Travis Sloan, a smart-looking, alert and aggressively up-to-date official, twenty years younger than the sheriff. He was listening and carefully taking no part in the discussion, when he saw Lawler.

Sloan himself had run for sheriff at the previous election and had been defeated. He purposed to run again at the next election. If he could draw old Jeb into this debate the sheriff, whichever side he championed, ought to lose a few votes. The marshal hailed him with a loud heartiness that sounded and looked sincere:

"Hello, sheriff! Let's hear what Jeb's got to say, boys. Sheriff, there's a little discussion going on. What do you think of Robert G. Ingersoll?"

Jeb blinked amiably. "Howdy, Trav," he said. "Good evenin', folks." It was plain that he had not fully grasped the question, perfectly evident to Sloan that he did not suspect a trap. "What did you say, Trav?"

The marshal kept his voice well raised, and many who had not heard it the first time got his question now: "What do you think of Robert G. Ingersoll?"

"Why—he makes a good watch for the money," replied Jeb, and moved on. Two or three men laughed, and the sheriff's face registered mild surprise that they should.

Disgustedly, as Jeb headed for Chris Hyde's drug store, where every noon he was accustomed to loaf and gossip a bit with Chris on his way from the post office to the courthouse, the marshal, low-voiced, commented: "Can you beat that? The old fuddy-duddy don't even know who he was."

The rather good-looking young man with slick hair who was known in Monita as George Marley—"from up East somewheres"—and who had been listening to the argument while he waited for the rush at the general-delivery window to be over, saw in this incident another proof that he needed to consider Sheriff Jeb Lawler very little in his plans, provided they otherwise progressed to the climax toward which he had been building. This, however, did not tempt him to omit the sheriff in the advance circumstantial defense he proposed to construct if things broke right. It was the young man's reputation in circles where he was exceedingly well known, indeed—although not as George Marley—that in his professional activities he left very little to chance.

He had sized up Travis Sloan as a capable chief of police—for a hick. He thought of Jeb Lawler as a doddering and sometimes garrulous old fossil who remained sheriff because he was a politician and a lot of friends had got into the habit of voting for him. So he had laid his plans principally with a view to deceiving Sloan, but he had in no sense overlooked Lawler. Marley's complete unfamiliarity with the inside of any penitentiary, although he had participated in the killing of three men, was due to the fact that he never overlooked anything.

He entered the post office and received, at the window, the letter he was expecting. It was postmarked Campton, the next town, fifteen miles to the west of Monita, and the envelope bore the imprint of the Central House there.

He must take into consideration, he thought, as he strolled over to a side window, casually opening the envelope as he did so, that somebody here in the post office or at Campton might have noticed this letter and later remember it. But that was all right. His whole daring plan of defense was based on the idea that he might fall under suspicion. And since he could not prevent circumstances from pointing at him, he had boldly decided to make them do so, yet manipulate their chain so that his innocence would seem obvious.

The contents of the letter were brief, of one sentence only:

See you three o'clock tomorrow, Wednesday, at place you named and sent map. J. K.

Marley's face was wholly expressionless, but there was a sneer in his mind. McAllister was not only a double-crosser but a dumb-bell; with such breaks as this, he would have them both in trouble if he remained on the face of the earth. For the sender of the letter had first signed it J. M. and then, with the necessary afterthought, tried to make the M into a K. Anybody but a careless idiot, Marley said to himself, would have destroyed the letter and written another, in which it would not have been glaringly advertised that he didn't know his own initials.

There was nothing surreptitious in the manner in which Marley disposed of McAllister's note. Seeming to stand in thought, he tore it into small bits. About half the fragments he dropped into an already well-filled wastebasket, sauntered toward the door and, without seeming to do so for any other reason save absent-mindedness, dropped the remainder into a second basket. He had observed, in the three weeks he had been at Monita, that those baskets were emptied into a waste bin after the rush, about the middle of each afternoon.

Subject only to receiving this letter, his plans had already been made. Barring two contingencies, it was now certain that he would kill Joe McAllister at three o'clock.

Out on the sidewalk he found the groups thinning and City Marshal Sloan gone. He crossed the square to the police station. The marshal was alone, but it would have been equally satisfactory to Marley if he had not been; a plenitude of witnesses would have done no harm.

"Good afternoon, chief," he said. "I don't know as you remember me, but we were introduced one day in the Palace barber shop. Marley—George Marley. I'm down here looking into some oil properties."

The marshal nodded recognition. "Yes, suh," he said. "What can I do for you? Will you sit down?"

Marley eased himself into a chair and explained the careful manner of his doing it and the wry face he made by saying, "A little touch of lumbago. It sure can hurt."

His face cleared as he found a comfortable position. "It's this way," he said: "I'm going around the oil leases, and so forth, and sometimes it's pretty late when I get back, and dark. And there have been some holdups. I don't have a lot of money—right at this minute I've got a little less than three hundred dollars on me; enough to nail the option if I should find a lease I wanted—but there's plenty crooks these days will stick a man up for two or three hundred."

"Plenty," the marshal agreed.

"So I thought I'd get me a pistol. I sent for it, mail order. It ought to be here today or tomorrow. Then it occurred to me I have to have a permit to carry it. Never thought of it until this morning." He grinned apologetically. "I don't know much more about pistol-carrying laws than I do about pistols. We don't use them much around Boston. I had one when I was about fourteen years old. Fired blanks with it one Fourth of July. It didn't look much like these pistols that they carry down here—.32 bulldog. Barrel must have been most two inches long."

This line of conversation would hardly convince any law officer that Marley was competent to have a pistol permit, but that was of no consequence, seeing he cared not at all whether he received it or not.

"I don't issue gun permits," Sloan said. "You'll have to see Sheriff Lawler."

"Him?" Marley, who already knew this, allowed just as much contempt for the sheriff to get into his voice as he thought might please the marshal. "I thought his authority ran only outside the city limits, in the county."

"The city is in the county," said Sloan. "He authorizes gun toting."

"Well, I'll be darned!" remarked Marley. "Letting an old has-been like him take charge of that when you're here! Although I imagine he was a good man once."

"He was a good man twenty years ago," the marshal conceded generously. "Right nervy and handy with firearms. A Ranger, he was. Of course, lately ——" He smiled and spread his hands deprecatingly. "Don't pack a gun more'n half the time nowadays, unless he's out on a job and has to. Heard him say once he didn't know's 'twas necessary, and the weight bothered him. . . . How heavy is this gun you're going to carry?"

"Why, I don't know," Marley confessed. "A .38 automatic. How heavy is a .38 automatic? I never hefted one, or any other kind of an automatic, either, although of course I've seen 'em. . . . Well, I'll be getting along to the sheriff's office; sorry I bothered you."

He winced as he rose. "I'm going to get me some sort of a plaster for this darn lumbago. Which is the best—one of these belladonna plasters or a straight porous one? Any idea?"

The marshal shook his head. "Nary," he said. "I never had it."

"The druggist can tell me, maybe. Well, much obliged for your time, chief."

"You're welcome, suh."

Marley went at once to Chris Hyde's drug store. As he had hoped—although it wasn't at all vital to his plans—Sheriff Lawler was still there and well able to overhear his conversation with Hyde, which resulted in the immediate purchase of a plaster for his lumbago. Behind him, as the plaster was being wrapped and Chris was talking him into adding lithia tablets to his purchase, a middle-aged man who had been in the crowd in front of the post office came in, and between him and the sheriff ensued a murmur of conversation, of which the first words Marley could get clearly were spoken by the newcomer.

"Good politics, Jeb," he said, "but I couldn't 'a' done it. Not in a million years! I couldn't 'a' let him think I was that ignorant."

"'He that hath knowledge spareth his words,'" remarked the sheriff mildly.

"That sure is the truth," his friend declared. "Somebody in the Bible said it, didn't he? Whoever he was, he wasn't no fool."

"Except about women," Jeb said. "And he wrote about them better than he acted. Well, I've got to be driftin' along."

Marley went out of the store almost on his heels. "Oh, sheriff! Excuse me, but there's something I want to see you about. When are you going to be in your office?"

Jeb stopped, turned, blinked pleasantly at him. "Howdy, suh," he said. "I'm on my way there now."

"I'll walk along with you, if you don't mind." They fell into step, and Marley said, "It's about a permit to carry a pistol. I've got one coming today or tomorrow, and it never occurred to me till today that I've got to get permission to carry it."

He went over, again, the argument he had used with the city marshal as to the danger of holdups and the necessity of his carrying sums of money, again making it clear that the amount in his pockets at that moment was approximately three hundred dollars. While he again registered the information that he did not own a pistol and had not owned one since that absurd .32 bulldog of childhood, they came to the courthouse and ascended its steps. This climb gave Marley another opportunity to refer to his lumbago.

"It catches me when I move sudden," he complained as they entered the sheriff's cluttered office. "I might as well take a dose of that lithia stuff that Mr. Hyde sold me. Do you get your drinking water out of that spigot, sheriff?"

"Yes, that's good sweet water," Jeb said. "There's a glass there on the shelf."

Marley dissolved a tablet and took it. When he had set the glass back in its place above the set bowl, the sheriff, seated at his desk, spoke amiably.

"I don't know about that pistol," he said. "I want every citizen and visitor in this county to have all the protection he ought to have, but would it be a protection? Anybody that ever held you up, he'd have the drop on you; or if he didn't, he'd prob'ly be able to pull a gun quicker'n you could, you not having any practice thataway. It sort of occurs to me you'd be more likely to get hurt if you went after a gun, mebbe, than if you didn't. To tell you the truth, I don't see how you'd really be protected a-tall. . . . Where'd you say your home was? Boston?"

"Yes."

"I was up to Boston once," the sheriff said. "Went up to get a prisoner. Boston wasn't like I thought it was going to be. No, suh. Those Yankee gentlemen were right nice to me. . . . Well, I'm afraid I've got to disappoint you. You not being used to firearms, I don't guess it would do you any good. I'm sorry, suh."

Marley frowned fretfully. "I never for a minute thought of that," he said. "Here I've got that gun coming—it'll be here most any train. It doesn't seem exactly fair, sheriff, not to let me carry it when these holdup men have all got 'em."

"It don't sound exactly equitable, and that's a fact," agreed the sheriff. "But we have to kind o' remember that equity ain't always the same as law and justice." His hand went forward to one of the two worn books that lay on the desk before him, and with some surprise Marley saw that it was a dictionary. "Yes, suh," Jeb smiled, catching the expression on his caller's face. "There's a lot of good readin' in a dictionary. All the words anybody uses. Now, for instance "

With the deftness of one very familiar with the book, he opened it and turned pages "Listen to this, suh. It's a little distinction between words that I have to take into consideration in my business." He read: "'Justice is the giving to every person exactly what he deserves, not necessarily involving what any other may deserve. Equity is giving everyone as much advantage, privilege or consideration as is given to any other.'"

He returned the book to his scarred desk. "There's quite a difference, you see. And a sheriff, being a law officer, deals with justice. The law says I have to be convinced both that you need to carry a gun and that you are a proper person to use it. I can't do that—not with your lack of experience."

Remembering how deadly his experience had been, Marley smiled mentally. This interview couldn't have come out better if he had designed every word of it. He shrugged his shoulders, seemingly dissatisfied but philosophical.

"Well, you're the doctor, of course," he said. "And of course it's my own fault that I didn't find out whether I would be

(Continued on Page 74)

He Saw to It That He Had Left Nothing Save What He Had Intended to Leave. He Retraced His Steps to His Car

"My wife insists on getting a radio set exactly like yours. Where did you get it?"

"THE Radio Shop put it in for me, Jim. I've never had anything that was less trouble or expense, or that gave us all so much pleasure. We don't see how we ever got along without it."

"How about batteries? I've heard you have to give them a lot of attention."

"Not if you get good ones, Jim. The service man from The Radio Shop who installed my set said that the Evereadys he was supplying were exactly the right size for the receiver and should last eight months or longer. I've had the set six months now, and, as far as I can tell, the 'B' batteries are as good as new."

That's the experience of those who follow these simple rules in choosing the right "B" batteries for their receivers:

On all but single tube sets—connect a "C" battery. The length of service given here is based on its use.*

On 1 to 3 tubes—Use Eveready No. 772. Listening in on the average of 2 hours daily, it will last a year or more.

On 4 or more tubes—Use the Heavy-Duty "B" Batteries, either No. 770, or the even longer-lived Eveready Layerbilt No. 486. Used on the average of 2 hours daily, these will last 8 months or longer.

*NOTE: A "C" battery greatly increases the life of your "B" batteries and gives a quality of reception unobtainable without it. Radio sets may easily be changed by any competent radio service man to permit the use of a "C" battery.

LEFT—No. 486, for 4, 5 or more tubes, $5.50.

RIGHT—Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A" Battery, 1½ volts

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WTAG–*Worcester*	WTAM–*Cleveland*	
WFI–*Philadelphia*	WWJ–*Detroit*	KSD–*St. Louis*

THE WINNING HORACE

He Responded in a Harsh Whisper: "Rise Up an' Come Wid Me"

By Hugh Wiley

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

CLIMBING into the second chair in Humidor Mitford's barber shop late Saturday afternoon, young Fidget Agnew voiced his desires in a thin gin tenor and settled down for a thirty-minute rest. "Shave me once over an' under, facial massacre an' a head rough wid double musk. Den I takes a special fo'-bit antikink."

A cinnamon-faced customer, waiting on the bench against the wall, leaned toward his neighbor. "Li'l' Fidget talks like he got money," he observed.

The reclining Fidget, speaking through a lukewarm towel, confirmed the rumor. "Suttinly Ise got money," he announced with characteristic indiscretion. "Cunnel paid me my wages dis afternoon."

A unanimous chorus from an altruistic entertainment committee followed, filling the barber shop with clamorous offers to lead Fidget into whatever Saturday-night delights he might desire in the environs of Memphis.

"You knows how sudden you gin'ally terminates, Fidget, when you starts gamblin'," Whiff Wadley reminded him. "You betteh trail into de mo' nonexpensive social festivities wid me an' Parasite an' Hoof an' de Deacon. Us boys' ruckus is mo' lastin', 'count we dribbles our money 'stead of pilin' it up on top of a wabbly seven, whah at de rollin' cubes kin knock it oveh."

"Don' say no mo'," Fidget returned. "Ise wid you, on'y Ise got to git home befo' nine o'clock tomorr' mawnin' to drive my white folks to de preachin'. Cunnel got to 'rive early tomorr', 'count he gwine to tell de young men all about de war."

"Whut war does you refer at?"

Under his tepid muffler, Fidget answered as best he could. "War wid de Germans whut us United States is got into."

"Thought dat was a private war 'mongst dem foreign boys."

Parasite Brewton cut in with a slug of information: "No war ain't private afteh it gits jus' so big"; and then, to his pledged host of the evening, "Fidget, when is de cunnel gwine to jine on into dis war thing?"

"Cunnel don' have to jine on. Him an' too many big guv'ment folks is friends."

"How come him a cunnel? Eveh do any fightin'?"

"He fit mighty steady in politics when de guv'nor was 'lected. Mighty soon aftah de guv'nor give him a coat loaded wid mo' gold braid dan you eveh see on a band man. Guess dat makes him as much cunnel as any of de rest." The explaining Fidget changed the subject. "Whut's dis ruckus you boys aims to buy wid my wages tonight?"

Hoof Mullet and Deacon Atmore busted the tape neck and neck, racing through a prediction of the plans and specifications for the night. "Fust off," Hoof began, "us eats. Beginnin' wid fried fish an' ——"

"Startin' out," Deacon Atmore interrupted, "us visits a place I knows whah a gintle white mule kin be driv at two bits a quart. Den us ——"

Parasite Brewton heaved into a cross pull wherein he set forth the delights of jazz music and dancing companions. "Us eats afteh de dance, when ev'y man has hisself a lady pardner to carry on wid."

The angel of the evening, blinking through a mask of lather, summarized the possibilities and compromised on a program which included a little of everything. "Us eats an' drinks an' dances, an' drinks an' dances an' eats," he amended.

Contemplating pleasures delayed, Fidget grew restive in the barber chair. "Humidor, nemmine dat antikink," he directed. "Slosh me wid musk an' turn me loose. Ise a fool fo' odorizin' an' I aims to permeate."

Before the sloshing process was complete the door of the Mitford establishment was opened and a newcomer greeted the assemblage. Horace Carr, wearing his letter carrier's uniform, permitted a thin smile to crack his coal-black features as he greeted the congregated group of his acquaintances. "Evenin', men—you too, Fidget. How things stackin'?"

A chorus of surly grunting answered the new arrival's salutation. For a moment it appeared that a wet fog had permeated the festive air. Horace Carr, taking a professional inventory of those present, looked around him. "Ev'ybody feelin' happy?"

"Us was till you arrove." A low growl from Deacon Atmore voiced the general verdict.

With characteristic generosity, Fidget Agnew, sloshed now with double musk and raring to go, extended his invitation to the latest member of the group. "Horace, cunnel paid me my wages an' us aims to revivalize a ruckus f'm now on till mawnin'. Come along wid us an' eat, drink an' be merry at my 'spense whilst de wages lasts."

"No, indeedy! Us guv'ment men got to be mighty keerful how us acks an' who us travels wid. Kain't git no letter carrier's job widout fust off gittin' a good moral cha'acter fo' de civil-service folks. 'Sides dat, Ise still got some 'ficial bizness to attend to yet dis evenin'." The good moral character hauled a sheaf of letters out of an inside pocket of his brass-buttoned coat. He stepped to a position under an overhanging light, and squinting down the valley of his gleaming nose, he read aloud the address on the first letter: "'Willie Mullet'—Hoof, heah's a letter fo' you. 'George Brewton'—Parasite, heah's yo' mail. 'Lafayette K. Wadley'—Whiff, heah's yo's. 'Martin Luther Lincoln Atmore'—Deacon, heah's yo' 'ficial bizness. 'Enterprise Dexter Agnew'—Fidget, heah you is. . . . Looks like dat's all Ise got fo' dis immediate vicinity, 'ceptin' heah's one fo' de boss of dis place. Heah you is, Humidor."

Humidor Mitford, proprietor of the barber shop, opened his official letter five seconds after Horace Carr had handed it to him. He glanced through it, and then, turning his head slowly, he surveyed the figures of the other occupants of the shop. The merrymakers had collapsed in chairs against the wall.

"Caught in de draft!" he announced. "Me, pussonal, is on de verge of war!"

Deacon Atmore, crumpled into an abject mass of desolation, answered in a doleful voice: "So is us all—me an' Hoof an' Parasite an' Whiff an' li'l' Fidget. Letters all reads de same, 'ceptin' de numbers."

(Continued on Page 41)

Does the Ford next door *run better than Yours?*

HAVE you ever wondered *why* the other fellow's Ford runs better than yours?

Both cars are the same model. Both left the factory the same time. Both were as mechanically perfect as great engineers and fine craftsmen could make them.

Yet his car starts and stops and reverses with the smoothness of a high priced car. Yours jerks and chatters and vibrates. His car doesn't know a repair shop by sight. Yours is a periodical visitor.

Why?—

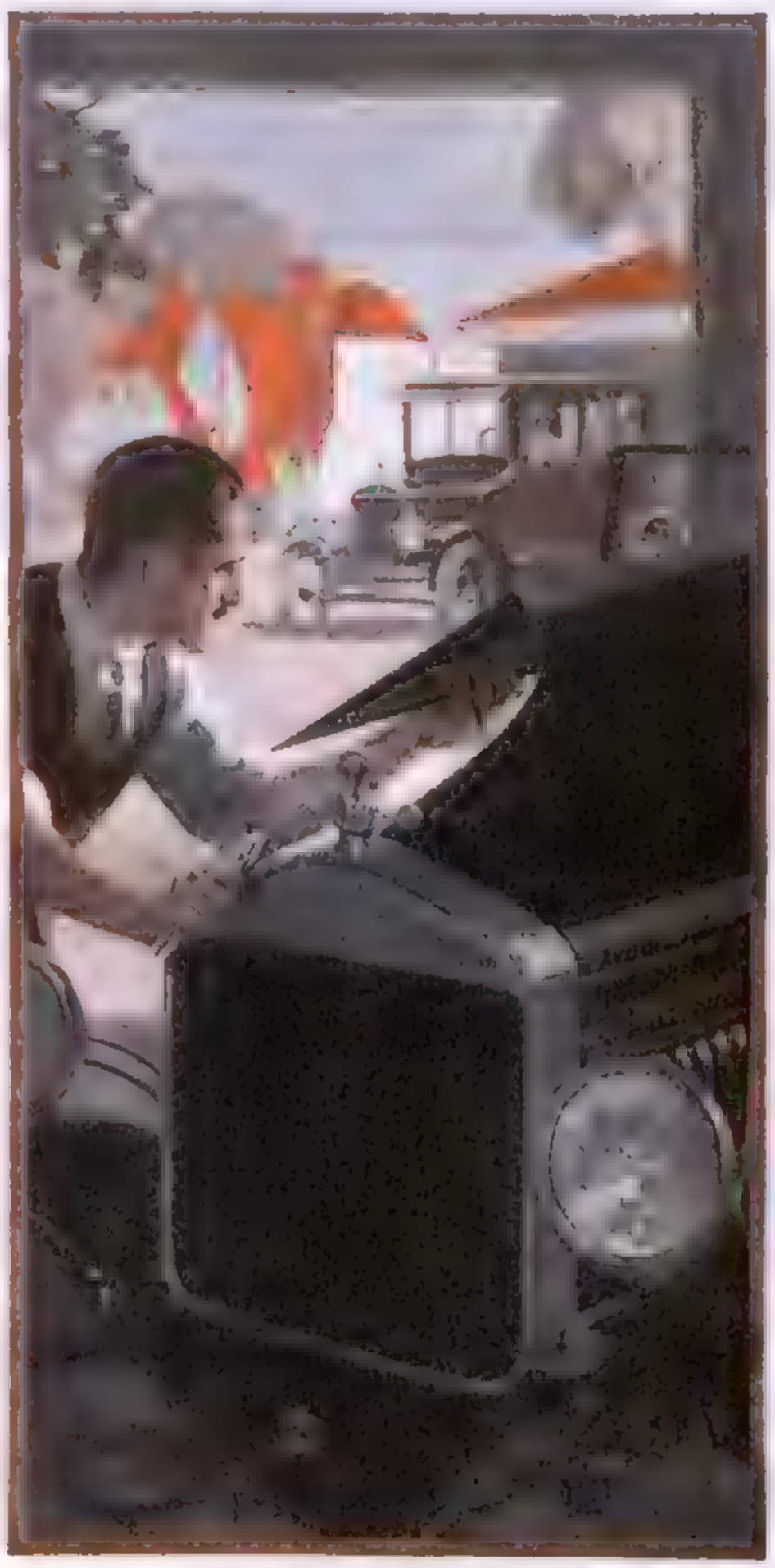
Nine times out of ten the answer lies in the oil that is used.

Why oil is so important in your Ford

In a gear-shift car, the motor and the transmission are separate; and each is lubricated by a different oil designed specifically for that purpose.

But in the Ford, the motor and transmission are combined in one housing and both must be lubricated by *one* oil. It is one problem to lubricate the whirling, flying metal surfaces of the Ford motor. But it is an utterly *different* problem to lubricate the rough fabric transmission bands and keep them soft and smooth.

This dual Ford lubricating problem baffled oil experts for years. It was not solved until Veedol Forzol was created by Tide Water technologists after 4 years of study and experimentation.



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Veedol Forzol is a different *kind* of oil—made in a different way. It is made for Fords exclusively. The separate qualities needed to lubricate the Ford engine and the Ford transmission have been skillfully combined in Veedol Forzol. It is a superior oil for the Ford engine—and it stops chatter in the Ford transmission bands.

So completely does Veedol Forzol solve the dual problem of Ford lubrication that it gives definite operating results.

These are the "8 Economies of Veedol Forzol", which over a million Ford owners are now enjoying; 10 to 25% gasoline saving; eliminates costly chatter; 10 to 25% saving in oil; 10 to 25% saving in carbon; resists heat and friction; resists fuel dilution; gives increased ability to coast; reduces repair bills.

Test Veedol Forzol in your own Ford. Go to any one of the thousands of dealers who display the orange and black Veedol Forzol sign. Let the dealer drain the old oil from your crankcase and refill with 4 quarts of Veedol Forzol. Then glide away to an entirely new experience in Ford driving.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

A gallon of Veedol Forzol is the correct amount to pour into the breather pipe of your Ford after the crankcase has been drained. Your dealer can supply you with Veedol Forzol in a sealed one gallon can.

VEEDOL FORZOL

The economy oil for Fords

Facts You Ought to Know About Your Car

If you don't care to lubricate your own car, Alemite lubricating service is as convenient as oil or gas service. Make it a habit to drive in where you see the Alemite sign—every 500 miles. 80,000 motorists drive onto these racks every 24 hours.

Experts agree that 80% of all repairs come from one *preventable* cause

A method of lubrication that cuts operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile

Of course, you don't neglect your car—not knowingly. You keep oil in your engine, water in your radiator and air in your tires. But how about the 20 to 60 vital moving parts on your chassis? Any garage man will tell you that half the cause of repair bills is due to lack of proper lubrication. High operating costs too, come from the same cause.

Take for example, the rear axle bearing illustrated above. This roller bearing turns over with every revolution of your rear wheels. It carries the weight of your car. It stands the pounding of every bump in the road. Replacing rear axle bearings costs from $20 to $50, or more. Yet many motorists merely guess that grease from the differential will *leak* out to these bearings. And so they neglect to lubricate them regularly.

Mistakes like this are the *real* cause of 80% of rear axle repairs according to an actual check made in dozens of garages and repair shops. This illustrates merely one of many similar points on your car.

But now you can eliminate this kind of expense entirely—without work.

Most cars today come equipped with Alemite, or Alemite-Zerk high pressure chassis lubrication. With these systems there is a hollow dirt-proof fitting on every moving part of your chassis. Your handy compressor *forces* fresh lubricant *entirely through* each bearing. The high pressure *forces out* all old gritty grease at the time—cleaning the bearing as it lubricates.

If Alemite, or Alemite-Zerk is on your car, use it—every 500 miles. That is why it is there—to save you repairs. 80% of all repairs is due to lack of proper lubrication. Don't neglect *any* bearing.

Regular, methodical lubrication—every 500 miles—has reduced fleet owners' operating costs 1c to 1¾c per mile. Just apply this saving to your own mileage. It is not only in repair bills, but also lessened depreciation and wear and tear on other parts of your car. Used car merchants allow from $100 to $150 more for a standard $1500 car that has always had this care.

If you want to know more about your car, write today for a copy of "Vital Spots," a free booklet that tells how to lubricate every car to save repairs. It is yours for a postcard. If your car is not Alemite-equipped, we can tell you the name of a dealer in your town.

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High Pressure Lubrication

(Continued from Page 38)

Hearing his name spoken, Fidget Agnew lifted his bowed head and addressed the departing Horace Carr: "Is you among us coming vet'rums, Horace? Did you git a draft letter fo' yo' own self?"

"Ise exemplified f'm de war 'count of my flat feet whut I got f'm letter carryin'. Kain't march wid flat feet. Cheer up, Fidget! Go ahead wid yo' ruckus. Eat, drink an' be merry, fo' tomorr' you gits vaccinated."

When the messenger of doom had left—"Ol' Horace acts like he aims to keep de home fires burnin' wid his flat feet," Parasite Brewton observed.

Hoof Mullet voiced the general sentiment relative to the departed: "Did I have my most cravest ruthers, de fust ruther would be fo' de white folks to crematize Horace when dem home fires got burnin' good, beginnin' wid his flat feet an' endin' wid his good moral cha'acter."

Humidor Mitford faced his friends at that moment, carrying in his hand a sheaf of parting gifts. "De war done bust up dis barber shop," he announced, distributing his offering. "Retain hold on dese foldin' swords, men." He handed each of his companions a razor. "You's in de Army now, an' dey's no tellin' when a good equalizer might come in handy. Now how 'bout de party?"

"Le's go!" Fidget Agnew, partly recovered, staggered to his feet. "Le's go like Horace told us. Eat, drink an' be merry, fo' tomorr' is a new day. Mebby us meets up wid dat Horace tonight, an' if us does I tries out dis foldin' sword on him an' cuts him loose f'm his flat feet!"

Horace Carr was not encountered by any of the barber-shop gang during the night's travels. After leaving Humidor Mitford's establishment his course had led him away from the zone wherein the bright lights gleamed. Away from the barber shop, he walked directly to the establishment of a carbon-colored mortician, where, after a brief parley, he succeeded in borrowing a part of the undertaker's equipment, consisting of a plug hat and a long black Prince Albert coat. He put the long black coat on over his brass-buttoned uniform. He stored his cap in the tail pocket of the long coat. Then, pinching the plug hat down firmly on his bullet head, he directed his flat feet along a course which brought him finally to the portals of the best hotel in town, where, after exercising an adroit diplomacy, he was enabled to knock quietly upon the door of Suite 16.

A moment later, bowing deeply, Horace Carr and his good moral character confronted Major Willett Work, U. S. A., late of Boston.

After the preliminary servilities of salutation, the good moral character proceeded to business: "Major, suh, my li'l' flock is all drafted to de war, an' my presump sole ambition is to go along wid dem sinful niggers into de perils of war-torn France, so as I kin be dere when dey needs spi'itual constellation an' moral support like I is bestowed on dem lost lambs."

"What did you say your name was?"

"I is de Rev'end Horace Carr, of de Free Colored Group."

"How long have you been preaching?"

"Major, suh, must be mo' dan twenty years. I was baptized jus' befo' de levees bust durin' de flood of '96, an' begun preachin' right afteh us bottom-land farmers got drowned out. I hates to think of all my flock gittin' shot f'm de hitherto into de hereafter widout whut li'l' comfort dey kin d'rive f'm knowin' dat dey reward is yet to come."

The face of the Boston major relaxed into a kindly smile. "What is your post-office address?" he said. "Write it down on this piece of paper."

Horace Carr wrote his name and address and handed it to the major. "A letter exscribed wid my name an' address as hereunto set fo'th will reach me, suh. 'Rev'end Horace Carr, Free Colored Group, Memphis, Ten-o-see.' Ennythin' dat you kin do to emulate de possibilities of my chaplainin' program fo' de good of our colored boys in blue will be appreciated f'm de depths of they an' my hearts. I bids you good evenin', suh."

Returning to his boarding house, Horace Carr removed his Prince Albert coat. From the inside pocket of his uniform he took a letter that was a duplicate of those which he had distributed to the barber-shop gang, save that this letter was addressed to Horace Carr. He opened the document and read again the military terms which had caught him in the draft. He lit a match then and touched it to the letter. When the last corner of the missive was blazing, he held the envelope in the dying flame. When the envelope was gone, "Dere you is, Army! Chances is dat letter was lost in de mails. Wid things so war-torn in de Army, it's surprisin' how lost a soldier letter kin git. If dey eveh was a dead letter, dat's it."

II

"I NEVEH seed such a aggravatin' war. Main trouble wid it is dese deduckshuns." Fidget Agnew, wallowing in the mud of France with the rest of the Memphis Shovel Brigade, grouched and shoveled his way to glory. "Wish de white folks would deduck some of dis work 'stead of so much wages. Who instigated dis deduckshun thing in de fust place?"

Sweating beside him in the drizzling rain, Hoof Mullet answered between swings of his pick: "Kain't say who fust thought it up, but it sho spread mighty rapid. De K. P. boy in de cook house told me dey aimed to begin deduckin' f'm de rations."

"Deduck a li'l' bit mo' an' dey deducks me outen dis Army," Fidget returned. "Fust war I eveh knowed whah dey fit wid shovels 'stead of guns."

"Dey done dat to save ammunition. Don' need no ca'tridges fo' a shovel. No matter how heavy you loads a shovel, it won't shoot. Think of de ammunition you saves," Hoof reasoned.

"Suttinly right. Ise seed mo' shootin' back home in one evenin' dan whut dey is in dis whole war."

"Nemmine, boy. Come pay day, I gives you a li'l' target practice wid de dice."

"All I shoots on pay day is blanks. Pay day jus' like goin' to de grocery sto' an' askin' fo' mo' credick. Ain't no money changes hands. Main thing whut riles me is de lootenant took half my wages fo' dat wife woman I married jus' befo' us left."

"I knows how you feels. My wife has drew a advance pension on me too."

"Chances is, all dat dem women buys wid it is raiment an' groceries fo' de Home Guard. . . . Wonder whut dat Horace Carr is up to right now?"

"Pro'lly started a revival, preachin' to de wimmin. Carryin' de mail is on'y a side line wid him."

"Mebby he's instigated in de Army by dis time."

"Mebby not! Dat boy claimed he was exemplified 'count of flat feet an' de civil service. . . . Hit de ball, heah comes de lootenant!"

The lieutenant paused in his late afternoon round long enough to lend his moral support to one of his sergeants while the latter imposed a detail of added duty to the program of the day under which Fidget and his closest companions in arms were laboring: "Fidget, you an' Parasite an' de Deacon git to work right afteh retreat has blew an' set up one of dem li'l' heatin' stoves in de end room of dat vacant officers' hut. Hoof, you an' Private Wadley git some kin'lin's an' stove wood packed in. Den sweep out de place neat an' clean fo' de officer whut's comin'. You boys is got lots of time, 'count of supper will be two hours late tonight."

Staggering under this last blow, Fidget found courage enough to ask how come the delayed supper.

"Quartermaster run plumb out of rations," the sergeant explained. "He done issued dog-gone near de last nutriment he had to dem new German prisoners. Nemmine, heroes, de trucks'll git in by ennyhow eight o'clock. Don't ask me no mo'; I got to foller de lootenant."

The sole anticipated reward to be derived from the annoying extra labor of rigging up the little stove in the end room of the vacant officers' hut was the comfort which might develop after the stove was in running order. "Now mebby us gits warmed up!" Fidget announced to his moping companions. "Us gits warmed up an' dried out a li'l' bit befo' de new officer comes in."

In this they were disappointed. Timing his visit almost to the instant, the sergeant,

(Continued on Page 153)

"Does Dey Sort of Creak, Horace, Den You is Saved Him F'm Bein' Buried Alive!"

YOUR HOUSE COMMITTEE

By Boyden Sparkes

THERE are in the United States today about 6500 clubs giving food service or having bedrooms. About 2100 of this number are city clubs; about 2800 are country clubs, and about 1600 are golf clubs. These clubs are estimated to have a total membership of about 5,000,000, and with comparatively few exceptions they are going along on an unsatisfactory financial basis. Every year about 500 new clubs are being formed, of which about two-thirds are predicated on golf. These clubs are spending vast sums of money with rather less of forethought than in any class of enterprises of similar proportions in the country. Together these clubs maintain a pay roll of 275,000 employes and servants; they are spending more than $3,000,000 for linen; nearly $2,000,000 for silverware; some $500,000 for glassware; $4,000,000 for china; with another $15,000,000 for replacements of worn-out or broken or stolen articles.

And who is spending this money—and a lot more—for the clubs? Chiefly the house committees, and the average house committee functions in the manner of a soviet. Theirs is a thankless job, and if they are not deposed oftener, it is largely because all the rest of the membership have a sneaking dread that the terrible office may be forced on them. The result is that the members of the house committees are flattered almost as much as they are cursed.

In New York City there are a number of institutions known as luncheon clubs. There is one for the lawyers, one for the bankers, one for the drug and chemical trade, one for the hardware men, one for the machinery dealers, and some others. All these are downtown, within easy reach of Wall Street, and they are maintained for the sole purpose of providing their members with a place for luncheon.

Actually, some of the bankers belong to the Hardware Club, some lawyers and oil men always take luncheon at the Bankers Club, and there are probably chemists listed in the membership of the Machinery Club; but all those clubs transact a brisk restaurant business five days a week in every week of the year. The members begin to arrive in shoals about half-past twelve, and by two o'clock only a small number remain.

The Business Man's Light Luncheon

THESE luncheon clubs have few of the problems that afflict country clubs or other clubs where the restaurant feature is only one of the activities. At most of the luncheon clubs the chefs know almost precisely the number of men they must provide for from day to day. It would seem to be an ideal restaurant business, one that with good management might pile up such a profit in the course of a year as to obviate the necessity of dues.

The truth is that all of them are resorting to service charges or other makeshifts of that sort to cover an actual loss on every meal served. If these clubs operated on the usual basis of soviet, or house-committee, rule, there is good reason for believing that their costs would be considerably greater than they are. There is no more profound truth anywhere in the charter of clubs today than in that sentence which states that they are organized not for profit.

One of the oldest of the luncheon clubs in New York, one which owns all its furniture and equipment and has been operating under the wise guidance of the same manager for more than thirty years, has had its costs worked out so this manager knows that every time a member comes in for luncheon and hands his hat to one of the boys in the check room the gesture has cost the club $1.30.

"That is our overhead on every meal we serve," this manager confessed recently. "The dues pay about half of that overhead, or sixty-five cents. The other sixty-five cents of overhead must be made up through an increased charge which is applied to the food or other supplies sold to that member. In other words, if the member buys thirty-five cents' worth of food, the club must charge him a dollar in order to break even on the transaction.

"This is so partially because this club, like all the best known luncheon clubs, has to pay a high rental. For some of the clubs that rental is as high as five dollars a square foot a year. These lounging rooms, which bring in no revenue, are a partial explanation. Those comfortable armchairs in the dining room would not be tolerated by a public-restaurant manager; nor would those wide aisles between the tables. Instead, all the chairs would be crowded together so that a man would not have room to lift his elbows—and some of them do like to spread their elbows regardless of high rentals.

"Some more of that overhead—a large part of it—is represented by the higher cost of club labor as compared with restaurant or hotel staff costs. The members resent it if a strange waiter serves them. Since a club ceases to be a club the moment it sanctions tipping, all these employes must be paid wages large enough to compensate them for the tips they must sacrifice by working here—wages large enough to keep them contented.

"Another thing—a club may not serve the small portions that are placed in front of a restaurant guest, and in various other ways it is restricted as to the manner in which it obtains enough money to keep going. You may say that if dill pickles are sold two for a nickel wholesale, a club ought to be able to sell them for five cents apiece because some street vender sells them that cheaply from a wheelbarrow. Suppose you are subject to an idiosyncrasy which makes it essential to your digestion to eat only in taxicabs. Then your pickle bought from the street barrow costs five cents plus your taxicab fare. The taxicab fare is the overhead. If you think that is a far-fetched analogy, you should hear some that I employ in trying to drive home this point when I am dealing with skeptical members who are supposed to be among the keenest business men in the world."

All the experienced luncheon-club managers in New York have seen food costs rise enormously along with rental and labor costs, but at the same time they have observed in recent years a dwindling luncheon appetite; perhaps the appetite is still there, but certainly American business men as a class are eating far less today than they were a decade or so in the past.

One of the luncheon-club managers made a comparison not long ago between the orders of the members twenty-five years ago and the present-day orders. He was surprised to discover that the consumption of food per member had been cut approximately in half.

"They no longer drink at luncheon," he said in attempting to explain the change, "and therefore their appetites are not excited to the pitch to which they were wrought by wines and other stimulating beverages consumed so generally over the luncheon tables at the beginning of the century. Incidentally, we used to make enough in the bar to compensate for any loss on the food we served.

"Besides this, physicians have been indoctrinating business men with the idea that an appetite is not the safest gauge for one who desires to live long. It is surprising how many restrict themselves to a bowl of milk with some Graham crackers or a plate of thin soup and a fruit salad. I can remember when it was an ordinary thing for a member to come in with a guest and order a five-course meal for luncheon. Overhead expense was less important in those days.

"Then New Yorkers frequently remained downtown to have dinner at these clubs. There were only a few golf courses, and most business men thought of golf with contempt. They kept horses, but fewer than a dozen had automobiles. If they had wanted to get out of town, they would have had to go by train, and not many had places to visit. They thought nothing of staying at their offices until half-past six or seven o'clock in the evening.

"Nowadays they can't get away from their offices fast enough, and these downtown clubs, if they did remain open, would not serve enough meals in the evening to keep one waiter busy. Nevertheless, our members want to see one another at luncheon. This is their rallying place in the midst of the city's millions; and so, in order to eat five meals a week or less, they keep here equipment enough for a restaurant operating from dawn to midnight. When you say 'overhead' you have said it all."

"Psst! Waiter! A Little Better Service or I'll Let My Wife Decide the Size of Your Tip"

Clubs That are Run on a Budget

AS COMPARED with the prices charged for food in three of the best downtown restaurants in New York, the best known of the luncheon clubs—leaving dues out of the question—charge slightly less, even though there is a service tax of from ten to twenty-five cents written on the club checks. That service charge is less than a man would have to spend tipping waiters and hat-check girls and washroom boys if he had gone to a restaurant.

The point of all this is that the luncheon clubs, carefully managed as they are by men who are restaurant experts, are having a difficult time serving their members at a cost somewhere near the rates of restaurants of nearly equal standards. Therefore the average club, managed by inexperienced club officers, serving terms too short to give them an opportunity both to acquire experience and then to apply that experience, has small hope of adjusting itself to present-day costs unless it resorts to increased dues or assessments, or does something quite radical.

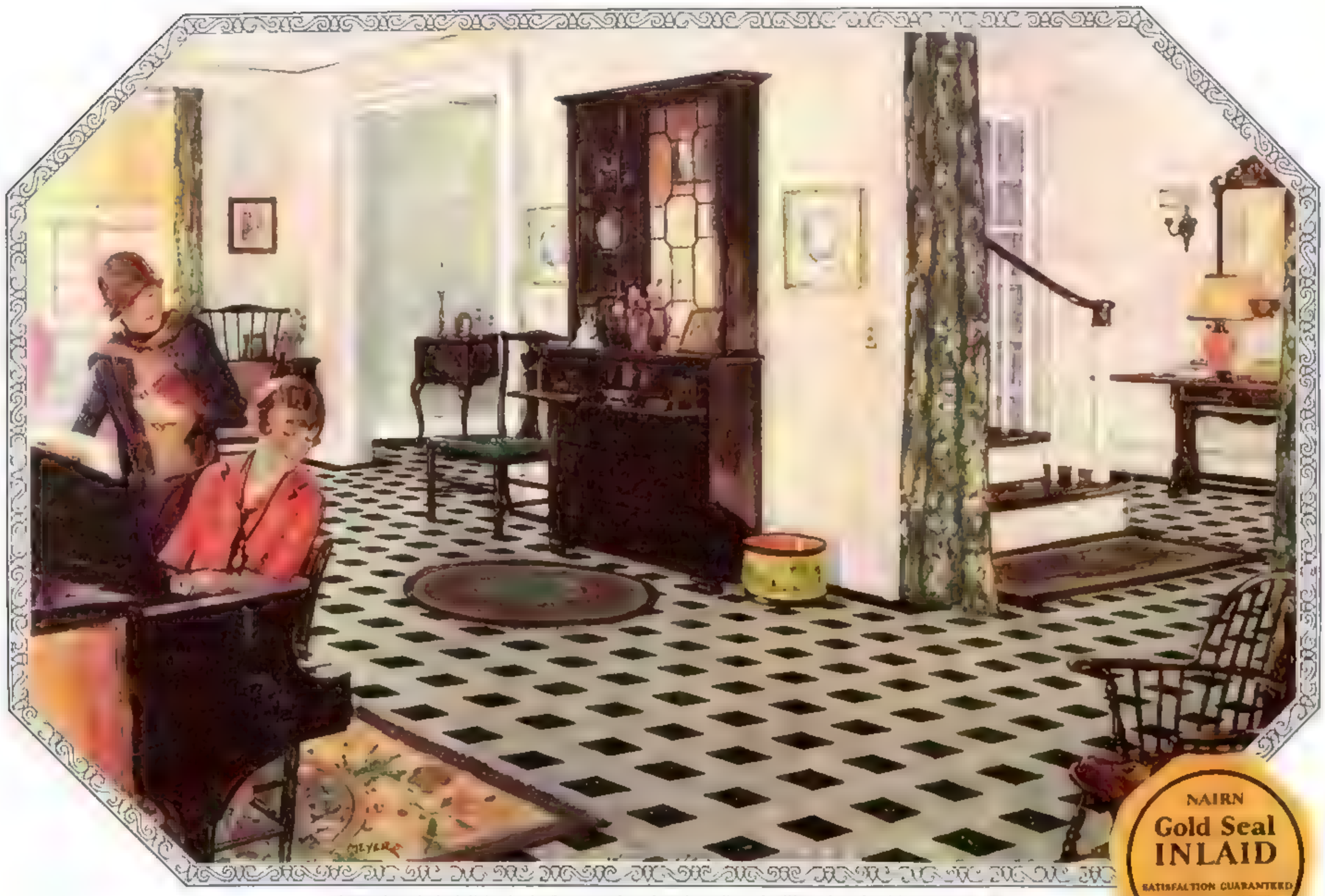
One country club near New York City decided last November to do something quite radical. It abolished the house committee.

Today the club manager is the house committee, and this year that club is going to break even for about the first time in its nearly fifteen years of existence. Year after year the members have been assessed $50 or $75 or $100 to make up a deficit, but they will not be assessed this year because they have at last stopped kidding themselves. They have adjusted their annual dues until the sum of that charge meets the costs it was designed to cover. Whereas they used to pay $175 annually, now they are going to pay $250; and the manager is expected to keep the club's expenditures within the margins of a budget. That budget is at once his armor and his weapon. If members insist on some extravagance of which he cannot approve, if he wants to practice some economy that interferes with the patronage of some committee, he quotes the budget.

Before the members of that club were induced to consent to an increase in their dues, they had to be shown what was going on in other clubs in that county. In one of the most exclusive, with a membership list of about 150, the dues were $400. In two others the dues were $300; in three others the dues were $200; in four others the dues were $150, but each of those four clubs was assessing its membership $50 or $100 at intervals that seemed to come oftener than once a year.

The truth appeared to be that $200 was about as low as the dues could be held in that county, even in the less pretentious golfing organizations; and when the members were persuaded that this was true, they voted for the increase and also approved the decision to abolish the house committee and delegate its authority to a club manager. They did this because experience had shown that the house committee was always able to spend more money than was provided.

(Continued on Page 103)



Notice how the high lights in the floor extend up into the walls and ceiling—how the rich green of the tiles reappears in the draperies—and what a smart made-to-measure air the black linoleum border adds to the handsome appearance of these floors. GOLD SEAL INLAID, *Belflor 4½" Inset Tile Pattern No. 2152-3*

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TWIN PROPELLERS

(Continued from Page 32)

"The worst of it is," Lanty said, "I can't honestly wish for another war. I don't wish it."

"Of course you don't, bless your heart."

"This," said Pax, "is getting thick. I see where I'm destined to be cut adrift."

"You needn't drift long," J. J. said. "Only across this stretch of saffron and gold in front of us. And you may observe that the gold is on the other shore."

"Don't talk rot."

"Cliff told me that he had changed his guiding constellation. That it used to be the Ursa Major or at least its pointers, but since we went aboard it was the brighter half of Gemini."

"That might be Lanty," Pax said.

"No, he offered to abdicate in Lanty's favor. He said that it was cruel to separate twins."

"I see." Pax's voice was dry. "So he asked you to keep him from being cruel. What ghastly piffle!"

She sprang to her feet, took a deep breath, throwing out her chest. "I'm getting red waves too. No, I'm color blind. They're green."

"Green? Did you say green?" Lanty leaned forward suddenly. "Do you see that green speck over there?"

"Yes, it's a starboard light. The Hyacinth's. She's going to sea. But what makes it blink that way? And where are the cabin lights? They'd be on by now."

"That's not Hyacinth. It's some sort of signal—down on the beach opposite."

"Look." J. J.'s voice was hushed. "The masthead light on the shrimper. It's winking back."

Lanty rose. "Something's doing and it's not rum running. It's dark enough. Let's go."

To avoid struggling through the seagrape jungle in the dark, they followed the beach around. This way, though twice the distance, was profitable, as they found a big packing crate, from the slats of which Lanty whittled two crude paddles with his knife. They picked up also a big gourd, better for bailing than the bean and tomato cans. It was by this time about as dark as the night was apt to be. The new moon had set in a sediment of haze that seemed now stirred up by some high air current, so that its flocculent body was beginning to blot out the stars.

J. J. asked, "What could that shore light have been?"

"A signal for landing the rum," Pax said.

"What price cautions in the same British colony where it came from?"

"That's so. Then why signal at all?"

"That," said Lanty, "is what I'm trying to dope out. Since Cliff did not make up his mind to come here until about half an hour before he sailed, it can't very well have anything to do with the Hyacinth."

"I know," J. J. said.

"Well, what?"

"The shrimper's come from a French island, or Cuba perhaps. Champagne and cognac and benedictine and chartreuse for the millionaire trade over there on the American Riviera, so her cargo would be contraband here."

"That must be it. She may cache some of it here for clients like Mike. That's why she's put the point between herself and the little port."

"Your red waves may have been *vin rouge*," Pax suggested, "and I knew we weren't in Florida. All the same, you might have told me."

Lanty ignored this. They carried the coracle down the beach, got into it and shoved off. The water was still, glassy, and the mottled quilt of cloud drawn across the sky dimmed the starlight and prevented the unbroken metallic sheen that might have betrayed them even at a distance.

The tarpaulin cover was bulged in between the ribs by the water pressure against their own weight, like the hide of a dead horse. Had the tarpaulin been newer, there would have been merely seepage, but worn spots, in some places almost threadbare, soon became welling little springs of brine.

Pax and J. J. sat on the midship thwart and tried to keep pace with the water with the gourd they had picked up and Lanty's visored white-duck yachting cap. Lanty in the stern paddled as vigorously as he could. From shore to shore they had about two miles to go, and before they had made half this distance and with both girls bailing furiously, there was a foot of water in the flimsy boat.

The girls had dropped their bailers and were now swashing out the water with palms and forearms. To make matters worse their progress was naturally slower and harder work as the boat settled. Lanty, dripping and with hands already blistering, now perceived that they could not hope to get all the way across. The water was gaining steadily as the boat settled lower. The most he could hope for was to get to a swimming distance within his sister's scope.

He said presently with cheer, "Splash away, girls. Once the water gets above the tuck round the stern it's a case of abandon ship. We're halfway there."

"Liar," Pax panted. "This is harder than swimming."

"Stop and get your breath. You'll need it pretty soon."

"I'll stop and strip," Pax said.

J. J. giggled breathlessly. "Not entirely, Pax dear. Lanty and I don't matter, but it would hardly be the thing to report so aboard Hyacinth."

"Well, only a short step removed from the bathing beach."

She slipped out of her light flannel dress, took off her shoes and stockings, tied the laces of each shoe and hung them around her neck. "All set. You'd better do the same, J. J."

"I'll go as far as skirt and blouse and shoes. We're scarcely moving, Lanty."

"I know it. Swimming will soon be faster and a darned sight easier."

"What about sharks?" Pax asked.

"A learned naturalist I've read states positively that West Indian sharks don't touch long pig."

"Let's hope they know that too," Pax said.

For perhaps another furlong they struggled on. The low distant shore was not visible. There seemed to be a haze drifting in, and for all Lanty knew a current might be setting them out. Glancing over his shoulder at the lights of the shrimper he was encouraged to see from their angle that they must have made at least a mile, possibly more than that distance.

"How far can you swim, Pax?" J. J. asked.

"Don't know. Never tried."

"Well, when you tire, Lanty and I can help you. I'm amphibious."

They worked away a little longer, following Lanty's suggestion to save their strength, now that there seemed scant hope of getting much farther. Then suddenly there came a sucking gurgle from the stern and their coracle settled gently under them.

"Here," said Lanty, "is where we hop off."

They kicked themselves clear. Pax said wetly, "We don't want to swim in circles."

"Follow me, girls. I've got a line on the lights of the shrimper and there's a star that looks out from time to time. I've been watching it."

"Darn it," said Pax. "There go my shoes."

"Got 'em, old sweet," J. J. panted. She was already breathless from bailing.

For ten or fifteen minutes they swam on slowly, Lanty setting a pace that he thought his sister could maintain without too much effort. Then presently, looking back, he failed to get the lights from the shrimper. And the guiding star was blotted out.

This was not so good. With nothing on which to set a course, the water flat and motionless and literally a swimming void encompassing them all about, there was, as Pax had said, grave danger of describing the wide arc of a circle.

But a few moments later on looking back again in the hope of getting even a glimmer to locate them, Lanty discovered several sparks of light in what seemed to be a different spot. He guessed the reason for them.

"Good thing we shoved off. They've landed and are searching the cay for us."

Pax felt tempted to say that the deck even of a pirate ship would feel better beneath her feet just at that moment than the yielding brine. But she saved her breath.

They swam on, J. J. and Lanty easily enough, Pax with growing fatigue. Finding then that they were nearly stationary, Lanty said:

"Hand on my shoulder, twinny."

She was forced to comply. Lanty increased his efforts, began to get ahead. And then to his dismay J. J. called out faintly, "Sorry, but I'm all in."

For the first time Lanty was gripped with sudden dreadful fear. He had figured that at a pinch he could tow his twin the rest of the distance. But he had counted on J. J. holding up her end. What he had failed to take into account was the fact of her being nearly spent from the violent efforts at bailing when the coracle went down beneath them.

J. J. had been breathless at the start. And the tax of swimming had prevented her from getting into her second wind. Lanty now realized this and despair gripped him.

"Put your hand on my other shoulder, J. J."

"No—you'll—sink."

"Sink—nothing. I'm full of good." He knew then that she must be in bad straits, because she obeyed. The added burden forced Lanty to swim deep, to tread water with no hope of making forward progress. And then as his feet sank he received another and sharper shock. His bare toes came suddenly in contact with something hard and sharp like the teeth of a shark tempted to prove himself an exception to the professor's sweeping rule.

He gave a gasp. J. J. mistaking its gurgling significance withdrew her hand. As she did so Lanty's other foot came down more forcibly on the solid crest of a coral head. This time he knew it for what it was.

"I'm on bottom," he announced. "Don't wriggle, Pax. I'm just balanced. Hook on, J. J."

Pawing about then with his feet he discovered that he could barely stand, with the weight of the two girls on either side. He seemed to be on the pinnacle of one of those masses of coral scattered over the bottom of Bahama Bank—an upward prong that permitted of no more than his resting there. His eyes strained to pierce the murk. "See anything over there?"

"No."

"Well, I do. A black uneven line. That's the shore."

"God grant you sight," Pax breathed fervently.

"Second sight," J. J. appended. "I feel like one of those sunken logs by the sawmill."

"Well, rest easy and recharge your batteries. Open up your air intakes and suck it in. We've got to make another hitch when you get rested a bit."

Balancing as best he might and fanning at the water with his hands to keep his equilibrium, Lanty looked back toward the cay they had so rashly left. He caught the flicker of a light or two. Then J. J. yelped in his bubbling ear, "There's a moving light—over ahead."

Lanty's head spun round. Behind the invisible low sandy point a very bright light shone out against the murky void. There could be no doubt of its motion. At the same instant all three became conscious of a guttering vibration in that excellent sound conductor which is the water.

"Hooray!" Lanty said. "Boat coming out."

"Hyacinth," J. J. said.

"Let's hope so."

Suddenly a green light with a row of square white ones blazed through the dark. All doubt was now removed. This must be the Hyacinth putting to sea. Perhaps the captain did not like the look of the weather and was dissatisfied with his position should it come on to blow from the south.

"We must be out on the end of the sand spit," Lanty said. "Look, there goes her spotlight, thrown down into the water ahead to look for hummocks like this. She's turning this way."

"Switch on that mental radio of yours, Lanty," J. J. implored. "Will them to swing it this way."

They watched breathlessly. The Hyacinth was swinging in a wide arc that might or might not bring her within hailing distance. The air was absolutely still so that their voices would be counted to carry nearly half a mile, Lanty hoped. But if she were to take midchannel they could scarcely be heard.

He glanced back toward the cay. The pin pricks of lights were all extinguished. Looking again at the Hyacinth as he teetered on the ledge, his heart seemed to stop its sturdy thumping as he discovered a closer spacing of her bright cabin windows.

"She's coming round," J. J. whispered.

"Yes. The masthead and taffrail lights are crowding closer. Now if we can only get both port and starboard lights we're as good as aboard."

"Tick away, Lanty. Shoot out the good old mental zigzags. Lift the voltage."

"You save your breath for the one loud yell of your life when the time comes. Stand by to open up your sirens."

"All set. I'll whoop till the good old larynx breaks wide apart."

"And still she comes," Lanty groaned in an ecstasy of relief, like tears and sobbings at glad news of rescue. "Swing your bally blooming searchlights over here."

As if in answer to this admonition, the powerful concentrated beam did swing their way—swept over and passed them, but at so great a distance that the three heads could not possibly have been detected.

"If we only had something to wave," Lanty groaned. "Something white. If he does that again and closer up we've just got to wave."

"Sure have," J. J. said. "They'd take us for three coconuts without."

There came the sound of something ripping. J. J. handed Lanty a garment of silk.

"That leaves me nearly stark, but never mind. Better be alive and naked than a beautiful corpse in a step-in."

"Never mind. Trifle. Swim in beauty like the night. What cheer, Pax?"

"Good cheer, twinny. I'm husbanding my squawk."

"Hope it doesn't scare them when they get the glad news we're here. Now what are those rummies up to?"

For there had come suddenly a hoarse coughing vibration through the still water from the direction of the shrimper. A light flashed out, to be as instantly extinguished.

The Hyacinth seemed now to be barely moving. She was most properly playing safe.

"Hope she gets here before my toes give out," Lanty panted. "Wonder why she's going out at night."

"It's going to blow," J. J. said, "and the skipper doesn't like his berth. With that searchlight turned down, they can spot anything they'd hit. You can see hummocks like this by moonlight in such transparent water."

(Continued on Page 49)

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 44)

"Now she's straightened out. Ought to pass us fairly close."

J. J. began to laugh. "What will they think?"

"Bottle it. Stand by now. She's starting off again."

The Hyacinth, now on her course as far as they could tell from the spacing of her lights, appeared to move more rapidly. It was impossible to estimate her distance, this naturally seeming much closer than actually it was, for bright lights on a still clear night look to be very close.

"Let's try," Lanty said. "Hold on, J. J., you take soprano. Mezzo for Pax, and I'll plain yell. Pretend it's a Yale game. Goal from the field. Now then, get set—get ready go!"

The more or less peaceful night was rent by such a triplex gust of vocalism as must have scared any browsing shark enough to start him on his way for the deep water. It burst out full volume, swelled, cracked and broke on Lanty's part into something akin to the fearful rebel yell of the Louisiana Tigers. The kick of it knocked him off his pinnacle so that for a brief moment all three heads soused under, thus bringing the wild cry for help to an abrupt and gurgling finale in full voluminous discord. Then Lanty floundered back again, to find a better and firmer stance on his submerged Ararat.

But to their whelming disappointment it would seem they had made no more than a shrill piping, to be lost and swallowed in the vastness all about. The Hyacinth, oblivious, held on her way, her spotlight stubbornly fixed on the water ahead.

"Are they all deaf?" Lanty raged. "Try again, girls, if you haven't broken your whistles."

He gave the signal, when another wild medley was sent forth. But the result was the same. The Hyacinth was by this time as close to them as she would be, Lanty estimated, so that when their frenzied screech brought no response he was in despair.

Then Pax cried wailingly but with a sort of frantic exultation, "She's stopped! Look! She's stopped."

"How do you know?"

"The noise of her engine has stopped."

"Has it? Believe you're right. Once more now."

Hoarse squawks were the best to respond to this appeal.

Then suddenly the searchlight increased its angle, swept round toward them. Lanty wildly waved J. J.'s contribution. The bright beam caught it, held it, dazzling their eyes so they blinked. But Lanty still waved on. There would be strong binoculars trained down that brilliant ray, he knew.

"What's happened now?" Pax asked. "Why don't they come?"

For the Hyacinth's way seemed checked so far as they could discover. Minutes, ages seemed to pass, and still that brilliant beam rested on them inexorably. It was as if the Hyacinth were content merely to sit there and stare—a curious Cyclops totally inert as far as any effort at rescue concerned them.

"Can you beat it?" Lanty rasped. "Why don't they do something?"

"That shrimper's doing something," J. J. said. "Her anchor chain is coming in."

All at once there came a fine high thrumming like that of a giant bee. J. J. gave a bleat.

"Here comes the motor dinghy. That's it. The yacht daren't come any closer."

"Of course," Lanty said disgustedly. "The excitement scrambled my thinks."

Down the radiant shaft came a gleaming little boat, not Miss Hyacinth but the sampan, as Cliff called it, tearing along like a bright water bug, every brilliant note flashing in the intensity of the glare. It rushed up to the three as they pirouetted there, stopped, reversed for a second and drifted up to them. Cliff's vibrant voice blared out in gusty horror: "Holy cats!"

"Half drowned ones, old dear," J. J. said cheerfully. "Easy does it now," for he had leaned over to grip her by the wrists. "I'm in the altogether. Pass me down a boat wrap or something."

He obeyed, snatching up a light rug of some sort.

"Now gather up Pax. Eyes to the rear, quartermaster. We've come back into the world a good deal as we entered it. Darn this thing, it floats."

Saving his inquiries, Cliff hauled the two girls aboard, then gave Lanty a hand up. For once Cliff's habitual and well-trained self-containment seemed struck adrift. "What—the—— Where—the—— How—in the name of—all ——"

Lanty interrupted. "Save the questionnaire, Cliff, and get going. Hurry back aboard and beat it out of here. We were shanghaied by a pirate outfit, and unless I'm wrong they're coming over to cut off your ship."

"What's that? Cut off my ship? When—where?"

"Here, and now," Lanty barked. "Listen."

For there came at that moment a louder volleying that seemed to well up muffled from the water all about them. It undertoned the higher-pitched staccato sputtering of the little outboard engine of the sampan.

"Get back alongside—quick!" Lanty cried shrilly. "Here they come."

■

THERE are some full-grown natures on whom a sudden crisis reacts in the nature of a stimulant to mind and body, rather than to palsy these. Cliff's was of that sort, and now on feeling that he had to deal with a sudden danger out of the dark he wasted no time in vain questioning.

His quiet orders began immediately he judged the sampan to be in hail of the Hyacinth.

"Captain Larsen."

"Aye, sir."

"Pass the word for general quarters, quietly. We're about to be attacked. Pirates. Load the one-pounder. Arm the men with whatever you've got."

Captain Larsen, who had been three times torped, seen three vessels slide from under him during the war, acted promptly. Orders passed from mouth to mouth. As the sampan foamed alongside men were darting about to their allotted stations. Cliff said, *sotto voce*, to Lanty:

"Engine stalled. Fuel pipes plugged some way. Is that a part of it?"

"Think so, though I can't see how. Better iron that steward."

"Yes, and the second. They're in cahoots. I'll see to that. What are we up against?"

"A fish boat, shrimper, and a rum launch."

"All right. Jump aboard, girls. Get under cover quick."

Lanty started for the upper deck and, as he reached the head of the ladder, heard the mate say: "The ammunition's gone, sir."

"Devil you say! All right. Jump down to the engine room and get what you can find. Spanners, fire axes, hatchets. Any old thing. Jump now."

A quartermaster of the same robust stock sang out, "Dey ban coomin', zir."

"All right. Let go the port anchor."

The quartermaster jumped down onto the forecastle head. A stockless anchor ran out with a clanking of chain. To Captain Larsen there was no use drifting onto a coral head whilst busily engaged in fighting off pirates. Also he was no poor strategist. For, realizing that his crew armed only with striking weapons must be opposed to firearms, he passed along where the men were stationed as for fire drill and said in low crisp tones:

"You lads get up atop the cabin house and lie down. Let 'em get aboard, and when I blow my whistle jump down and go to it."

Casting about for a weapon of some sort, Lanty collided with the quartermaster coming up with three iron windlass bars, one of which he commandeered. Stepping then inside the wheelhouse, he came on Cliff, who was bleeding from a cut over the eye and showed other signs of a mêlée—shirt front ruffled and grimy, a sleeve torn.

"I see you've started," Lanty said.

"Yes, and finished the first round. That steward and electrician are out of it."

"Killed?"

"Don't know. Don't care. We haven't a firearm. Even my automatic's been emptied." He stepped outside, gripped the iron-pipe awning stanchion in his powerful hands, unscrewed it and lifted out the lower section. "Not so bad."

Lanty drew him back inside. "Larsen's right. Let 'em board and then flop 'em. No use standing out there for a target. Look—there she is."

The dark mass of the shrimper, with no light showing but a faint glimmer through her portholes, bulked up on their starboard quarter. Her engine was running idle as she drifted silently and swiftly down on the Hyacinth. There could be no more question of her sinister intention.

"There's a big black launch too," Lanty said. "Look out for her on the other side."

Cliff was not listening. Lanty heard him swear softly. Then, "Is their game to stave us in?" Cliff muttered.

It looked for a moment as if such was the intention; that a part of the pirates' strategy was to breast into the house boat with such force as to throw her people off their balance physically as well as morally, to make the collision appear a bit of clumsy or drunken bungling, as if their pilot's vision was in a state of alcoholic fog that had ruined his perspective, sense of distance between the two vessels. Such a maneuver must result in a crash that might be expected not only to fling those aboard the yacht off their feet but also to render their first thought for the tightness of their vessel.

It would be a matter of indifference to the pirates if the seams of the yacht were opened up, her frames and side planking stove in. The solidly built shrimper with her heavy guard rail could suffer no damage in the contact. Such boats are designed to support heavy strains of the sort, whether in fetching up awkwardly alongside a wharf or breasted several deep or bumped across a bar over which the surf is breaking.

The Hyacinth at anchor with her engines stalled was powerless to prevent a heavy side swipe of this sort. What now saved her from serious damage was her very lightness of construction, flat shoal bottom and her own heavy guard rail with frames and deck beams that despite her age were still sound from being selected material when she was built. As a result of the first factor, she was not rigid in the water, but slid over abeam when struck as might a flat-bottomed skiff or dory.

Nevertheless, the crash was alarming even to those on deck as the shrimper barged into them. The Hyacinth slightly heeled and slid away. The shrimper's engine reversed, then stopped, so that the two vessels lay close against each other.

But in spite of this appalling crash, not a man of the yacht's crew showed himself or lifted his voice. This fact must have warned the pirates that their attack had been anticipated and the Hyacinth's people waiting for the next overt move.

For a moment there was absolute silence aboard both vessels. Then a harsh voice that Lanty recognized as Mike's called from the shrimper, "Come out o' there, youse guys." There was no answer. Again the voice called, "Aw, cum on if you like yer lives. Hand it over and you can get on your way."

Cliff saw fit to answer, "Come and get it."

The answer to this was the bark of a pistol, and a bullet crashed through the teak wheelhouse, splintering the glass on the other side. Cliff reached out, dropped his hand on Lanty's shoulder and crowded him down. They both crouched on the deck abaft the wheel. Another pause. Then Mike's voice snarled out savagely "At-a-boy!"

The attack came then with a rush. Lanty, peering out of the doorway, saw the dark forms of a number of men clambering over the rail of the Hyacinth. The bulk of them were thus awkwardly disposed when there came the sharp note of an officer's whistle.

Instantly all the lights were extinguished on the Hyacinth. Larsen's strategy had anticipated the tremendous advantage of this move. The yacht's crew had been warned so that they were not confused by the sudden darkness, and being in whites there was no danger of their mistaking friend for enemy. The boarders on the contrary were not only in ignorance of the defenders' position over their heads, lying on the top of the deck house, but the sudden extinction of the glare in their eyes as they swarmed over the rail made their pistols useless for that brief instant when they must otherwise have been employed so fatally.

If the Hyacinth's eager crew had not been hampered by the strip of awning stretched from the deck house the whole length of the narrow deck, they might have finished the affair unscathed, merely striking down from above before the pirates could have located them. Even as it was, they managed well enough, swinging over the wire rope to which the awning was triced and onto the deck in a sudden cascade that took the assailants completely by surprise and at a loss.

Not many shots were fired. There was an even more dreadful sound of thudding blows delivered with impromptu weapons of a sort to incapacitate, devitalize, no matter where they landed.

Cliff and Lanty, who had been ambushed in the wheelhouse, sprang out on deck the instant that the whistle blew. A pistol roared almost in their faces. Before it could fire again Cliff had struck down the bulky figure in front of him, then stooped and heaved it up and over the rail. As the bows of the two boats were slightly apart, the man fell into the water.

Lanty thought about the long black launch. He ran back through the pilot house and pitched into Tony, who was climbing over the rail. Tony fired, but Lanty anticipating this had ducked aside, so that, while nearly deafened, the bullet missed him by some inches. He grappled with Tony, who, to save himself from being knocked off the rail down into his launch, dropped the pistol to grab at a stanchion. The two were struggling in this position when Cliff came back through the wheelhouse, saw what was going on and tearing Tony clear of the stanchion and of Lanty's hold served him as he had his first antagonist, flinging him clear of the launch's bow so that he struck the water.

The fight was over as quickly as begun. Lanty discovered all at once that the decks were hushed except for the pantings and moanings of badly stricken men. It struck him as curious that a tumult so violent could so quickly subside. And the Hyacinth's men, having done their job, did not appear in any way excited over it. One might almost have thought that fighting off pirates was a part of their day's work. Cliff for his part merely went over the casualties, which were not light, and started the work of first aid. The shrimper had drifted off a little and he ordered her two anchors let go, the launch made fast to her.

The mate, a young Norwegian of about Lanty's build, furnished him with clothes. "You don't have to go to war to get a fight these days, sir," he said with a grim smile. "Now I'll go get the yacht under way."

"Under way? Can you start the engines?"

The officer's smile hardened. "The second engineer will start them, all right. Mr. Hathaway has straightened him out."

"Where are we going?"

"The nearest hospital. And tomorrow it's going to blow. A full gale maybe."

Cliff's curt voice came from outside. "Carry those men that are badly hurt into

(Continued on Page 51)

"Want to taste something good?"

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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

(Continued from Page 49)

the saloon. Miss King and Miss Satterlee will look after them. Where's Mr. Hull?"

"Here, sir," Lanty said, "dressing."

"Come into the chart room, Lanty, as soon as you're ready. We'll get to the bottom of this thing. There's something back of it all."

XI

ON ENTERING the chart room Lanty found Cliff seated at the table, while Tony, his wrists in irons, was standing with his back to the bulkhead. His dripping clothes showed that he had been fished out of the water alongside. Cliff's face was set, his eyes like points of blue icicles.

"Sit down, Lanty. Let's hear what this man's got to tell us"

"I'll tell you nothin'," Tony said sullenly.

"Just as you like. But you'll tell it to the court at Nassau before many days. This act of piracy was in British waters, and it's up to the prosecutor for the Crown. They make quick work of pirates in British West India Colonies. The old laws stand. It's apt to be the rope for you, my lad."

"I'm an American citizen."

"That's not going to help you any. Now then. Who was running this show? Who planned it?"

Tony appeared to reconsider his statement. "Mike got me into it."

"Who's Mike?"

Lanty said, "He's the man you knocked down, then heaved overboard."

Cliff nodded. "He's missing. Drowned or swam ashore. Well, how did he get you into it?"

"Mike ran this here shrimper from Nassau to this place with rum. Me and the other guys made trips here for it with my launch. This last run we was watched for by a chaser out o' Mayport. We seen her down the beach and run on up and into the canal, meanin' to go through to St. Augustine, where we knew we could get rid of the load. Mike came with me to bank some money. We seen you goin' out and Mike says, 'What if we wuz to hold up one o' them swell guys? There'd be more in it than rum runnin,' now we're watched so close.' He says it would be easy out to sea with nobody near."

"I see. Pretend you were broken down or something, fly a distress signal and when the yacht came alongside, jump aboard and stick up her people."

"That was Mike's idea. He claimed it would be like holdin' up a train, only easier. Money and women's jewels and the like. I was against it. Rum runnin' was good enough for me."

"Well, what then?"

Tony jerked his head toward Lanty. "He can tell you that."

Lanty described briefly the seizure of the A and P and of Mike's having overheard his telling J. J. where the Hyacinth was bound, then the changing of course and marooning on the cay, to find the skeleton of the boat on the beach.

Tony did not refute any of this. "Mike knew his shrimper was due here about this time with another load. He's been aboard with me about a week. We'd been waitin' for thick weather to come in, so when Mike's packet showed up he says now's the chance to do our stuff."

"How come he had so many in his crew?" Cliff asked. "And what are those men?"

"Guys from all over. Mike hadn't the stake to swing it alone. These floaters owned into it and so they had to go along to make sure of getting theirs."

"A syndicate. Were you working for yourself?"

"No. I was workin' for a rich guy. A swell."

"What's his name?"

"Nothin' doin'."

"All right. I happen to know you're lying," Cliff said. "This steward of mine has blown the gaff—turned state's evidence. The plan was hatched in New York City by a little mob of crooks. Five, I should say. Two of them got billets as steward and electrician aboard, or they may have been already aboard when the game was rigged. The other three came down here and got that launch and hung round to wait for us. While waiting they no doubt did some rum running to pass the time away. The plan was to hold me up somewhere along the inside route, follow me through and watch for a good chance. But they had to arrange for their get-away, so while engaged in rum running probably between this place and the coast, they persuaded the captain of this shrimper to throw in with them." He looked at Tony. "Is that right?"

Tony did not answer. Lanty had caught the glitter of his eyes at the mention of the steward's having peached.

"What happened then was this," Cliff went on. "The shrimp-boat captain ran over to the mainland with them to help pull off the job. But there'd been a hitch about their landing their booze. They decided to run on through the canal, as this man says, and when they sighted me going out to run down the beach as they supposed, they decided to land their cargo somehow, then slip out through St. Augustine Inlet and cook up some plan for getting alongside the Hyacinth offshore. Pretend to be broken down or in distress. Once they'd pulled the job, it was their plan to come out here and make their get-away aboard the shrimper."

"Yes," said Lanty, "and when they came on me aground they saw the chance to get rid of their cargo safely. Then when Mike heard me telling J. J. about your suspecting the steward and Twining and your running off for Great Bahama, they decided to make a job of it. Cut off the Hyacinth and loot her thoroughly. They figured on your sister's jewels and other pickings making it worth while for all hands."

Cliff nodded, then asked Tony, "Was this swell guy who was backing your rum running hep to this piracy stuff?"

Tony held his sullen silence.

"Because if he was," Cliff said, "he gypped you before you got started."

"What d'ye mean, gypped us?"

"He got away with the cream of the loot the night before I sailed from Jacksonville. He stole my sister's pearl necklace at a party aboard, then beat it for St. Augustine in his car. Just outside the city he staged a smash-up and let himself be taken to the hospital unconscious. But it's a safe bet he knew what was going on all right."

Tony's lids narrowed. With his black beady eyes and pointed face he looked precisely the weasel that was his animal prototype.

"Say, is that right?"

"Why do you suppose I came out here?" Cliff demanded. "It was because I suspected him of being in cahoots with the steward, who got the lights doused long enough for the pearls to be stolen. I came here to keep the steward from tipping off Twining. This steward overheard us talking about it. And now the steward has come through with all he knows."

"Somebody'll get him for that," Tony muttered.

"Very likely. But it will not be you."

A low vibration announced that the engines had been started. Then the anchor cable began to clank in.

"Larsen's shot through the shoulder," Cliff said to Lanty, "and the bos'n's mate has got a bullet clean through the right lung. Some of the others are pretty badly hurt. Fortunately Miss King was an overseas Red Cross nurse and knows her work. Only for you, Lanty, they might have got away with it."

"Not so sure," Lanty said. "A few minutes later though and I'd have messed it."

"Well, most big rich house boats would be easy marks for such a crowd. If they can get away with banks on Main Street and dinner parties in crowded summer colonies, then why not a yacht stuck out in a lonely marsh? But I don't believe that Twining was in on this."

"No more do I," Lanty agreed. "The rum running would account for his tearing up and down the beach the way he does, while Pax's and my coming here to overhaul him may have driven him to steal the pearls, but this other—no." He looked at Tony. "Was your rum running showing a profit?"

"I'll say it wasn't. Not since Twining got in it. He must have lost a lot. What with all the chasers and all the C. G. hydroplanes on the job, we guys haven't had no show."

"Twining found himself in a hole and was driven desperate," Cliff said. "He had a big deficit to make up and took the first chance that offered to cover it."

The Hyacinth started ahead. Cliff rose heavily. His face was somber. "And Twining's been a friend and frequent guest of ours for years."

"Say, mister," Tony asked; "is that right about us guys gettin' shipped to Nassau for trial?"

"Yes. You had the bad judgment to try to pull the job in British West Indies waters. Your nationalities don't count. You're up against British law."

"Then good night," Tony muttered, and slid down onto the floor.

Lanty went below, to find Pax and J. J. comfortably disposed in the luxurious double room placed at their disposal by the two men guests, who were helping with the wounded. The girls were not asleep.

"Some scrap, Lanty," J. J. said. "The next time you see red waves I'll hunt for cover."

"No, you won't. But let's hope you don't have to uncover as you did tonight," Lanty replied.

"That's what did the job," Pax said. "Without J. J.'s step-in we'd have drowned or been pirates' prey."

"Lay off that," Lanty said. "It's too thick to think about. The whole business is ghastly enough as it lies."

A sudden rush of air smote against the high deck house, thrumming through the drawn blinds.

"Squall," Lanty said. "It's black as ink to the south'ard."

The big Hyacinth with her windage of superstructure listed slightly. A rolling motion became perceptible. Another and harder gust smote against her. There came outside the scurrying of feet and hoarse sailorly voices calling back and forth.

"Furling the awnings," J. J. said. "Looks as if we were in for a sloppy night, and they've got only one engine to going."

"How do you know?"

"You can tell by the beat. That means the wheel against the propeller that's working."

"Not so good. All the same we're better here than balanced on that coral head just now. The wind's right into the bight where the yacht was lying."

"It probably won't last long," J. J. opined.

Lanty did not tell her that before leaving the chart house Cliff had said something about the bottom having dropped out of the barometer since early morning, and that it was on this account and the sudden thickening of the sky that Larsen had urged their going out in the night.

"The Hyacinth's a good boat but old as her type goes," J. J. said. "Like all these pleasure palaces, she's of light construction. They're designed for inside work and short outside runs from port to port."

"She got a pretty hard bump when that shrimper barged into her," Lanty said.

"It sounded down here as if they'd caved her in," Pax said. "Knocked things off the dresser. Smell the cologne?"

"Yes. I thought you girls had been having a rub down. Well, I'd best go out and let you get some winks. You might have to swim ashore again sometime in the morning."

"Don't go," J. J. begged. "Flop down there on the locker. You've done your share. Wow! Feel that."

A short heavy sea had smashed against the high freeboard, its spray spouting through the shutters, blowing a fine mist inside. Lanty slid the windows shut.

"I think I like canals better," Pax said drowsily.

"One of them wasn't much good to us. I'd better go see if I can lend a hand."

"You can lend it right here. Can't he, Pax?"

But Pax had slipped beyond the immediate reach of fresh tribulations, as announced by her soft even breathing. Youth, perfect health and overpowering fatigue had drawn a gentle veil over the troubles of the moment.

J. J. reached out, caught Lanty's hand and drew it against her cheek. "I'm scared, big boy of mine, and I don't mind fessing up."

Lanty stooped and kissed her. He was now the active and J. J. the passive factor in this sudden rush of love that sometimes takes no heed of time or place or circumstance. But J. J. was not entirely passive.

"You may have your red waves, but I'm seeing some big wet green ones. I've known boats all my life, inshore and offshore and full of water. I don't like that biff we got. It couldn't help but strain her."

"Not enough to hurt. She'd give."

"You don't know these crates and you weren't below to hear the way she squealed. None of the crew were below."

"Well, Cliff and Larsen know what they're doing."

"Larsen's badly wounded and Cliff is taking what he thinks is best choice of bad bets. These twisters have a way of swinging round and making a lee shore of what started to be a sheltering one. Besides, Cliff feels he ought to rush his wounded to the nearest hospital."

"What would you advise?"

"Putting back and landing all hands on Great Bahama. But perhaps I'm wrong. Drag that leather pallet off the locker and stretch out here on the floor where I can hang onto you. It's all right, honey. We're chaperoned by your sleeping twinny. Poor Pax."

Lanty hesitated, then obeyed. He was feeling none too vigorous himself. One of his ears was roaring like a Niagara in his head.

"We can thank Twining for this," he said as he stretched out on his lower level beside J. J. "But then I can thank the brute for you."

She ran her hand through his hair. "No obligation there. It didn't need Twining. You had me by the time we got to Jax. Sooner perhaps. Twins are terribly appealing. Their sweetness to each other makes the *tertium quid* want some from the same locker. So I started to make plans for Pax. I'm a designing female, Lanty."

"That," said Lanty, "lifts me to a higher level."

He raised his head and for a moment their hearts mingled on an equal plane through the medium of lips.

This rapport was interrupted or made more poignant by the crash of another short spiteful sea against the straight side of the Hyacinth. She seemed to shake from stem to stern.

"This ark is in for a mauling, Lanty. It's going to get a lot worse before it's any better."

Partly as a distraction, Lanty told her about the examination of Tony and of Cliff's conviction that the attack had been the result of a carefully worked-out plan to hold up and plunder the yacht. J. J. listened closely.

"Twining may have been high up in rum-running circles," she said, "but I can't believe that he'd get down to piracy."

"Nor I. Even the rum running was pretty stiff for a man of his position and affiliations. He's always been known for a gentleman sportsman, and during the war he was a dollar man in the U. S. N. Intelligence."

"Your mother's death and the sudden obligation to make an accounting must have put him in a jam. He might get some sympathy if jerked up for profiting by the national nuisance, but he'd get mighty little as an embezzling abuser of a trust fund."

"Even less for stealing a pearl collar from his hostess," Lanty said. "That's the really thick part."

"He's an opportunist, I should say—quick-witted for all his bulk. If somebody had flashed a torch and caught him in the act he'd have laughed it off. A joke on Angela after she'd lied about the pearls being copies."

There was another shock and shudder throughout the length of the big house boat, which was beginning to labor in the short heavy swell. The sudden gale, starting in a squall, was rapidly gaining weight, and the wind, rising notch by notch, was now shrieking around the salients of the superstructure.

"Cliff's taking an awful chance to put out in this," J. J. said, "but then I suppose he hasn't much choice. I'll bet that shrimper has dragged onto the ground by this time. We'd have done better to have transshipped aboard her and left Hyacinth to break up."

"Well, there's nothing we can do about it. You'd better follow Pax to dreamland, J. J."

"So had you. Kiss me good night, boy dear."

This order was easy to obey. Then on the verge of its execution, Lanty paused and said: "Oh, I say, J. J., I forgot to ask you something."

"What?"

"If we get out of this mess O. K., and I get my money back, and we dispose of Pax to her content; and you feel the same about it when you have a chance to think it over without the interruption of sneak thieves and pirates and rum runners and getting cast away and nearly drowned and in collision and boarding parties and gales of wind ——"

"Oh, get on with it."

"Will you marry me?"

"You bet I will!" J. J. answered emphatically.

As if to contradict this rash statement the Hyacinth took a soaring plunge, to fetch up with a tremendous thud and crash and seething of waters. The jar was so violent that Lanty thought for a moment she had struck the hard sand. Pax groaned. But a moment later in the lull of the turmoil he heard a sailor's voice call, "No bottom, zir."

"We're off the Bank," J. J. said. "Due to get some big he-ones now. Hope Cliff runs off before it. That's the best a house boat can do."

Lanty scrambled to his feet. "There may be nothing for me to do, but all the same I'd better go ask for a job," he said to J. J.

"You've got one here."

"That's just the reason. I've got to live up to it."

He found the door jammed at the bottom as he tried it, as if nailed fast. The next instant, as the yacht took a weather roll, an inch of space appeared beneath it. As Lanty turned the latch the door swung violently open. He clung to the knob, then turning on the next roll to close the door again, it jammed fast in midswing so that he had to wait for the next weather roll to close it.

Lanty did not need to be a naval architect to read the meaning of this. The violent rolling with the weight of two fairly heavy boats on the superstructure, together with the windage and the shock of heavy sprays, had loosened up a cabin house of which the timbers may have developed some dry rot from many seasons south.

And if such was the state of the superstructure, then what might be that of the hull, the submerged section, Lanty wondered as he pawed his way forward to the chart room abaft the wheelhouse.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

"A forward pass, A. Smith to T. Smith to E. Smith to P. Smith, netted the lads from Tigertown half an inch, and 'Boola, boola' boomed out from the Crimson stands as the Big Bambino sank a six-mile putt in the side pocket and stole home. He lives at 1769 Nepperhan Avenue. Corbett's round.

"The weather was ideal for bowling, but as the brawny boys from M. I. T. had forgotten to bring their pins, lacrosse was played. Harold J.—Snuffy—Samkow dribbled. The California rooters went wild. Tea was served in the clubhouse after four wickets had fallen. Samkow dribbled. He was ruled off the turf for doing a standing-sitting-standing dive in the clinches. On a queen's gambit opening, Lully was out; Peterson to Weston to I. Katz to H. Davis to S. Katz to Weston to Stamford, and so straight along the Boston Post Road to Columbus Circle. Score, Giants 0. Wellesley 15.

"It looked bad for the Sons of Old Eli. That hard-hitting welter, Bubbling Over, with McNerney up, struck out. Clisbee ran for him, and he escaped by jumping over the fence. At the two-mile mark Hilder used his whip, and the Big Red Team, rowing sixty-six strokes to the minute, and this uphill, mind you, abandoned the huddle system; and the harriers from Oxford might have won in straight sets if G. G. Jones had not drawn three jacks to a pair of deuces and stymied the veteran internationalist by driving the puck to his backhand. Nobody was out.

"Both men seemed fresh when the last gong rang. I remember what Willie Keeler said to me just after he swam the English Channel:

"'Condition counts,' he said, 'particularly in whippet racing.' But that, of course, was in the good old days of Sysonby and Gans.

"Fast footwork by the Bounding Basque made it look as if he'd win by a kayo, but the French Girl declared no trumps, and it looked bad for the University of Pennsylvania. It looked even worse for Lehigh, Rutgers, Tufts and Central High.

"Casey at the bat. Strike one. Strike two. Strike three. Foul. Ball one. Ball two. Casey bunts over centerfield fence. He is brought back to the home plate for not calling his shots. Ball four. Foul. Casey pops to Wills. Time is called so the scorer can find out whether it is Helen or Harry. It turns out to be Harry, so Casey is given another turn at bat; as he has drawn the color line. Shades of Peter Jackson and the Boston Tar-Baby! Casey still at bat. Ball four. Casey pops to Pipp. Casey apologizes, is forgiven, and gets another chance. Ball four. Fans encore, so Casey takes ball four over again. Foul. Strike one. Casey out; umpire to Clubhouse. He loses his amateur standing for playing with Subway chewing-gum machines. No hits, no errors, several runs, nine put-outs. Jeffries must improve to win.

"And that is how young Martin Armstrong won his Y. Which proves that the bigger they are the harder it is to hit 'em where they ain't. Don't bet on fights."

The doctors report that Mr. Brumble is resting comfortably, and will be restored to health in time to cover the World's Series.

—*Richard Connell.*

The New History

I FIND, on due investigation,
That those who built our sorry Nation—
Her statesmen, warriors and such,
Were, as the phrase goes, not so much.

Their widely vaunted altruism
And putative idealism
Are merely jokes; they were, 'tis true,
A sordid, sinful, selfish crew.

You say they risked their lives and chattels
To face the flame of doubtful battles?
Such deeds, the Scholar comprehends,
Advanced their shameful private ends.

Or if your hero did not falter,
But dared the dungeon, ax, or halter,
You may be sure he took this course
Because he'd stolen someone's horse.

We glorify our dastard yeomen
And blame their gallant, so-called foemen,
Who, when the Facts are understood,
Were only here to do us good.

For then as now and ere as always,
In tented fields or peaceful hallways,
The other folks were right, and we
Were just as wrong as we could be.

So let us calm, enlightened writers
Reweigh these Founders, Doers, Fighters,
Eclipse in ink each blazing star
And tell the world how brave we are!

We'll pillory, with lofty railings,
The Fathers' normal human failings;
And if they seem a paltry lot,
We'd rather have them so than not.

We'll delve in long-forgotten scandal
And try to fit a modern handle
To make of rumor, lie, or jest
The tool that fits our purpose best.

The tales opponents told about them,
The jeers their haters raised to flout them,
Shall all be marshaled forth as Truth,
To cynicize our ardent youth.

For tearing tawdry fame to tatters
Suggests that nothing really matters,
Impelling those who read or hear
To cultivate the Knowing Sneer.

And when we've proved our Great Ones little,
Their reputations flawed and brittle,
Their clean, bright swords but tarnished steel,
How big our Noble Selves will feel!

Arthur Guiterman.

1632

1926

The Doctors (Detail From Painting by Rembrandt

FIRM IN PUBLIC FAVOR NOW MADE BETTER THAN EVER

Over the span of months and miles, in the hands of thousands of owners, Oldsmobile power and performance, dash and endurance, comfort and driving ease, demonstrated Oldsmobile's unchallengeable right to the now familiar praise . . . "It asks no favors, fears no road!"

It fulfilled the Oldsmobile purpose—". . that the American family shall have, at a moderate investment, a car that gratifies their finer tastes as well as satisfies their every need . . ." But even that could not content a policy pledged to progress.

That Oldsmobile should not be wanting in a single essential factor that contributes to performance, comfort, beauty or long life, there were added new features of known value—improvements of demonstrated worth.

Providing even greater power, even longer life, even smoother performance; offering added driving ease and security, added operating economy, added qualities of luxury and comfort . . . the car so firm in public favor is now made better than ever!

Enlarged L-Head Engine, Crankcase Ventilation, Dual Air Cleaning, Oil Filter, Harmonic Balancer, Twin-Beam Headlights Controlled From Steering Wheel, Two-Way Cooling, Three-Way Pressure Lubrication, Full Automatic Spark Control, Thermostatic Charging Control, Tapered Dome-Shaped Combustion Chambers, High Velocity Hot-Section Manifold, Special Design Light Cast-Iron Pistons, Honed Cylinders, Silent Chain Drive, Balloon Tires, Exclusive Chromium Plating, Duco Finish, New Beauty of Line and Appointments in Fisher Bodies, and many other features of demonstrated worth . . . at no increase in standard prices.

THE NEW
LANDAU
$1190
F. O. B. LANSING

OLDSMOBILE SIX
Product of GENERAL MOTORS

FLORIDA FISH

By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

Say the Word, and I Will Have a Very Comfortable Jail Ready for You in Twenty-Four Hours

I SAW that the abandoned ferry landing had been turned into a fishing station, and I walked out on the crazy dock to buy a nice bass for dinner. The shed on the T, where we had waited in other years for the ferryman and his scow, was a fish store now; a sign on it said, Fresh Fish For Sail.

We had done some long-distance waiting in the old days, out there on the T. The cracker who was supposed to operate the ferry used to take a notion once in a while, and then he would hang out a sign Detour Here, and that meant ten miles around the swamps at the head of the lake, and if we wanted a bass in those days we had to go and catch the slippery brute in his native element. Yes, the new bridge across Lake Jennie was a double-action improvement.

There were two fishermen on the T. The larger of the pair, a stout sloven with an air of vacant good humor, was fishing with poles of bamboo held one in each hand. His partner was sitting at ease under the shed, squeezing a lime above a long glass of ice and sarsaparilla; his light and shifty eyes shot a glance at me and he smiled with a flash of white teeth. He looked like a circus follower. Many estimable characters follow circuses, no doubt, but the hard life and shifting about and opportunities for chicane do work to rub off the bloom of youth and innocence, or so it seems to me.

Here is a fellow, thought I uncharitably, who could sing a merry and dubious song if so minded, or do a step or pick a pocket unobtrusively, and how the deuce is he in such a useful and public-spirited employment as selling fresh fish?

"George!" he called, and then he returned to his drink.

George secured his poles, and found a long-handled scoop and dipped for me, out of a trap, the live bass that I pointed to. I brought out money.

"Give it to Peter," he said with a suggestion of indifference. He bore his struggling catch to the cleaning table.

I made my deal with Peter, who made change from a hefty bag of silver and copper. Business was evidently very good, and I could well believe it. Such multitudes have crowded into Florida to make fortunes and be quick about it that there are very good pickings for unambitious men who can be satisfied with twenty or thirty dollars a day in retail trade. I sat down on Peter's bench, mutely handing him a stogy in requital. It was pleasant under the shed out of the blazing sun, fanned by the warm breeze that was freighted with the smell of sodden humus. I accepted a frosted glass of lime and sarsaparilla, asking him only to put nothing in it. You are likely to get a heady tot of rum in those things.

It was luxurious to sit in shelter and to contemplate busy George out there as he opened the bass with a diagonal slash. It seemed to me that he was admirably careful and thorough; he explored the creature's cavities like an auger.

"Is he looking for pearls?" I asked.

Peter uttered a dry and gasping chuckle. "You'd be surprised, brother."

"Peter," I said ruminatively, "and George! Oh, yes; aren't you the men that —— Let's see now. What was that? No offense, you know."

"Not at all," he said.

"How is that drawing?" I asked. "Throw it away and try another."

"Going to fry that trout?"

"Trout? Oh, the bass!"

"Fry him, brother, if you know how. A fried trout is prime eating. You take a nice trout, dry him with a towel, season him with salt and pepper and roll him in flour. Your grease wants to be two to one of lard and butter—right? Popping hot—and then lay in your trout, flesh side down first, brother, or you'll flay the hide off him. Keep him sizzling. And then on a hot platter. Strips of salt pork done brown. Parsley for yours? And lemon! Oh, my, I could eat that every day for a month. I ascribe my success in life to a steady fish diet, brother."

"Yes, they say it's great brain food."

"Well, I don't know about that. Look at George, for instance. George!"

Customers were approaching along the dock, and he opened his bag for their money.

"You from Hyandria, brother? Oh, I didn't know that was your car. Mighty busy road since the bridge went through."

"Hyandria," I repeated. "A development, wasn't it? Why, if I remember, that was the place where ——"

"You got it, brother. You came right down the main street back there in the hammock. It will be a big city when they build the houses, so I've heard. A party called Burridge sold it off and moved up beyond Pablo Beach, near Jax. You from Miami, brother? Well, you been there, and you know Royal Palm Park at the foot of Flagler Street, fronting on the Biscayne. That was where Burridge had his head office and bus station—an epicure in trouts like you ought to know that place. Why, every time you drifted by they shoved tickets on you. There's some yet, up on the shelf."

I looked at one of the limp and greasy pasteboards:

YOU ARE INVITED TO BE A FREE GUEST
TO
AUTO TOUR
YACHT CRUISE
INSTRUCTIVE LECTURE
AND
OLD-FASHIONED FISH FRY!

He leaned back against a post, stretched his legs and blew smoke at the line of cars crossing the bridge.

Royal Palm Park was a favorite rendezvous of George and I. The scenery of that bay and North Shore Drive and Northern cars willing to throw a dime for information was highly attractive to parties who were not so flush, and it was the bus station for Hyandria, as I've told you.

"Peter," said George to me, shifting his corporation to dead center as he lay on his back and stared dreamily up at the coconuts, "I got an intuition it is nigh time for those trouts. Give a look at your watch, Peter, or whosever watch that is. But I do hope to gracious they don't have them in waffle batter today. When I eat waffle batter it is on fried chicken. Which reminds me we got fried-chicken tickets too, Peter. I don't want to be arbitrary, Peter, but I will maintain to my dying day that my trouts yesterday were in waffle batter, and if we got to eat waffle batter, what is the matter with patronizing the fried chicken at Golanda Estates for a once?"

"Time!" I agreed, holding a clock on the Hyandria people to see they kept faith with the public. "That bus will start or we'll know the reason why. Dry up about fried chicken."

We went over and showed our invitations and climbed into the bus and grabbed the round seat in back. We could have had two comfy armchairs up front, but that would put us near the lecturer, and I didn't want to hear those same jokes again. I do not recommend the round seat to you, brother, if you do not mean to make such a bus trip more than six or seven times, because it is over the bumps and because the lecturer has much to say that is curious and instructive, until you know his stuff. So we draped ourselves in a half circle, and the bus bolted up Flagler Street and lit out for the Glades.

Where we are now sitting, brother, was fifty knots and a fathom from Miami in those days, at least in the summertime, but in the dry season and with a good wind an investor could reach it dry-shod if he stayed in the luxuriously appointed busses. They are draining the Glades now, but I've seen this territory through here seven feet under the saw grass, and that's the same vegetable that puts all those scars on the 'gators. But say, brother, it will be wonderful farming land if the dirt farmers ever get the price to come and ransom it from the pioneers and investors. Fertile? The only safe way to plant in through here is throw the seeds and run. You don't want to go picking flowers around here or one of them will give you a bust in the nose. But I'll tell you what I did see, and you can call me a fibber, and that is a tree that grew from nothing to as high as a steeple inside of a month, and that's a fact.

But the trouble with business is, the way I figure it, people wanting to get all messy with dirt farming haven't got the fare down here, and they're mostly pioneers such as we had in our bus, folks who'd made their fortunes in the Middle West and got tired of the country.

Well, when we got to Hyandria, George and I excused ourselves and jumped out and made a line for the Hall of Venice, that being the official title of the open-air lunch room, and parked ourselves at the end of a long table next to the kitchen. The bus went on to make a survey of the city, but George and I knew all about that.

This Burridge is in the Hall of Venice—a big strapping party, built like a piano mover, and with an eye that could add you up in a flash and hand you the right change.

(Continued on Page 56)

And Now the BOSS OF THE ROAD

It is most fitting in this, Packard's second quarter century of fine motor car building, that Packard announce—

The Greatest Car Ever Built.

You may expect the improved Packard Eight to out-perform any stock car in the world—in everything from agility to top speed on the open road.

This is the conservative statement of a conservative company.

Today's Packard Eight is the supreme combination of beauty, of brawn, and of fleetness.

It is the fulfillment of an unchanging and uninterrupted ambition—a generation-old ideal—to be the first to build a motor car balanced in every attribute.

In the improved Packard Eight no one thing has been developed at the expense of any other. Everything from rough-road comfort to closed-car miles in less than forty-five seconds is in perfect accord.

And in grace, the eleven-time winner of International Car Beauty Contests now presents even more alluring lines.

The standard models are slender and symmetrical, divan-like in luxurious comfort, and may be had in a multitude of color and upholstery selections.

For those who want the utmost in motor car individuality, a distinguished line of custom bodies is available—each body the genuine creation of a famous builder.

And now, another conservative statement—no matter what you have hoped for in a motor car, your hopes, individually and collectively, will be found surpassed in today's Packard Eight—

Boss of the Road and Beauty of the Boulevard.

You are cordially invited to view and, if you please, ride in—

The Greatest Car in the World.

The foremost rival of today's Packard Eight is the improved Packard Six.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page F4)

He approaches our table with a courtly smile, and says, "Could I perhaps show you gentlemen something before lunch?"

"Why, sure," says George. "The bill of fare. Or is it just trouts again?"

"Lunch will be served shortly," said Burridge, his smile growing ghastly, "but is there nothing else I can do for you?"

"Yes, sir," says George. "I don't want to be arbitrary, but if you got influence with the cook, would you ask him please not fry my trouts in waffle batter? Oh, you mean property—ha-ha! Never mind losing your time; we seen those lots time and again and we got no notion of buying. Peter, look at your watch."

I kicked him under the table, but he had done damage, and the look Burridge let us have was no favor.

Then the pioneers came in from inspecting with their mind's eye the imposing edifices that were going to be constructed in Hyandria, and the sixty of us sat down to eat, including the bus loads from West Palm Beach and Homestead. Waiters bustled around among the tables dealing soda pop off the arm, and then came the main business of the meeting and George and I put on the chest protectors and laid back our ears. Maybe we were a little enthusiastic, but we wanted to show appreciation.

"Here's how, George!" I toasted, letting a bottle of sass gurgle down my pipes.

"Num-num-m," mumbled George, with one hand on the platter to see that our neighbors didn't cheat. "What, no green corn today?"

We ate four trout, or say ten pounds, and then I tried out an idea of mine. I was always a great fellow for getting ideas, only some of them are no good; but I thought this one was great. I shoved my hand down my throat and let on to be choking on a fish head, and aroused a great deal of sympathy, if that's what it was—attention, at any rate. Then I gagged and purpled and ejected onto the table an eight-carat solitaire diamond ring. Well, I won't swear it was a real diamond, but George had took a chance and ventured two bits on it in the Five-Ten-and-Twenty-Five.

"My land," said a lady beside me, forgetting to be hostile, "I do declare, Elmer, he coughed up a diamond ring!"

"In the fish?"

"It was in the fish!"

Everybody crowded up to look, and I dried my eyes and looked too. "It is a diamond ring, isn't it?" I said, picking it up. "Now, isn't that just my luck, George? You know I never wear jewelry."

George took it and looked at it intelligently, for him. "I don't want to be arbitrary, Peter," he said, "but if that's a real diamond, it's worth all of twenty-five dollars of anybody's money."

"Twenty-five dollars," sneered a volunteer expert, taking the ring and breathing on it to dim its luster so he could look for flaws. "Hundreds of dollars is what it is worth."

"But I don't believe it's a real diamond," I said. "What would a real diamond be doing inside of a trout? It don't stand to reason."

"There's only one way to tell for sure," said another gentleman, having a look. "And that is to lay it on an anvil and slam it with a sledge hammer. A real diamond is the hardest thing in the whole world."

"I've heard that before," said several. "He's right."

"Quite absurd," said a lady. "The test is to drop it in a glass of water and then look at it."

So they dropped it in a glass of water and looked at it.

"What does it do?" said the first expert.

"Well," said the lady, "you're supposed to know from that."

"Who does it belong to?"

"This gentleman here."

"Well, friends," I insisted, "I don't let on to be no laminary, as they are called, but if that is a real diamond this party here can hit me over the head with his hammer too. In the first place, it would be so valuable, that what would it be doing inside of a fish?"

"That's no argument," said the lady. "I read in the paper where a millionaire's wife lost overboard a big diamond ring and a fish jumped and swallowed it. Worth thousands."

She was right there, and I couldn't contradict her, being that I had read the same identical thing in the paper myself only that morning in Royal Palm Park.

"That may all be, but prove to me this is the same fish. I got you there, lady. I got money says it's not."

"What are you betting, mister?" said the hammer man thoughtfully.

"That ring against a ten-spot," I came back at him.

"Do you mean," he said, grabbing me and shoving me against the table, and kicking out behind him, "that you'd sell this ring for ten dollars? Though I don't believe it is a real diamond, now I get a good close look."

Well, it was worth ten dollars to him for a souvenir, and I thought it would be not a bad deal for me either. When what happens but up steps this Burridge and puts out his mitt and says, "I know something about diamonds, gentlemen. Let me look at the ring."

Good night, I thought, and the hammer man hands over the ring.

Burridge takes it and cleans it and dries it, and then he holds it in front of his nose and jiggles it, and everybody opens their mouths and says nothing. Then he screws it into his eye like one of these here monocles, and he twists up his face and looks at me through it.

He looks at the crowd, too, and everybody said, "Sh-h-h, he knows! Now we are going to hear."

"In my opinion, friends," says Burridge, "this here is a very fine gem of its kind, and I see where it might be worth thousands and thousands of dollars."

"You know, Mr. Burridge," I said, figuring he is the dumbest of the group after all. "Now that you have explained, I see where you are probably right."

"And it might be the very ring was lost off the yacht."

"And a big yacht too, I bet," I said, gesturing with him at the crowd. "With a captain in a brass hat. Much obliged, Mr. Burridge, if you will let me have my ring back."

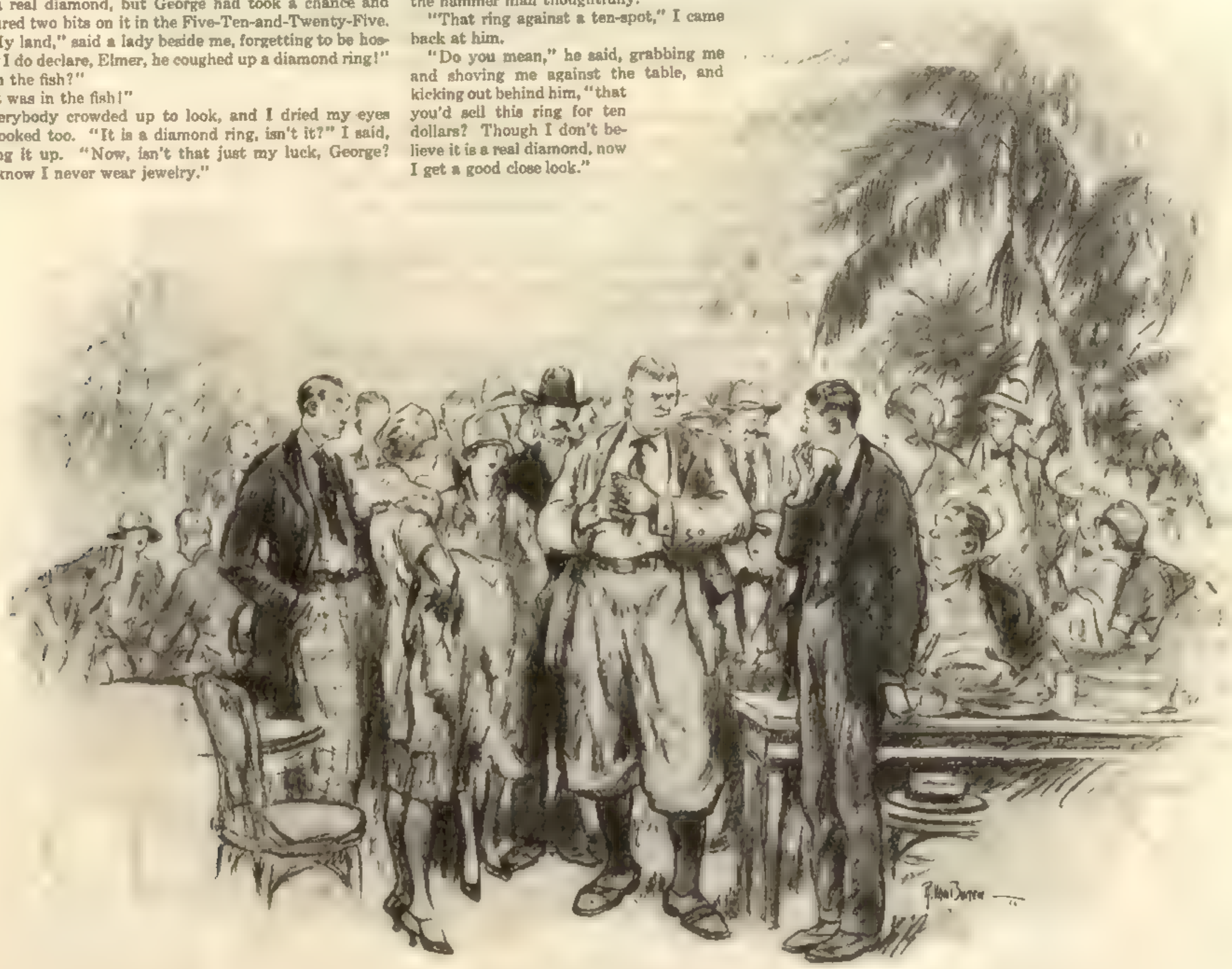
"Your ring?" he says, turning on me. "What crust!"

"Didn't I find it in the fish?" I says.

"Which makes it mine," he says, "and I will leave it to all the judges of Florida. Any time you are invited to eat diamond rings, you let me know, and I will go with you. Which reminds me that we have with us today a gentleman who is deputy for Hatchee Township and justice of the peace, and if we didn't have him I would send for him. Is that right, Sidney?"

"I reckon," said a lanky man in an undertaker's coat and a round bob of black locks under a black wide-awake, and he stalks over and says, "What is the charge against the prisoner for breaking the statue?"

(Continued on Page 158)



"Much Obliged, Mr. Burridge, if You Will Let Me Have My Ring Back." "Your Ring?" He Says, Turning on Me. "What Crust!"

In the season's three greatest races in Europe, the Grand Prix of France, Grand Prix of Belgium and the Grand Prix of Germany, cars equipped with Champions were outstanding victors.

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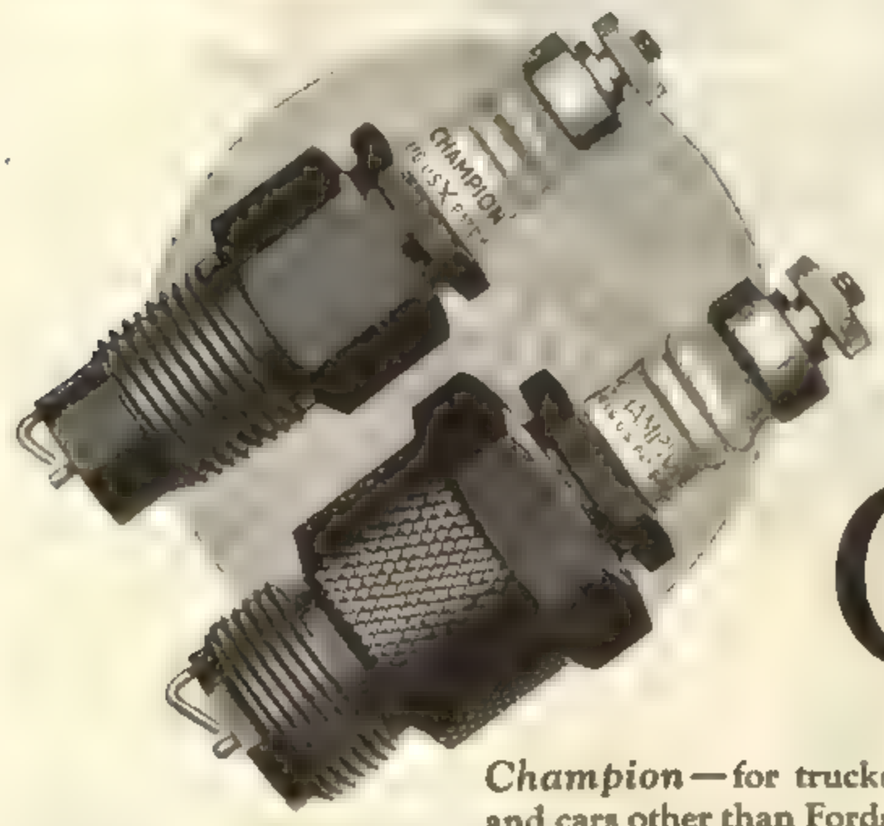

One important reason why Champion is the better spark plug is that its insulators are of sillimanite—a rare mineral which Champion mines in California for its exclusive use. Sillimanite is practically unbreakable, strongly resists carbon formation and is an absolute non-conductor of electrical current.

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60 cents each.

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Dependable Champion Spark Plugs render better service for a longer time. But even Champions should be replaced after 10,000 miles service. Power, speed and acceleration will be restored and their cost saved many times over in less gas and oil used

FAT AND FASHION

By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

However, in This Present Onslaught Upon One of the Most Peaceable, Useful and Law-Abiding of All Our Tissues, Fashion Has Apparently the Backing of Grave Physicians, of Food Reformers and Physical Trainers

WHEN fat meets fashion then comes the tug of calories. At first sight it looks like a case of the classic problem: What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body?

But, as a matter of fact, it isn't anything of the sort; the poor fat never has a chance. It looks the part of the immovable body to perfection—self-satisfied, solid, prosperous. But the moment the scornful glance of My Lady Fashion transfixes it, it simply melts shamefacedly away—to stage a comeback later on.

Today the fat is in the fire, and under fire all up and down the line, and frying the fat of our bodies and our menus divides the honors of popularity with golf. And all the poor adipose can do is to sputter a little in the pan.

Why has fat been placed on our mental bargain counter in the basement just now? Or, to vary the metaphor, why is personal reduction of American weight at home almost as eagerly sought as scaling down of American debts is sought abroad among the chancelleries of Europe?

Partly because Dame Fashion is like that, never satisfied with anything about us "as is"; always trying to change something—our figures, our height, our complexions, our feet, our hair—just so as to give us a different look at least four times a year and make all our costumes *passé* long before they are half worn out. "Whatever is, is wrong" seems her motto.

In earlier days she put rings in our noses and lips, filed our front teeth to sharp points like a saw blade, flattened our heads, bound our feet, tatooed our faces.

A Weighty Influence in Insurance

TODAY she is satisfied with milder and less painful improvements. Her war paint will at least rub off, and our teeth, instead of being filed to a point, are cleaned and polished, and tended with expert care, until they are dazzling pearly ranks. But her spirit is the same.

However, in this present onslaught upon one of the most peaceable, useful and law-abiding of all our tissues, fashion has apparently the backing of grave physicians, of food reformers and physical trainers, and even of great insurance companies, all chanting in unison the new commandment of fashion: "Thou shalt be thin!" So that the campaign against fat seems to have a broader and more substantial basis than merely mistaken ideals of beauty and figure.

A surprising amount of this unpopularity of adipose is, in the language of the day, a repercussion from our fortunate and enviable national prosperity.

According to our bilious critics we spend too much money, we keep our houses too warm, we buy too many automobiles, we eat too much sugar, too much meat, too much ice cream, we sleep too much—therefore we are too fat.

Our logic, indeed, is scarcely less naïve than that of the bright youngster in the second grade when the teacher was trying to develop the spontaneous use of the word "enough."

"Now, Amy," said she to her favorite pupil, "have you a cat at your house?"

"Yes, teacher."

"Well then, supposing that you were to give pussy all the milk she could lap and all the meat she could swallow and all the cake she could possibly eat, what would she have?"

Quick as a flash came the answer, "Kittens!"

As fatness is not a very fatal disease, nor at all infectious, it seldom appears among our causes of death, or otherwise in our vital statistics; so that we have no data whatever to show whether our present alleged disgraceful amount of obesity is greater or smaller than it was fifty or even twenty years ago.

But, to clear our minds of prejudice in advance, it is well to remember that during the past four decades of alleged gorging and feasting our general death rate has been cut down one-half and our expectation of life nearly doubled, so that our overfatness has not wrecked our health or rusted our iron constitutions.

We Americans may have fat to burn as well as money to burn, but there is very little valid evidence so far that one has radically damaged our health or the other our morals.

The second thing which has helped to put fat on the bargain counter, "no reasonable offer refused," is the onslaught of the insurance companies. As the success of these great enterprises depends chiefly upon their policyholders' remaining alive and healthy as long as possible, they have naturally taken a keen, intelligent interest in the financial aspects of the public health; particularly in those diseases and injurious influences which increase male mortalities between the ages of twenty-five and fifty.

They have made and are making many interesting and valuable studies, based upon the wealth of material furnished by the medical examinations of their millions of policyholders. One of their earliest contributions was their impressive demonstration of the injurious effects of alcohol upon life expectation, even in moderate drinkers.

It is held that their huge marshaled battalions of data formed one of the most powerful influences in passing the Prohibition Amendment and putting the Volstead Law upon our statute books.

(Continued on Page 60)

WHAT ENGLAND THINKS OF MARMON

*Excerpts from an article by a British Motor Car Authority**

"THOSE who have anything but a proper appreciation of the higher-grade American car need to meet the Marmon. It is a relatively high-priced car, certainly, but it is of the type which will give a lot of folk quite a new conception of American automobile engineering, from no matter what standpoint one looks at it.

"Lots of Marmon cars have come here, from time to time. One in particular, which arrived at the end of 1918, was one of the busiest machines in the British Isles. It went from factory to factory, up and down the kingdom, and lots of people made little notes of certain of its features.

"I got a ride in it. I drove it a little over two hundred miles, going northward from Manchester over roads very sorely warworn, and it was this run in the Marmon which gave me my first really useful insight on the matter of modern suspension.

"That big, fast car traveled as all cars should, and some day will. Its road adhesion, at from sixty to seventy miles an hour, was perfectly wonderful. Springs and frame, gravity-center location and steering, acting in concert, made it the 'safest' fast car I had ever driven.

"I knew at the time that whole chunks of its design were bound to be stolen. They were. I can identify several of them today.

+ + +

"PASS & JOYCE, LTD., of Euston Road, have some rippingly good agencies, Austin, Sunbeam, Fiat, and so forth. They have only one American concession, that for the Marmon Company, an engineering house of three generations, or just on. Doubtless P & J would sell any car, of any nation's production, that one wished to buy; but it is fairly significant that they 'run' only one American, the Marmon.

"When I heard that they wanted me to try a Marmon I leaped at the chance. We started out under murky skies, we met a thin, warm Scottish kind of drizzle early on, and we lived in it for the rest of the outing. But that did not matter a little bit.

"Having admired a sumptuous body, asked the price of the complete rigout, and stepped into the (passenger's) front seat, I began to absorb impressions. First, of a really noise-free body and a very comfortable seat, as to both cushion and squab. In all that body there was not a sound. Neither floor boards nor—when I put a finger to them—gear shift or brake lever gave any indication of vibration, or any gear, at any speed.

+ + +

"WE just oozed over a very narrow, tram-cursed bridge, through a riverside town's High Street that is always very congested at 10 a. m., and were called to halt at the foot of a suburban hill which has probably a gradient of about one in eighteen or twenty, but is yet a very trying ascent on top gear, from a standstill. The Marmon sleeked up that hill on top, checking at times to four or five miles an hour, accelerating instantly to twenty-four or twenty-five and then slowing down again, as traffic compelled, but always so silently, so sweetly.

+ + +

"THE Marmon is a big, husky, powerful car, which might be expected to weigh somewhat on the wrists. It does not. Anybody could handle it, all day, without getting tired or worried.

"You want to get out in the Marmon. You want to loaf around London, at its busiest; you want then to get into the real outdoors, to find hills, to seek long, straight levels, and just play with accelerator and spark lever, play tunes on them. Try to hit an engine speed and spark setting at which you can make the pistons audible. You won't do it, but try. Try to produce anything in the way of a skid, without absolutely locking your wheels. Same result, but it will amuse you to try.

+ + +

"THE Marmon is a very low-priced car, as and for what it is and will do, making allowance for the really excellent finish of everything, outside and in, top, sides and bottom.

"We have seen very creditable American productions in the past season or two, all real sellers at their prices, but this is a car of another class, a more costly class, perhaps a smaller-public class; but a car which will salutarily and necessarily modify many British folks' ideas of what America can produce for those who will spend broadmindedly."

*EDGAR N. DUFFIELD, writing in the British "Auto"

MARMON

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY

Indianapolis

(Continued from Page 58)

A decade or two ago a study of the obesity, or overweight, problem in their policyholders showed that an overplus of 10 per cent or more above the average, or standard, weight for height and age shortened the expectation of life nearly 15 per cent. In other words, it was apparent that, in the oft-quoted aphorism of Hippocrates, the great Greek father of medicine: "Fatness is itself a disease."

This dramatic confirmation of the venerable sage of Cos by the latest of scientific statistical studies caught the public eye and imagination. Fat was a good thing to get rid of wherever found, and anyone could attack it with impunity.

No longer was it regarded as a praiseworthy provision of Nature in the ripe autumn of life against the coming winter, a snug balance in the body bank and comfortable reserve in case of emergencies. On the contrary, it was a malefactor of great wealth, which could be safely blamed for all sorts of calamities and mishaps.

It was almost like Bret Harte's story of the California mining camps of '49. Whenever a crime had been committed which completely baffled the detective skill of the sheriff and marshals, and to the perpetrators of which no clew could be discovered, the powers of justice would get together, solemnly declare "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*"—and hang a Chinaman!

This was really most unfair to the poor innocent fat; for, as was promptly pointed out, there are other substances in the body to blame for overweight besides fat. Not a few forms of heart disease, of arteriosclerosis of the blood vessels and of kidney disease pile up accumulations of water in the tissues of their victims; a sort of waterlogging which in advanced stages becomes dropsy. And this water bloat may add greatly to the weight of the body and be mistaken for flabby, or "pale," fat.

Then again, a considerable majority of our cases of diabetes in middle life show large accumulations of abnormal fat for years before sugar is detected in the urine.

Indeed, one of our highest authorities and most careful students of diabetes regards overeating as one of the leading causes of diabetes, and in urging the younger patients at his wonderful teaching clinic to remember the importance of keeping down their weight, asks the half-whimsical question: "How many diabetics go to the ton?" The answer being "Ten or a dozen."

The Fat Brigade at the Temple of Cos

NOW diseases of the heart and blood vessels are today at the very head of the chief causes of death in the United States, with kidney diseases not very far behind, and experts estimate that 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 of us are diabetic. So it is evident that a considerable share of these 15 per cent of shortened lives among overweight policyholders must be due to water bloat from heart and kidney diseases, which isn't fat at all, and to the abnormal fat of diabetes, rather than to a 10 per cent increase of plain, homely, honest fat.

Indeed, when the attention of our insurance statisticians was called to these exceptions, they frankly admitted their force. Though from previous studies of special diseases made by their medical directors it was clearly shown that in men under thirty-five years of age an overweight of fifteen pounds above the average markedly diminished the liability of tuberculosis and pneumonia, even when there was a history of tuberculosis in the family; which has been confirmed hundreds of times since in clinics and sanatoria.

In fine, the value of fatness is a matter of age. Like the classic weather saw: "A rainbow at night is the sailor's delight," transferred to life's day:

> Leanness in the morning is the doctor's warning;
> Leanness at night is the doctor's delight.

The child or young adult who is comfortably lined with fat, who is built or fed on food like the Queen of Hearts' pudding in the nursery rime:

> *The Queen she did a pudding make*
> *And filled it full of plums,*
> *And in it put good lumps of fat*
> *As big as my two thumbs.*

has a strong internal armor against fate.

The individual of a half century or farther may find a comfortable blanket of adipose a handicap, though also a valuable reserve for an emergency; and always a wonderful protector and soother of the nerves. Fat and good-natured, fat and saucy, plump and cheerful are household words. The best cure for worry ever invented is to put on twenty pounds.

Even in moderate excess, it is hard to say just how much harm is actually done by adipose. It may be inconvenient to carry and wear, it may offend our vanity, but the shortness of breath, the biliousness, the laziness, which are blamed upon it are more truly the result of the fatty habits of life, which often—but by no means always—accompany it. Too little exercise outdoors, too little ventilation indoors, too much starchy food, too much figurative "snoring on ale-house benches and sleeping in the sun."

But this brings a lively protest at once from the antifat brigade of the medical authorities. Did not our father, Hippocrates, teach us, in the very beginnings of true medicine, that fatness is itself a disease? And are we not dying in hundreds every year from fatty degeneration of the heart, of the liver, of the kidneys, and being blinded by a cloudy, fatty breakdown of the crystalline lens of the eye, which we call cataract?

All of which is quite true. The father of medicine, or, as some historians claim, the five to seven successive healers at the Temple of Cos who went to make up his composite, made some valuable observations and some very shrewd guesses. But any definite statement upon cellular pathology made before the invention of the microscope, only some three centuries ago, could be nothing more than a guess.

While for two or three decades past we have known that the dangerous, fatty degeneration of heart, muscles or liver has nothing whatever to do with either healthy ordinary fat or with food. It is a cheesy decay of the muscle and other cells, due to poisons, either chemical, like phosphorus, or, far more commonly, the toxins of disease germs. It can be produced in animals by the administration of small doses of poisons or toxins, but not by any form of natural voluntary feeding.

Training Down to Dry Weight

EVEN that famous delicacy of the epicure, the fatty liver of Strasburg geese—pâté de foie gras—requires darkness and close confinement, in addition to literal cramming with dumplings, pushed down with a stick.

So that the comfortably adipose, even the moderately obese, may rid their souls of the specter of their fatness attacking their hearts or damaging their livers.

This brings us to the serried ranks of the gymnasts, the physical trainers, the coaches. These hold fat as everywhere the enemy. They will have none of it on any terms. It is an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual disgrace, of laziness, of self-indulgence.

Their ringing challenge is an exhilarating, a breezy one, even if a trifle overstrident. They regard the body as a machine to do work, a racer to win the Grand Prix of life. Every ounce which doesn't actively contribute, doesn't "pull its weight in the boat," must be thrown overboard, scrapped without mercy. Naturally, to them fat is a pure passenger, a joy rider lolling upon the cushions of the body auto,

(Continued on Page 62)

Some Individuals Seem to Get More Value Out of Their Food Than Others

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

The *Newly* Refined Light Six — $995

f. o. b. factory

Genuine Wood-frame Body
as on Finest American
and European Cars
Longer Body
Rounded Roof Design
at Rear of Body
4-Wheel Brakes
New Gas Gauge
in New Instrument Panel
Air Cleaner and Oil Filter
7-Bearing Crankshaft Motor
Full Force-feed Lubrication
5 Disc Wheels

(3936)

(Continued from Page 60)

if not an Old Man of the Sea perched on Sindbad's shoulders. "*Raus mit ihm!*" is the instant verdict, and the very first step in getting into training for an event is to throw off fifteen or twenty pounds.

In the beginning, trainers and coaches in their wisdom were just as hostile to surplus water in the tissues as to surplus fat. Like the insurance experts, all kinds of overweight looked alike to them. Not only was the amount of fluid taken at meals rigidly reduced to so many glasses of beer, so many bottles of wine, and no drinking between meals, but the entrants were started off every day on long cross-country runs, with two or three fisherman's woolen jerseys pulled on over their flannels to draw the sweat out.

And the chief mark and sign of fitness to take on the finishing touches, the turns and tricks of speed, was their ability to run or row their distance at full speed without showing a single drop of perspiration. As the eager youngsters would exultingly boast, "We haven't a drop of water left in us; we're just muscle and bone and speed!"

Of all which, our bosom companion, the popular and priceless sweater, cleared of its salty odors of fish and tar, the most comfortable and convenient sports garment ever invented, is both survival and monument.

Incidentally an amusing illustration of the change in our tanking habits since then is furnished by a paragraph in Tom Brown at Oxford. This naïvely remarks that, as might have been expected, between sweating without and training drought within, members of the boat crew often suffered severely from thirst; so that some of them were actually driven to resort to the contents of the water bottles on their wash stands for relief! And comments upon their surprise at how much cooler their stomachs and clearer their heads were after this unusual indulgence. For, of course, it never entered into a European trainer's head to forbid or limit such an impossible and unheard-of drink as plain water!

Some little of this trainer's antagonism to water in the tissues, to sappiness, still lingers. He prefers his coming champions sweated dry and well seasoned. Though, of course, we now know that water, and plenty of it—enough for the cells to swim in—is as vital a necessity in our tissues as is air. We are, in fact, more than two-thirds water, and the chemists assure us that not one of that marvelous chain of chemical reactions which we call life could possibly take place save in the presence of water.

Axle Grease for the Body

Even that wonderful and inimitable magic trick of liberating energy in our muscle cells, almost in the cold, with so little waste in the form of heat, must be played "the wet way," as they term it. So that there is very little danger that the water with which we slake our thirst will quench our vital fires.

We have recently learned, both on the practice grounds and in the laboratory, that fat, though on a minor scale, is almost as vitally necessary to the smooth and efficient running of the body automobile as water or air. It is something very much more than a mere food cache against life's winter, or a reserve of yellow nuggets in the body treasury. If this were all, we might feel justified in liquidating and putting it into circulation temporarily while we skimmed swiftly over the hurdles or heaved ourselves up at the bar. But it is also Nature's own lubricant of priceless value, and even the leanest, longest, loudest-snorting, most completely stripped-down racing machine will gladly carry gallons of oil and pounds of grease on grueling endurance tests and hill-climbing contests.

The moment we reduce our human lubrication below a certain fairly liberal and comfortable level our body bearings begin to creak and scream and hot-box all over the system. And the only way to restore peace and comfort is to retain enough shock-absorber fat reserve to cushion over our nerve tips, and also to put back into our training diets judicious amounts of the fats and starches and sugars which we have been sternly ruling out or rigidly limiting.

This means that coaches are satisfied with far less drastic reduction of weight, because they have found that muscles, to work at their best, should be coated and interleaved with a silken layer of lubricant, shock-absorber fat. So it is that young athletes in the pink of condition today, though models of vigor and endurance, have smoothness and symmetry of outline like the glorious Discobolus, or the Athlete with the Strigil and the other classic Greek statues. No longer are they disfigured by bumps of jumpy, overtrained muscles standing out under the paper-thin skin and squirming like bundles of snakes. It fairly made you uncomfortable to look at them.

A Remedy for War

Indeed, by one of those curious paradoxes which confuse the vexed problem, "What is overweight?" young athletes may actually put on weight during training, instead of taking it off.

For instance, during the World War the great majority of our boys in the training camps actually gained from ten to twenty pounds in weight before they were sent overseas; so that their uniforms got too tight for them and some even had to call for new issues from the quartermaster. This was neither fat nor water, but sound, healthy muscle, built by abundant exercise in the open air, drilling, hiking, trench digging, out of a liberal and varied ration particularly rich in meat, with probably a little additional thickening and solidifying of the bones to give the new muscles stronger levers to work with. As the War Department picturesquely phrases it: "Young America, or the 35,000 of him who go to the Citizens' Military Training Camps in July and August, will gain eighty tons of real muscle!" such being the average of past years. This makes four different possible causes of overweight—water, fat, muscle, bone.

Evidently, no marked cutting down of any element in the balanced ration is at all safe in training. Meat is needed to supply material for the new machinery; plenty of starch and sugar to drive the engines; fat for lubricant and shock absorber; fruits, fresh vegetables and cereal to supply vitamines to keep the spark going. Like skating and flying, you must keep going; you can't stop. It is almost as dangerous not to eat the right food as it is to eat the wrong one. And the same is true in the great race of life.

And now that these findings have been recognized by the trainers, we hear far less of the distressing going stale in the last and most fateful weeks of training, or of that jumpiness of the nerves and hysterical excitement or depression which has cost many a match.

Incidentally, a similar change has been made in the handling and feeding of that other great game racing machine, the horse. Thirty years ago a colt was not considered in any sort of proper training unless his ribs were of sufficiently high visibility to be easily counted. Long gallops under heavy blankets, a dry diet, chiefly of grain, with a few handfuls of hay, few green feeds, an occasional mash, were the order of the day. And thoroughbred colts in training were lean, gaunt, restless, as temperamental as a prima donna, as jumpy as a grasshopper, not seldom with the temper of a fiend.

Today a glance at the sporting page after a great race shows both winners and favorites with plenty of bone and driving power, but as graceful as deer, with scarcely a bone showing anywhere above their hocks; splendid, well-rounded barrels; smooth stream-line bodies; handsome, intelligent faces; quiet, friendly eyes; at peace with themselves and with all the world. And the records are being smashed all down the line, the false starts lessened, the plague of boltings, jibbings, sulkings, savagings, two-thirds wiped out. All by the soothing and shock-absorbing magic of a silken layer of comforting adipose.

The most effective physiological method of making war impossible in future would be to organize a society for the universal diffusion of adipose. This would act both by cushioning over and dulling the fighting edge of our hair-trigger readiness to take offense and by diverting all available fat from the manufacture of high explosives. Turn fat into good humor instead of into TNT, in short.

As President Coolidge most shrewdly hinted in one of his masterly witticisms, when discussing reduction of taxation and of armaments, if the plain citizen on both sides of the Atlantic were assured of ice cream on his pie two or three times a week he would be far less likely to be yammering for a place in the sun, or casting a covetous eye upon the territory and resources of his neighbor nations.

And now upon the blameless head of this preserver of the peace of the world comes the assault of My Lady Fashion. Her first attack was aimed at the ponderous vanity of the mature and of the middle-aged, both women and men, and the casualties were comparatively light.

It was an attempt to bring back within conventional limits and standard garments, and as far as possible to graceful lines, a liberality of outline which is either burdensome or unbecoming.

Drastic reductions to a diet of hot water, cereals and fruit juice, combined with exercise, usually by proxy, in the form of massage, rolling, vibrations, sweating and the electric currents, would generally reduce volume to more comfortable and presentable limits.

Even such radical and rapid trying out of adipose at a rate of ten or fifteen pounds a month seldom does much harm. Partly because the innermost reserves of fat around the nerve fibrils are not reached. Partly because the diet has been, figuratively speaking, cut down with a meat ax, with so little regard for proper balancing that the body is literally starved of important food elements, such as vitamines, higher proteins and mineral salts, and the regimen soon becomes intolerable. The patient looks back longingly to the flesh pots of Egypt, breaks training, and back comes the fat again merrily.

Fashion Stimulates Science

A similar recoil takes place in schemes of reduction by exercise, when the tasks have been too severe and exhausting, and the sweating, massaging and electric shocks too fatiguing. Methods of reduction while you wait soon defeat their own ends. Especially in view of the often-overlooked fact that the weight taken off by violent overexertions and profuse sweatings is chiefly pure water, scarcely one-tenth of it burnt fat. And this lost H_2O is promptly recovered by quenching the glorious thirst given us by our strivings and sufferings.

Our body state, unlike the political state, has a permanent two-thirds majority in favor of wetness, and sucks up water as if through a hose, whenever its humidity falls below 70 per cent.

But these hit-or-miss methods, these amateur adventures in reduction, have done good in the long run and Fashion has distinctly the best of it in the first round of her battle with fat. For she has spurred the mass of the medical profession to recognize the reduction of overweight for comfort and for cosmetic reasons as one of the legitimate aims and fields of scientific medicine.

Now if the rising young bank director finds himself more portly than is necessary for dignity and impressiveness, or the leader of the younger married set becomes uneasily conscious of the rising tide of adipose, or begins counting her chins, and tying up her jaws before going to bed, all they need to do is to go to their doctor.

The first step will be a thorough physical examination and once-over, with special reference to the condition of the heart, blood vessels, kidneys and percentage of sugar in the blood. For it would, of course, be useless, or worse, to attempt to reduce a twenty or thirty pound overweight due to water bloat by even the most rigid dieting. On the other hand, it would be positively dangerous to put an overweight patient with valvular heart mischief upon strenuous reducing exercises and profuse sweatings.

Though fortunately, gentle, graduated exercise, combined with properly planned dieting, is the best method of restoring strength and balance to a damaged heart and reducing watery overweight.

A careful physical examination is all to the good, relieving, as it will nine times out of ten, the patient's mind of any haunting dread that his fatness is due or will lead to disease of heart, blood vessels or liver, and clearing the ground for vigorous and balanced reduction.

One other precaution is useful and that is a brief inquiry into the family history as to build and stature. The recent careful studies of Davenport of the Carnegie Institution have shown what most thoughtful family physicians have long believed—that overweight is often a family character. Many families show strong tendencies, though not in all their members, to be, on the one hand, slim, gaunt or lanky, and on the other portly, chubby or obese.

A Proper Time and Place

These tendencies can be traced back for several generations and are distinctly hereditary and probably connected with variations in the activity of the endocrine or ductless glands, particularly the thyroid or the pituitary.

Some individuals seem to get more value out of their food than others. It is only fair to remember in this connection that family habits of eating and of setting a good table also play their parts in promoting a portly habit. We are all familiar with the portly, square-jawed, well-nourished, prosperous-looking lady, sketched by one of our shrewd humorists—"One glance at whom was enough to convince the beholder that the men of her family had always been good providers."

Incidentally, Doctor Davenport's large-scale studies strongly support our previous findings as to the widely different significance of fatness in the first half of life and in the latter half. For the diseases found associated with slim and slender build are tuberculosis, pneumonia and nervousness, or the great destroyers of youth, while those associated with a portly and obese build are diabetes, diseases of the heart, blood vessels and kidneys, with dropsy and apoplexy, or the chief enemies of life and health in mature and later life.

In other words, it is as dangerous to be too thin in youth as it is to be too fat in middle age. To paraphrase Captain Cuttle: "The bearin's of fatness depends on the age distribution on it."

Supposing that some tendency to portliness is found in the patient's family on either side, judicious allowance is made for this, and then, with the aid of a table of weights for height and age, it is easy to calculate roughly about how many pounds of healthy adipose the aspirant for slimness can carry with comfort and reasonable gracefulness of outline. Or, if any thyroid, adrenal or other endocrine gland disturbance is found, this is put under gland treatment.

But we must frankly confess that we are puzzled and unable to determine such an apparently simple and basal thing as a standard or ideal weight for adults of given age and height. A conference of experts—physicians, educators, hygienists—was called only a few months ago to work out such a set of standards. But they found such wide variations between individuals in perfect health, and even more between races, and so few trustworthy and properly controlled data and records of weights, that after several days' discussion they adjourned

(Continued on Page 64)

INTRODUCING

A New Name

In the future upholstery materials made by this company will be known as ···

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

CA-VEL velvets, because of their enduring sheen and softness, have been the preferred furniture upholstery material for many years and are always the chosen upholstery for fine closed cars.

COLLINS & AIKMAN COMPANY, *Established 1845*

New York, N. Y.

©

(Continued from Page 62)

for further study of the problem without coming to any definite decision.

Then a diet is devised, aimed at reaching that longed-for haven in from three to six months, according to the amount of surplus to be got rid of.

As the physical examination has shown that the excess fat is neither a sign nor a cause of disease, there is no hurry. And bitter practical experience has shown that to take off fat at a rate faster than a quarter to half a pound a day is a dangerous adventure.

Wise old Mother Nature has arranged the deposit of fat in the body in saving-bank terms, making it difficult to withdraw except in small amounts, and slowly, with due notice in advance. If you try to start a run on the bank by cutting down your diet to a starvation level and compelling your body to live on its own fat, burn its own tissues, you will load your blood with half-burned fatty acids and produce a state of acidosis, which will do twice the harm to your liver and nervous system that your fat would ever have done to your self-esteem.

The modern scientific-reducing diet avoids this danger and is far from being any form of fasting, as may be seen by this sample day's menu suggested by McCollum and Simmons, of Johns Hopkins, among our leading authorities on the new knowledge of nutrition:

BREAKFAST. Orange, poached egg, two slices of lean, crisp bacon, one slice of toast, coffee with a small amount of milk or a dash of cream, but no sugar.

LUNCH. Vegetable soup, two soda crackers, lettuce and tomato salad, with small amount of French dressing, containing but a small amount of oil, or salt, pepper and vinegar; one roll with butter—only one cube of butter allowed a day—buttermilk.

DINNER. One small lamb chop, small baked potato, Brussels sprouts, celery and cabbage slaw, one roll, skim milk, grapefruit.

This is planned to reduce about a quarter of a pound a day, or seven pounds a month, and is practically what we call a subsistence diet of about 1200 to 1500 calories a day—the amount required to keep one alive and in health at rest, or at some light occupation not involving much muscular effort. It furnishes just enough calories to supply energy for the heart beat, the breathing and light exercise, with vitamines, fruit acids and mineral salts to keep the body balance.

A Job for a Doctor

Then the fat cashier of our body bank, having been duly notified in advance, begins to honor our checks and pay out our slow-burning fat deposits with dignity and deliberation; a sufficient number of calories each day to make good the other 1200 to 1500 calories which we need to put us on the full-work ration of 2500 to 3000 calories.

When the automatic surplus-reduction process is once in full swing and running as smooth as oil, it is claimed to be usually only a matter of time and intelligent self-control until the desired outline is reached.

But it must be remembered that this scientific, painless reduction diet is emphatically a doctor's job, made to order for each individual case. It is not safe to cut out entirely any of the great staple foods, and patients differ widely in their ability or inability to burn certain fuels. With some, starch is the enemy; with some, sugar; with others, fats; and this is for the physician to decide.

The melting process can be greatly helped, the sense of lightness and comfort increased, and strength to carry the burden of the surplus which is still with us improved, by well-planned schemes of exercise and games in the open air.

There is no necessity for dramatic fastings or spectacular eccentric diets of a single food, such as the fruit-juice fad which is now raging among the fashionable women of London. This, in a nutshell, or rather in a thimble, consists solely of the juice of four oranges, or the juice of grapefruits or lemons, three times a day and all the hot water you can drink. This flood of fruit juice gives only about two-thirds of the calories needed for a mere subsistence ration, and, although the fruit acids turn to alkalies in the body and delay the acidosis, it is only a question of weeks or months—for the human body is astoundingly foolproof—before the monotony of the drinks becomes repulsive to the verge of nausea, weakening to the point of faintness, or the piled-up fatty acids reach the level of a convulsion or coma.

Indeed, one indignant nutrition expert has declared that this sort of fasting is a fad for the fat and weak-minded who haven't sufficient self-control to diet.

That Dangerous Boyish Figure

But of late, Fashion, flushed with her first victory over fat by the aid of modern medicine, has issued a further ukase, decreeing that henceforth slimness and leanness and flatness are to be the order of the day in youth as well as in middle life; that our girls and boys, our youths and maidens, are to be rid of all roundness and plumpness of figure, as the fat and well-favored kine in Pharaoh's dream were devoured by the lean and ill-favored kine; that the figures of our flappers and subdebs shall be slender and slinky and lathlike, and the line of grace no longer the curve, but the prolonged parallelogram.

Here fashion loses at once the support of both her allies—the physical trainers and the doctors. Indeed, a storm of protests has come rumbling up from every quarter, and this charge of the slight brigade is vigorously opposed and denounced.

Eminent consultants, headed by Doctor Barker, of Johns Hopkins, roundly declare that deliberate underfeeding by girls and young women for the purpose of acquiring the longed-for slender and boyish figure is becoming a menace not only to the present, but also the future generations.

Both boys and girls need a comfortable padding and lining with fat for the same storage, lubricant and shock-absorbing purposes as do adults; and, in addition, a special margin of adipose as one to grow on, like the extra slap on the back when wishing them many happy returns of a birthday.

Even if you fairly stuff a healthy boy, he will neither burst nor get fat. He will grow like a weed. It is like the story of the youngster who was so devoted to gorging upon watermelon that his mother became alarmed. So to frighten him she told him a story of a boy who, after eating too much watermelon, swelled up and burst!

The youngster shook his head. "Couldn't be such a thing as too much watermelon."

"Well, then, what was it caused this disaster?"

"Too little boy!"

Mendel, of Yale, found that by overfeeding white rats with higher proteins and fats to balance, for several generations, he could nearly double their rate of growth and hasten their reaching of maturity some 50 per cent.

And it is well to remember that the two chief of the four sacred vitamines—the Growth Vitamine A and the Rickets Vitamine D—are both contained chiefly in fats. As the quaint old Spanish proverb puts it, "A man should be fierce and a child should be fat." Though in case of marked overfatness in children a physician should be consulted, as this may be due to defect of one of the endocrine glands and require special treatment. Also, it is well to remember that Hess, of Columbia, has found that the substance which absorbs and utilizes the priceless miracle-working ultra-violet rays in both our bodies and our foods, is a fat called cholesterol, or sterol, and this precious fat is found to be present in every living cell yet examined, both animal and vegetable.

Beauty or Health

Fortunately, the healthy appetite of the immature male of the species is far stronger than his vanity, and if food is on the table, within boarding-house reach, he can usually be relied upon to absorb an adequate supply for all purposes. But with his sister of twelve or fifteen summers and upward,

Standing with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood sweet,

DRAWN BY PAUL SEILLY

An Outline of History

considerations of style and beauty far outweigh the mere gastronomic pleasures of the table, and she will ruin her comfort and risk her health at the call of fashion with the unhesitating devotion of a Christian martyr.

Leading directors of physical education declare that from their medical experience they are convinced that underweight is a distinct health handicap for growing youths. And that when a young woman appears for the physical examination required before entering college and is shown below par in health and vigor it is found in many cases that this is the result of deliberate and intentional weight reduction.

While the superintendent of a New England hospital raises the warning that "the desire to be thin is an obsession of the female of the species from sixteen to sixty," and from her experience the craze for a boyish figure is responsible for many cases of mental breakdown in young women. "Growing girls need all the nourishment they can consume at regular intervals three times a day. This means that a girl needs good food in normal quantities until she is at least twenty-four years old, and especially from twelve to twenty. Girls are starving themselves, not dieting, when they unintelligently go without their breakfasts, cut down on their luncheons and eat sparingly at dinner."

Fat Heads With Slim Bodies

There appears to be a curiously close connection between our body fat and that superfatty organ, the brain. Both consultants and neurologists declare that underweight may gravely risk balanced brain and mental development. One authority has recently reported over 200 cases, coming into the psychopathic wards of a great state hospital, that had been making vigorous efforts to reduce their weight. Though, of course, the tendency of the ill-balanced mind to rush to extremes in any prevailing fad or craze must be taken into account here.

It needs no expert training or special experience to see the grave force of the warning of all competent authorities upon health, that it is risking little less than race suicide for girls and young women at an age when they ought to be slowly and elaborately building up reserves for the benefit of the coming generation to squander these priceless savings and injure their future health by deliberately undereating and starving themselves for an esthetic whim, a false idea of beauty.

One concrete and clear-cut illustration is pointed out by our thoughtful dental experts. An eminent dental authority has recently declared that slim lines are a menace to the teeth of the coming generation; that, unless young women and expectant mothers are given a liberal diet rich in vitamines and mineral salts, the teeth of their children will be stunted and ill-formed.

To paraphrase Scripture: If the mothers of the land eat the sour grapes of reducing diet their children's teeth will be set on edge, or rather without an edge.

In a word, all this dieting and reducing by sweatings and fierce exercisings, though possible and harmless enough under skilled oversight, is beginning at the wrong end. The best time to attack superfluous fat is before it has coagulated in your tissues. Our admirable and constantly improving outdoor habits of life, our comfortable sport clothes and especially the health epidemic of golf now raging, have already completely broken the historic connection between fat and forty. Our prosperous business men and captains of industry and finance no longer balloon at the waistline, or rise from their chairs with a visible effort, or rather two efforts.

If a man has sound wind, good color, keen appetite, and legs strong enough to carry his body about easily and lightly, a mere ten, twenty, or even thirty, pounds above a theoretical ideal weight is a trifle scarce worth worrying over.

Select your picnic luncheon from these 6 tempting menus

How easy it is for you to have good things to eat for your outing. You find so many happy suggestions in the list of the 57 Varieties.

There are Oven-Baked Beans, with the real oven-baked flavor, good hot or cold; Peanut Butter, a smooth, flavory blend of finest Spanish and Virginia nuts; Olives, grown in Spain; crisp, spicy Pickles; Apple Butter made from choicest whole, sound apples; mild, mellow Mustard, expertly prepared in the inimitable Heinz way.

For all these and many other good things to eat you only need to go to your grocer. Your grocer goes to Heinz. And Heinz goes all around the world to get the materials for you and then the Heinz Kitchens do *their* best.

For additional menus and salad recipes, send four cents in stamps for Salad Recipe Book · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY, Pittsburgh, Pa.

HEINZ

57 Varieties of Good Things to Eat

1 — *Sandwiches of Sliced Ham with Heinz Prepared Mustard* · *Potato Salad with Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing* · *Heinz Sweet Gherkins* · *Cup Cakes* · *Iced Coffee*

2 — *Sandwiches of Tongue with Heinz Mustard Sauce* · *Heinz Oven Baked Beans Cold* · *Heinz Sweet Mixed Pickles* · *Fruit* · *Raisin Cookies* · *Iced Tea*

3 — *Sandwiches of Swiss Cheese and Heinz India Relish* · *Vegetable Salad with Russian Dressing made with Heinz Chili Sauce* · *Heinz Mixed Pickles, Sweet or Sour* · *Ice Cream* · *Iced Chocolate*

4 — *Sandwiches of Sliced Chicken and Heinz Mayonnaise Salad Dressing* · *Sandwiches of Heinz Peanut Butter and Grape Jelly* · *Heinz Sweet Midget Gherkins* · *Cocoanut Cake* · *Iced Orange Juice*

5 — *Sandwiches of Minced Ham and Heinz Stuffed Olives Chopped* · *Deviled Eggs* · *Heinz Sour Mixed Pickles* · *Spice Cake* · *Grape Juice Lemonade*

6 — *Fried Chicken* · *Sandwiches of Brown Bread and Heinz Apple Butter* · *Celery* · *Heinz Stuffed Olives* · *Macaroons* · *Lady Fingers* · *Ginger Ale*

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THE LAST VOLTORNO

(Continued from Page 7)

Woodward's fine green eyes were on me and he knew that I'd been watching him do his famous tipsy dance across the Texan meadow. After a while he just walked on, and the sensation of a terrific flattery hit me in the stomach. The lost dancer, for whom theatrical managers and editors were hunting, had left his case in my hands and was strolling off to climb the rear steps of Battery F's cantonment. The petted Voltorno, paid so immensely by his managers in London and New York, had gone in to his cot among the recruits and sergeants who talked about a second lieutenant's pay with respect and generally believed that all stockbrokers were millionaires. I had been magnificently trusted, on the strength of nothing, and it charmed me.

Perhaps it charmed me a little more acutely because this tall healthy young man was something in touch with the flare and glow of history. You can find, in shops, a few steel engravings with the legend "George IV and Signor Voltorno in Hyde Park." Although the thing is scarce, because the British minister protested in 1842 that it was indecent for the clown to advertise his acquaintance with a king, and the first Voltorno, who was a clever advertiser before Barnum, made a public fuss by having the picture bought in and suppressed.

You pick these Voltornos up in memoirs and in faded photographs of Queen Victoria's time, and when the first Voltorno died in London, in 1870, it was admitted that he was really a mere American who began to dance as a sailor on a Bostonian brigantine. And Private Woodward's father, when I was small, appeared in pantomimes brought over from London in a roar of advertising, and one night in 1893 he refused to have the musical show in which he did his tricks raise its curtain because the great Edwin Booth was dead.

For three generations some tall man named Voltorno had made the triangle of London, New York and Paris, swirling in muscular dances and contortions, photographed in funny dresses, paragraphed in newspapers. The second Voltorno turned handsprings on the lawn of the White House to please Tad Lincoln, and the third in 1890 did his dances on a sprained ankle rather than disappoint the slim lovely Princess of Wales, who had a box that night in London. This name, a dancing ghost, littered old playbills, appeared on lists of artists in huge benefits and charitable shows of the profession.

The Voltornos never spoke from the stage, or sang; they clowned and danced. They were an emblem of man's final taste in amusement, his wish to be stunned by grace, to be made to laugh a while on his course between two shadows. And now this last Voltorno was a private in a regiment of raw field artillery; the emblem had become an actual man with too much jaw and big, green eyes, who looked like an intelligent prize fighter.

Robinson was still asleep, still flat on his face, when I got back to the supply office and began to hunt about softly for that stale newspaper of last night. The shower and a cup of black coffee had cleared my head a little, and the column of print, with a mussy photograph of Voltorno in his clown's dress from Dance Along, Dearie, at the top, was plausibly sensible. Some "new facts" had been discovered by the detectives who were employed by Jake Rosebloom, the theatrical manager, and the whole story was now made into a compact run of statements. Dance Along, Dearie, ended its sixteen months in New York on April second and Voltorno told his manager that he would not go on the road with the revue. Rosebloom made no objection. He frankly had said to reporters, "Vol was an arrogant kind of kid. He has lots of money and he don't have to work if he don't like to."

Then, on April twentieth, Voltorno and his wife, with their small son, left the smart apartment house in Park Avenue where they quietly lived, and informed the clerks that they would be gone for a few weeks, motoring. They vanished in a taxicab, with one trunk on the top, and this was all. It was June before Rosebloom worried. He wanted his dancing man for a huge new revue. After the hue and cry started in latter July, a banker testified that Voltorno had withdrawn his account on April fourteenth and had arranged the sale of some securities. A man worth ninety thousand dollars had less right to vanish than a mere dancer, and a man who vanished with his wife and baby was certainly committing mystery.

"The situation," said the newspaper, "is rendered more difficult by the lack of any good photographs of Mr. Voltorno. His last photograph, taken without make-up, is one ten years old, a snapshot of the dancer when he was attending high school in Milwaukee, where he lived for a few years with his mother's father, Benjamin Watson, a well-known hardware dealer. Mr. Voltorno had few intimate friends in his profession. He is described as a quiet, self-effacing young fellow and his principal diversion has always been boxing.

"He was married at the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church on June 2, 1914, to a Miss Helen Bradford, whose acquaintance he made in April of that year on a steamer returning from England. Miss Bradford was the governess of the children of Mrs. Philip Lansing Korn, the daughter of Col. Beverly Todhunter Gaskell, formerly ambassador to Spain. Mr. Korn knows nothing about Mrs. Voltorno's antecedents except that she was the orphan daughter of a minister in upper New York State. She is described as a quiet, handsome young woman of above the ordinary height, very dark and slender."

The account trickled out in a recitation of Voltorno's appearances in revues and musical shows, beginning when he was eighteen years old under his father's wing. His father, Joe Voltorno, died in June of 1916 in Chicago, and the nearest relation of the living Voltorno was a far-away cousin in Milwaukee, who had not seen Booth Voltorno since 1909, and had contributed her only photograph of him to the good cause of Jake Rosebloom's loud hunt. There it all was.

I had been reading snatches of this story for weeks, with just the curiosity of having met Voltorno, for those ten minutes of 1913, in an actress' dressing room in London, dressed as a tramp. There it all was, and the man was safe as a rabbit in a burrow until he should run into somebody who knew him, in the jam of East Houston Street in San Antonio or on a transport crossing to France, where a war was going on. He was safe, in the most obvious place, you might think, that anybody would have looked for a healthy man of twenty-seven in the summer of 1917, but nobody had thought of it. Why? Well, why do people never think of such things? Booth Voltorno had vanished and the newspapers were filling space with him. I stood grinning at the journal until Robinson asked in his meek Ohio drawl, behind me, "Found a joke?" And then, of course, I jumped, blushed and gulped.

"No; I was thinking what rot war poetry is, Robbie."

"Yeh?" said Robinson, sitting up on the cot. "Most poetry is rot, an' the rest is junk. Gimme a smoke. Don't tell me I hadn't ought to smoke before breakfast again, either, 'cause I've been doin' it for twelve years an' nothing's happened. And that," he drawled, "is what generally happens when you do things people tell you not to. . . . There's sick call. Go have the pill piler look at your hoof some more."

I limped up the street and became one of the forty or fifty men with sore throats, boils or real ailments who lounged under trees outside the door of the medical officer's den. This officer was a conscientious, effective man, and my foot distressed him. That morning its nine new blisters and general misery quite upset him.

"Got any money, son? There's a doctor in town who kind of specializes in this sort of thing. His name's Kendrick. Go and get an opinion from him. It's obviously something to do with the nerves. Get yourself a pass and go in town and have him look at it."

I hadn't any intention of not doing so. The infected sole was a torment, and my cigarette case held a number of bills, privily kept. A man with four hundred dollars in ready cash has no safety in the ranks of a field artillery regiment. Robinson alone knew that I had money, and it was Robinson's claim on my admiration that, having casually opened the case one day, he simply helped himself to a cigarette and said nothing. Like many grammarless persons, he was intensely well-bred. The money was my business, not his; and in the same way it was nobody's business that a long ugly boy who had bad dreams sometimes, once told us in a twilight, with his eyes feverish, that he had been let out of prison to enlist and that he had killed his mother and her cowboy lover when he was seventeen. Robinson merely said, "Here's some quinine, son. Don't tell that where any of these chicken-feed kids'll hear you." For the same reason, when I told him that I had to go to San Antonio, he did not ask "Why?" but typed off a pass for me and drawled, "Meet me 'bout six on the Plaza an' I'll take you a good place for supper, kid."

"All right. I'll go in around noon."

"You've got tons of sense," Robinson murmured. "Be so hot at noon you'll fry gettin' in town. Go now or wait till sunset. This is a broiler."

It was a broiler. I gave myself a place on the tail of a truck passing through the reservation, and, as the driver was sociable, he took me all the way to San Antonio through flurries of silver dust that caked dry on our faded olive shirts and sifted inside our breeches. The driver complained loudly that the Quartermaster Corps gave him no rest. If he wasn't running into town for one thing, it was another, and when he ought to be writing to his wife in Brooklyn, they sent him to Fort Sam Houston for boxed blankets and uniforms. And he hadn't had a drink in ten days. And he hadn't the money to buy one either.

In East Houston Street I gave him a silver dollar in good repair and presently gave five silver dollars to the civilian doctor, who said that my foot must be very painful and suggested that I walk on it as little as possible. But I was now in San Antonio at ten in the morning, with full permission to stay there until tomorrow. The strange motley city's languid life was all around me and I could sit in a hotel's lobby reading a New York paper with electric fans puffing coolness at me. Or I could sit on a railing of an area and watch the husky military policemen tramping to and fro at the end of a famous street in which the vice of San Antonio was supposed to reside, and didn't; or I could go up and wander around in Fort Sam Houston's park of cool gray houses and blowing trees, or do nothing.

I did nothing then until it was time for a civilian luncheon in the dim restaurant of the best hotel, where the waiter brought me a Chicago newspaper two days old. There was little news on the first page, or on the second; but the third announced at the top, in special type:

Jacob Rosebloom, of Rosebloom Brothers, will pay in cash the sum of one thousand dollars to anybody who locates Booth Voltorno for him. Letters or telegrams should be addressed to Mr. Rosebloom at the Variety Theater, New York City.

This struck me as sound advertising. And, perhaps, wasn't the whole thing just sound advertising? Wouldn't it be suddenly announced that Booth Voltorno had patriotically donned his country's uniform and was now humbly doing a soldier's duty at Leon Springs, Texas? But the notion floated off. There was Mrs. Voltorno, daughter of a clergyman, used to gentilities, and there were, somehow, the ugly man's fine green eyes.

"'At's a power of money they talkin' of," my waiter said, "for 'at dancin' man. Ain't it, sergeant?"

"More than most people get for sending a telegram," I admitted, touched by his moderation in not rating me a lieutenant, and began to grope for real news of the French army in a mass of lies. I went on hunting and sipping iced coffee until I had the sensation that strikes through the least sensitive mental apparatus and makes something vibrate in one's vanity. This woman simply grew on my perception, seated at the next table, between two windows, feeding a tiny child perched on a high chair spoonfuls of ice cream. She grew on me without any idea of a flirtation either.

The lady was watching my newspaper as I turned pages. It wasn't my tanned jaw that brought her flickering stare to me, but the newspaper's crackling spread in my hands.

She sat, slim and dark, with some kind of dull drapery flowing down from her little hat to a shoulder of the dark frock, and watched the journal turn in my fingers. If she thought anything about me, it was with that exasperation, and when our eyes crossed, hers were full of suppressed hatred. She fairly loathed me! She wanted me to die suddenly, so that she could grab that newspaper. I was nothing, and worse than nothing, a mere hulk of uninteresting bone and muscle bound in olive cotton that happened to have the Chicago newspaper. I blushed. Even the red-headed baby sucking ice cream from its spoon knew that its mother wanted that newspaper. . . . And the baby's hair was luridly red. Its absurd eyebrows were minute arches of red down on its round face.

After a time I dropped the money for my bill and a tip on the waiter's tray and clumsily got up. He magnificently handed me my hat with its scarlet cord, and Mrs. Booth Voltorno-Woodward's eyes took in that scarlet cord. We were joined by an electricity of understanding. The current simply took me ten feet to her side and I laid the rolled newspaper at her elbow, saying, "It's the third page in."

"Thank you," she said.

I limped out of the restaurant, immensely pleased with myself, and stood for a moment in the lobby, half repenting that I had not stopped and talked. I stood there, trying to fix the precise line of her face in my mind, and the peculiar movement of the blood under her tinted skin as she colored, looking up at me. In fact, I managed to inflate myself stupendously, fiddling with my hat in the empty lobby, and my egotism rang the changes on the words "Thank you." I worked them into a full admission that she—this slim woman designed by Raphael—had trusted my perceptions and, damn it, rather liked me, and knew that Woodward's secret was safe in my hands; and that, on the whole, everything was much better with me mixed up in it than it had been before, and a good deal else which, stranger, is likely to happen to men who have pretty women—no, I beg her pardon—have beautiful ladies smile at them, even faintly, when they are twenty-seven. It doesn't matter. Anyhow I dawdled in the lobby and then dawdled along East Houston Street and had my hair cut, and thought that, although my face was merely interesting, my head really had a superior outline. I dawdled in a state of drowsy beninity, wabbling along on a current of dreamy nonsense until a thunderstorm crashed on San Antonio and drove

(Continued on Page 71)

A breakfast feast for the First Lady of the Land

MANY women down South still remember the days of planning and of preparation. Much was at stake.

Barely two months after inauguration, the President and his wife were making their first official visit to the southern states. To the whole of Dixie their welcome was a point of honor.

And so no formal dinner was given for Mrs. McKinley by the women of the South, no conventional luncheon—but a reception such as could be offered only in that land of good living: a breakfast at the old Maxwell House in Nashville.

That the Maxwell House should be chosen as the place to receive the First Lady of the Land, was natural. There, since the days of the Civil War, the most distinguished visitors had been entertained. Throughout the whole of Dixie it was celebrated for its marvelous food and its coffee.

It was natural, too, that breakfast should have been selected as the most fitting occasion. For it was the coffee served to Mrs. McKinley on that morning long ago, which the many noted guests of the old Maxwell House had always praised above all else.

For many years a special blend of fine coffees was used at the old Maxwell House, wonderfully rich and mellow. Those who once tasted it could not forget it. They carried the news of it to their homes. And many of them took steps to secure it for their own tables.

Long ago this blend became the most popular coffee in the cities of the South, from old Mobile to Louisville, from Memphis to Richmond. It was chosen by the most critical families throughout all that land of good living.

Its fame spread rapidly

Today, in a few brief years it has taken the whole country by storm. One by one America's great cities have been captured by its flavor. It has pleased more people than any other coffee ever put on the market.

And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected this blend years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today.

The same coffee with the same rare goodness that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House is now on sale at all better grocery stores from coast to coast.

Its full-bodied richness and mellow fragrance are now offered to you and your family. Your first taste will tell you why Maxwell House Coffee has pleased so many people—why it has become America's largest selling high grade coffee. See what new pleasure it brings. Plan now to serve it tomorrow. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the famous, sealed blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

$10,000,000

See the New

ESSEX

to Build This NEW ESSEX "6"

New Designs Were Created, Special Machinery Developed and a Special Body Plant Erected to Make it Possible

All-Steel, Clear Vision, New Color New Beauty, New Comfort and Distinction

To the vast resources already devoted to Essex, a $10,000,000 investment was added that this New Essex might be built. It included acquirement of new designs, development of special machinery and the erection of a special body plant, 18 acres in extent.

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COACH

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The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

(Continued from Page 66)

me into a moving-picture theater, where I went on dawdling.

This thunderstorm also crashed on Leon Springs and rain jarred the roof of F Battery's quarters. Men looked up from the blackjack game that began at noon when the regimental adjutant announced "No drill, on account of the heat," and Robinson, who was dealing, probably said "Angels spittin'" as the cards flapped in blue gloom. A dozen swift flares of lightning brought yells from the men driven in by the storm, and then the heart of the display swept westward; the rain continued in a steady, heavy pelting and became an impromptu shower bath at which nobody need wait a turn. The green sky poured water on half the battery, and clothes were set to soak on steps. Then the rain slacked and men went to haul on clean underclothes, to gossip among the cots with sudden vivacity. Some youth started to spar with a corporal, who got his nose bloodied, and a loud-mouthed tattooed puppy whose name I forget turned a dozen handsprings for the sake of being admired, and was.

"Pretty slick," said Robinson.

"Yeh? You could do better?"

"Yeh," said Robinson, who had just lost fifty dollars, "I could."

There was nothing very ostentatious about Robinson's build. He was small and wiry. The tattooed puppy made a chest, stroked a mermaid on his left biceps and said "Huh! Yeh?" while some of the older enlisted men grinned silently.

"Yeh," said Robinson, meekly, "I can do 'at twenty times."

"Yeh?"

Robinson said wearily "Yeh," and pretended to be interested in a scratch on his right thumb. Five minutes later he had collected bets to the amount of eighty dollars that he couldn't do twenty serial handsprings, and five minutes after that he was beginning to gather his harvest, including the tattooed puppy's watch. Everybody was delighted, and the elder enlisted men, who had not made bets, were much pleased. A big chatter about gymnastic tricks began, and in the midst of the noise a boy pointed a thumb at Private Woodward, busily dressing and shouted, "Red can turn cart wheels clean down the room. He done it other night."

The attention of sixty-odd men was now flung full on Woodward's red head and white undershirt. Robinson, jingling silver dollars together, studied the young man amiably and drawled, "More'n I could do. Show off, bud."

Woodward was nursing fresh trousers up his calves, but he suffered, as some of us did in that army, from the educated man's dislike of being disobliging or conspicuous. He didn't want to show off—it was a little dangerous—but he didn't want to stand off from a common amusement. So he said "All right" and belted his trousers, cursing the hour when his great-grandfather, Silas Woodward, able-bodied sailor of Boston, Massachusetts, had begun to entertain people by doing public tricks with a supple body. The crowd cleared a way down the lane between the cots. He poised and then spun in cart wheels clear down the room, yard after yard, through a whoop of honest applause, his bare feet and red head turning over and over. And then, as he came walking back past gaping mouths, he saw little Robinson studying him, jingling the silver dollars in his palm in a slow, charming tinkle.

"Ever work in San Francisco, bud?"

"No," Woodward lied, "I never did."

"Ain't a bad town," the sergeant drawled, and strolled away.

Meanwhile I was sitting regally in the moving-picture palace and watching gray shadows on the high square of the screen. An organist pumped out melancholy passages from German opera when the heroine fell into trouble, and only the sense of my own nobility just then kept me from laughing when the hero died, or whatever he did. But the evening was cool when I came out of the place, and the wonderful inrush of soldiers from Leon Springs, from the great camp beyond Fort Sam Houston and from the barracks of Fort Sam Houston's self, choked East Houston Street with its nightly spectacle. The fabulous city was flooded, after dusk, with an ocean of bodies; and Robinson, idling under an arcade of the Alamo Plaza, greeted me by drawling, "How the shopkeepers goin' to be sorry when this war's over? I see in the paper where 'is manager in New York's offerin' big money for news of Voltorno."

"I saw that, Robbie."

"Where d'you suppose the fool went to?" Robinson lazily wondered. "Come along—or what for? He took his woman along, an' the kid. Of course, he's got his money hid out somewheres safe. Had his wife open an account out West in a bank. I saw him dance once, out in San Francisco in '15. We was just off the transport comin' back from the islands. Damn if the cheese couldn't dance too!"

"He could dance," I said, "and—and—— Where are we going?"

"What you don't know won't hurt you, babe," said Robinson, settling his hat.

He owned San Antonio, having twice done a year's service there. I can't pretend to remember where we went, except that we, at one point, walked around an ash barrel behind what looked like a theater. It was now quite dark. We went up a dirty staircase and through a door, and down another staircase, with a light hung in a cage on one wall and some extremely poor drawings on the other. At this next door Robinson knocked twice, and a Mexican woman who weighed three thousand pounds looked through a hole at us. She said "Ha! Pepito!" opened the door and kissed Robinson on the nose with ardor. The room opened into a courtyard, and pepper trees were gracefully supporting colored lanterns above a Mexican who was yowling, to the tinkling of a guitar:

La vida es sueño, el porvenir mentira;
La amistad y el amor mentira son

while a distinguished smell of stewing chicken and other things swarmed in the air. Some enlisted men were sitting over drinks at tiny iron tables under this arcade and looked at us with no curiosity.

"We'll have two cocktails, Maria," Robinson told the tremulous mountain; "and then two more, but bring the first two first, pronto—and hurry."

Maria hurried. That is, she howled at someone named Pedro and resumed her place by the door. Pedro, who might have been ten years old, came with two cocktails on a tiny tray. They were wholly admirable cocktails, not sweet and not too strong.

"One thousand dollars reward for tellin' his manager where Voltorno's hid out. That's money! Voltorno," Robinson pondered, crossing his knees, "is probably in China. Why so much fuss? It's his business where he goes, ain't it? Unless they can prove he's murdered a mule or somethin'. It's none of their business, bud."

"He's a big feature, though," I said with airy placidity; "and he's really an extraordinary dancer. Athletic, you know. Perfect control of himself."

"Yeh, a man has to have perfect control of himself that can turn cart wheels all around the biggest stage on the Pacific Coast," the small sergeant murmured. "I saw him do that. . . . It's his business, though, where he is. . . . Pedro! . . . But if you don't quit gettin' red an' wriglin' your nose whenever anybody says 'Voltorno,' kid, some wise cheese will begin to get awful suspicious. He ain't so smart himself, at that. When he came back an' sat in the game again yest'day, I damn well knew he'd been runnin' after you. Wet to the skin, he was, and pleased about somethin'. And he can't go turnin' cart wheels for sixty feet even in front of a pack of rookies an' dumb army guys without havin' some bright weasel wonder how he learned to. . . . It's his business."

I turned my cocktail glass three times around and timidly said, "Th-thank you, Robbie. You're pretty clever."

"More than some, kid. More than some. . . . But," he drawled, "the boy's made a mistake. His hair's red. That'll give him away somewhere. Wait and see. He'll get spotted. It's his business, but some hog'll earn that thousand yet if he can get it. Most people ain't any respect for another man's business. And ——"

Something clashed beyond the pepper tree. The Mexican snapped his face toward us and said "M. P.!" and we were scuttling past the mountainous Maria up the staircase, with the other soldiers panting at our backs. Five minutes later Robinson and I were serenely strolling on a side street that took us back into East Houston Street, and thence in dignity to somewhere or other in a motor car. Stars glowed above San Antonio, and the Texan night lay dramatically on another courtyard, but this time a wide one and three-sided, with many tables.

"This," my guide mentioned, "used to be a very fair place, but it's got refined, I see. If they uplift Texas any more it's goin' to be as bad as a Sunday school. . . . Ignatio," he told the waiter, "do what you can for us, and we'll have fried chicken, baked spuds, salad, with garlic, and anything else there is."

Ignatio politely brought us something liquid that floated in hollowed orange shells, in beds of cracked ice. It wasn't bad, and Robinson said, pensively twiddling his spoon, "Mrs. Woodward's good-lookin', ain't she?"

"Very!"

"But too skinny," he brooded.

"No; not at all, Robbie."

"She could stand twenty pounds more," he insisted softly, "and she ain't eatin' nothin'. But she's smart enough to not keep lookin' at us. He ain't."

They must be sitting straight behind us. I managed not to turn my head as Robinson's glance passed over my shoulders. The courtyard was not sumptuous, after the faint illusion caused by colored lamps fixed to the wooden gallery had been explored, and the very cheap voices of loud women trailed in the air. It was wise of Woodward to come out here, away from the dangerous city, and it would have been wiser not to have brought his wife. Some soldiers at another table had found an interesting point for stares, behind me, and I nervously whispered, "Has she got a dark dress on?"

"She might just as well be wearin' a gold hat an' a red shirt, son. You don't see one of those more'n once a year—and then she's travelin' fast, in a big automobile," Robinson complained. "If she don't want guys to look at her she better chew gum an' get some paint on the map. . . . He's a lucky snake, that fella! . . . Ignatio, we'll have some more oranges."

The waiter bent over Robinson and said, "No, sergeant; come too many people now. No"—depositing plates filled with chicken and other dishes on the soiled cloth.

"All right," the philosopher drawled; "then heave us in a pack of coffee. And keep those engineers off from here. I've had good friends among doughboys, I can stand cavalry, but engineers give me the dobe itch!"

Three young engineers and an elderly sergeant were settling at a table near us. Robinson looked at them wearily and wagged his head. I never found out his prejudice against engineers before a military order swept me from Texas at the end of August, into Arkansas. But he hated an engineer, and I suddenly hated one of these soldiers, because the fellow said, in a loud, entirely brainless voice, "Say, if I was on Broadway t'night, I'd be drinkin' champagne!" This was clearly untrue, and his empty eyes suggested those metropolitan peasants who are usually draped on railings of the theatrical boarding houses beyond Broadway. He also had an Adam's apple. This was not his fault, but it annoyed me. He was also vigorously scornful of the bill of fare, and spoke aloud about the restaurants of New York.

Continued on Page 73

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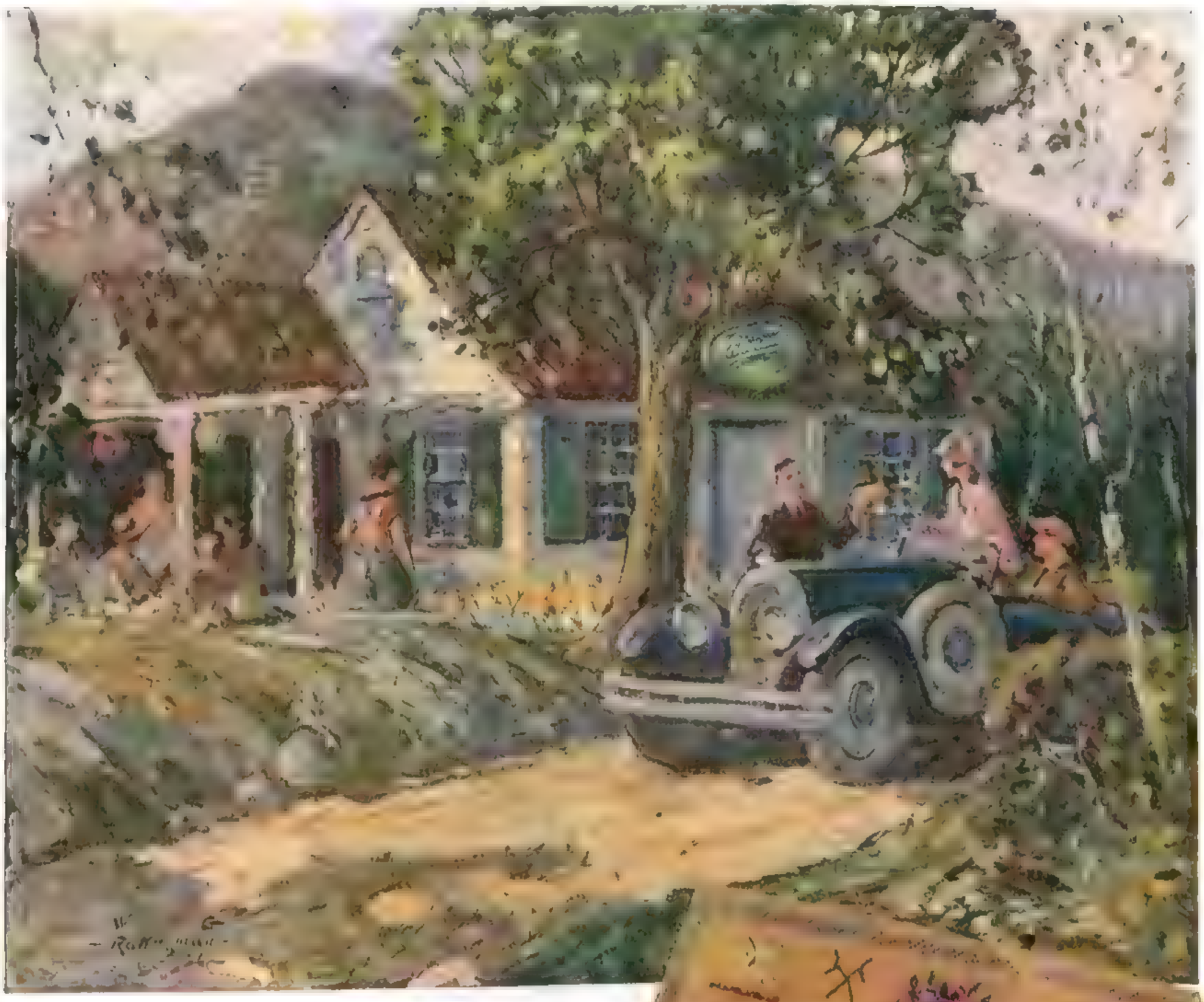

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Whitman's Chocolates

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(Continued from Page 71)

"Aw, let it die," one of his friends said. "Eggs on hash an' a schooner was your speed, Handsome! Slip me the bottle. I don't see nothin' looks like an M.P. Slip it!"

Just here the waiter dropped a finger on my arm and said, "A lady wants to speak, señor." And I limped off to stand beside Mrs. Woodward.

The Woodwards had chosen a table behind a pillar supporting the gallery and were in considerable shadow; but the candle on the table, in its cheap silver holder, lighted her face and his hair. Eyes glowed far off among the diners under shabby trees, and I was, for the second, part of a conspicuous group.

"I think you're pretty reckless," I said.

"But this place was quiet last week," Woodward muttered; "we were out here."

"It was Sunday night, though, Booth," the beautiful woman said. She looked up at me and told me, "I'm leaving tomorrow morning. I think we have a right to—to live our own way, don't you? He never liked his profession, and he has other things he can do. It was my idea. Do you see anything wrong with it?"

"No," I said; "but it's a little risky. An assumed name ——"

"It was my great-grandfather's real name," Woodward said. He dug a spoon into some pudding and angrily murmured, "Father made me take it up. I hate the smell of a theater! We wanted to get away from the whole thing. Anyhow ——"

"It's fortunate that there aren't many New Yorkers in the regiment," I said.

"Yes, that's lucky. And then," he grinned, "who'd ever think of a clown enlisting? It isn't natural. . . . That Robinson's a remarkable person, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said.

Their funny, silly story was all plain enough. They wanted not to be Mr. and Mrs. Voltorno. That was simple. But I leaned on the pillar beside her dark veil and wondered about chances. If his hair wasn't so red, and he didn't move with the distinguished grace of a tomcat after sparrows, it might do.

"It's all a chance," he said, nursing a cigarette.

"I wish you luck," I mumbled.

He needed luck. I had turned and was facing toward Robinson, gloomy at our table, when the four engineers all swung their heads and the loud fellow said violently, "Yeh! I know what I'm talkin' about! . . . Ain't I woiked at the Variety when he was ——"

"You're crazy, Handsome. What'd he be doin' in the Army?"

The woman at my elbow panted. It had come. This was a stage hand or a chorus man from some show at the Variety, in New York. He was standing up, too, and the engineers were staring. The old sergeant had a cigarette halted near his mouth.

"But that's him! Ain't I seen him?"

"Ah, you're crazy!" said his friend. "What'd Voltorno be doin' in the Army? He's off somewhere they can't draft him, like all them rich guys. He ——"

"But it's him!"

Robinson turned in his chair and said, meekly, across the ten feet that parted us, "Hey, babe, your ice cream's runnin' away. You can talk to Minnie nex' week," and his voice summoned me back to him. I limped dizzily around a loose chair and sank back at my place. All the engineers stared at me.

"I think," Robinson drawled, "Jack had better get his hair dyed or somethin'. Is him and Minnie goin' to get married, d'you think?"

His heel brushed my lame foot. I said briskly, "Yes, guess so."

Robinson licked ice cream from his spoon and never glanced at the engineers staring at us. His voice was mournful and steady, faintly rising: "Well, her folks got a good business. But her old man ain't goin' to be so damn joyful over havin' a prize fighter in the fam'ly. An' Jack's dumb," he said in a more confidential way; "honest now, would you like to think you looked like a lousy dancin' actor? Gee! If folks told me I looked like this Voltorno, I'd swing on 'em. 'Stead of that, Jack's proud of it. Nice fella, but dumb."

"Yeh," I said dazedly, "dumb."

The men at the next table were silent. After a little the loud person slowly settled into his chair. His friend muttered, "You was goin' to make a thousand dollars easy money! Yeh!" and there was a snicker circling.

"I bet," Robinson went on listlessly, "that some yap'll telegraph this boy in New York that he's located this Voltorno. 'N' then Jack'll have to get his old man down from St. Louis to swear he's him, an' Lord knows what. If I was him I'd grow a mustache and clip my hair short. Honest, Billy, you ought to tell him to do that. You're a good friend of his. He'll get in some kind of trouble. And Minnie's folks won't like that neither. They ain't any too strong for him. . . . Pay the bill, kid."

I was sweating immensely in the cool night, and the sweat chilled on me when the men at the next table stirred. Then she drifted alongside us and said, as we started to rise, "Sit still, boys. We're leavin'. See you next week?"

"Sure," Robinson steadily drawled. "See you next week, Minnie. Don't forget. S'long."

She vanished with a smile, and the engineers turned their faces after her. I snapped a glance behind me. The dancing man had disappeared while she held the stare. His light feet had taken him through a doorway under the gallery and he met his wife again somewhere on the hidden roadway outside the courtyard. I lighted a cigarette and wished that the waiter would bring our bill.

"Nice girl," Robinson said, "but kind of a fool. What she ought to do, Bill, is to catch some rich fella from N'Orleans or some place. They come over to Corpus Christi. . . . Well, Jack's got a good disposition."

A man from the next table leaned toward us and asked with deep civility, "Hey, fella, that red-headed guy ——"

"Yeh?"

"I heard you sayin' he was a fighter."

"Yeh. He joined on last year for the Mexican blow-out. Name of Jack Clancy. Pretty slow on his feet, but better'n most. They had detectives and all out at the outfit today 'cause some fool took him for this Voltorno and went and told the police. This Voltorno," Robinson said, "is a lot bigger. I saw him dance a lot in San Francisco when he was there. He's near six feet Jack's only five foot nine."

The loud youth with the Adam's apple said loudly, "Yeh, that's so! Yeh! As soon as that fella stood up, you could see he's shorter than Voltorno. And he don't look so much like him neither. Better lookin'."

Robinson said "Yeh?" in the tone of one losing interest in some very trivial question, and got up. When we were in a car, loitering back to the muddled lights of San Antonio, he said again, "Yeh! People can't mind their own business." And that was all he said. We played poker for the rest of the night in the house of a retired quartermaster sergeant, and at dawn were bumping into the camp at Leon Springs in a big machine loaded with sleepy soldiers. Reveille sounded just as we were strolling across the meadow, and there came the strange shuffling thunder of the regiment's awakening. Shoes beat on wood and voices roused into the hum of daylight.

Then Robinson said, "Tell that ape not to come and be grateful round me."

"Why shouldn't he be, Robbie?"

"It's just a matter of principle. I hate seein' guys muss with another person's business," Robinson yawned; "especially when there's a lady mixed up in it. . . . And tell him to have his hair clipped."

I never did. At breakfast Private Woodward's head was a shorn waste in the mess hall of the battery, and his mustache was following the line of his mouth before a military order snatched me northward on the twenty-third of August. Once in 1923 a theatrical friend of mine told me that someone told him that the last Voltorno had been seen in Paris on the night of the Armistice, with one arm in a sling, watching the crowd from the steps of a hospital. A man was sure it was Voltorno, but probably nobody wonders what became of him now. In 1924, though, I was being driven down a hillside on the Pacific Coast, toward a city where Broadway is just an apparition of the films, and a car ground up past ours with a man driving rapidly and three red-haired children swarming in the rear seat. He nodded to my hostess, didn't see me and was gone.

"Nice fellow," she said, "and has the nicest wife!"

"Old family out here?" I asked.

"Oh, no! They're newcomers. From Milwaukee, really. She's very lovely, and he's most amusing. But he doesn't dance and they won't be at the party tonight. A pity! I'm sure you'd like her!"

"I did," I said, and then changed that—"I'm sure I would. She had wonderful eyes ——"

"But she wasn't in the car!"

"It's not my business," I said vaguely, and thus increased the general belief that writers are slightly mad, besides being absurd.

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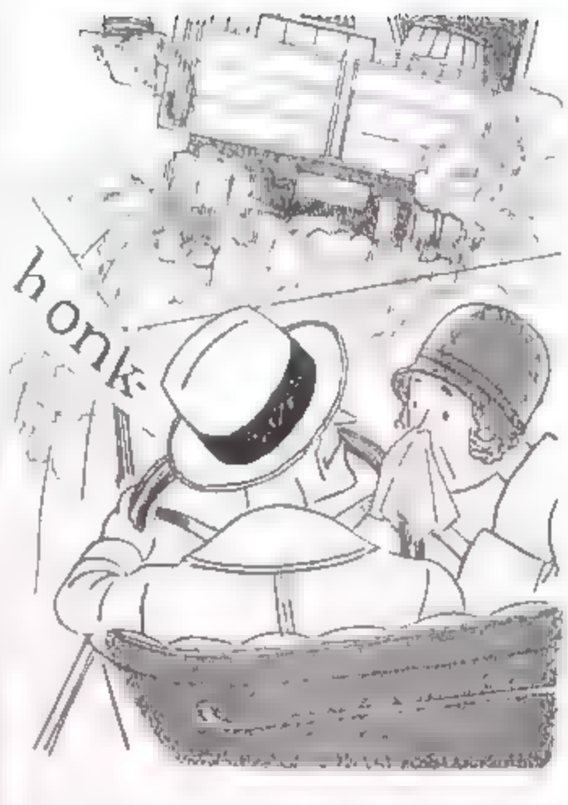

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NOTHING OVERLOOKED

(Continued from Page 36)

allowed to carry it before I sent away for it. The law doesn't prevent my keeping it in my room, in my suitcase, does it?"

"No," Jeb said. "We ain't as unreasonable as that."

"What's that other book—the Bible?" Marley was only making conversation now; the purpose of his errand had been fully accomplished.

"Yes, suh," the sheriff told him, and looked at it affectionately. "Man that has two books—the Bible and a dictionary—sure gets a lot of good readin'. Sitting here, sometimes I study one, sometimes the other. The Proverbs of Solomon now, I can read them over and over and get something new out of them every time. That old boy, he had a rule for every problem, and those rules haven't been bettered, not up to today. Yes, suh, he sure had wisdom, that old feller did."

Marley came to his feet, not forgetting the crick in his back, and the sheriff remarked idly, "Hope you're enjoying our little city, Mr. Marley."

"Oh, yes." Marley thought it might be well to emphasize the morality of his conduct. "The oil developments make it lively enough daytimes," he said, "but it's dull evenings for a fellow that doesn't play cards. It would be a good burg if it had first-run pictures."

"Tarsus didn't have first-run pictures, and Tarsus wasn't no mean city," the sheriff smiled.

"Tarsus? I don't believe I ever heard of it."

"It's some distance off," Jeb said. "Good evenin', Mr. Marley. Sorry I couldn't fix you up."

He had lifted his feet comfortably to the edge of the open lower drawer of his desk as Marley went out, and was reaching for the dictionary.

When Herb Yelton, the young deputy sheriff, came in from the street a few minutes later the book was still open on the sheriff's knees.

Jeb raised his eyes and said mildly, "'Lo, Herb. What's a spigot?"

"A spigot?" the youth repeated. His eyes traveled to the set bowl. "Why, it's a tap."

"Uh-huh. That's exactly what it is some places. But in other places they call it a faucet. Most always they call it a faucet up in Boston."

"Why?"

"Why do they call a gallery a piazza?" The sheriff tossed the dictionary back on his desk and remarked with seeming irrelevance: "No importance as I know of. Folks don't have to tell the truth about what part of the country they come from if they don't want to."

Yelton had a subject of his own that he wanted to bring up, and he did it with some heat.

"Say, sheriff," he said, "they're talking around that Trav Sloan, right out in public a little while ago, called you an old fuddy-duddy."

"Well, well!" Lawler commented placidly. "That's too bad, ain't it? 'Course you and I know it, but we hate to realize it's getting public thataway."

"Ain't you going to do anything about it? Are you going to let that fool shoot off his mouth ——"

"You're careless with your definitions, Herb; he's no fool," Jeb protested. "And there don't seem to be anything we can do about his talking kind o' loose. Except, mebbe, remember what old Solomon said. 'Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit?' says Solomon. 'There is more hope of a fool than of him.' . . . Did you get those jury summonses all served?"

Moving up the street slowly, as befitted one suffering from lumbago, George Marley looked at his watch. He had ample time, even allowing for a few delays. He could get to the lonely spot on the shore of Coyote Lake, which he had indicated to McAllister on the rough map he had sent him, by three o'clock if ——

In that thought lay both the contingencies he could not foresee. When he came to the abandoned road leading off toward the lake—the road that nobody used since the newer road at the other end of the lake was built and whose entrance from the main highway to Campton was stony, so that there would be no tire marks to show that any automobile had entered the thick growth that hid it—it was necessary that nobody else should be on the main road in either direction to see him turn into it.

That was the first contingency. The other was the letter he had sent McAllister two days ago, containing the map, and he had already planned a certain way to find out about that in time to take no chances if McAllister did not have it with him.

Marley went to a garage and hired a flivver. He drove it to the Travelers' Hotel and went up to his room. When he came out he had an inconspicuous bundle which he tossed on the seat beside him. It contained an old pair of number-ten shoes, a fifteen-inch square of very thin oiled silk and the porous plaster.

Swinging in a holster that hung beneath his left armpit, and concealed by his coat, was a loaded automatic—the same one he had used so swiftly and accurately when he killed the Chicago bank messenger and McAllister wounded the officer who was with him. That had been fast work and a clean get-away, that forenoon in Chicago, due to Marley's clever planning, with nothing overlooked.

They had stolen the car in which they fled—stolen it only twenty minutes before the shooting. With the hue and cry far behind them they had deserted it less than ten minutes after the holdup, in front of a block-wide office building. It was during that eight or nine minutes, while Marley calmly drove the car in a manner to attract no attention, and McAllister, in the rear seat of it, cut open the money bag and got out their loot, that the incident occurred which today was to culminate in McAllister's death.

There had been, in the bag, twenty-one one-thousand-dollar bills and twelve one-hundred-dollar bills, all disappointingly crisp; in a day of rum runners' cash tolls there are in easy circulation any number of thousand-dollar notes, but they are old, dirty and unidentifiable. Brand-new bills of that description are hard to pass without suspicion.

McAllister, as he dropped the bag to the floor of the car, cursed nervously over the freshness of the currency, then leaned over, as had been agreed, and unostentatiously stuffed his share into Marley's pocket.

"Twelve hundreds," he said. "Six for each of us. Twenty-one grands. Can't split that two ways. Here's ten. I'll whack the odd one with you later. Right?"

"Right," Marley almost automatically replied, as he brought the car to a stop, his eye on a traffic officer at the next corner. Without haste, he and McAllister got out, entered the office building, and at once separated, leaving it by different doors on two streets. Each already knew where the other was going, and by what route, and the name by which he would be known when he reached his destination.

At a lunch room where he had checked it at breakfast time, Marley retrieved his suitcase. Twenty minutes later he was quietly leaving town, one of many suitcase-bearing passengers in a motorbus. So thoroughly had his plans been made that he reached Monita two days later quite without incident. His selection of Monita for himself and an Oklahoma town for McAllister had been wise; in oil-field towns there is always a floating population which legitimately does not explain too fully the business that brought it there; a stranger who says he is looking into oil leases is neither expected to go into details nor does he arouse much curiosity.

In the nerve strain of the get-away moment Marley had said "Right!" to McAllister's suggestion, but before ever he reached the lunch room he had begun to accumulate cold anger. He had planned the robbery and worked out all the details of their escape. His was the brain that made it all possible. Yet McAllister had kept that odd thousand. At the moment of the division it had not occurred to Marley that by means of the hundred-dollar bills McAllister could have split evenly.

And it appeared, when Marley saw the newspapers, that McAllister was also a bungler, for the officer accompanying the bank messenger, the man it was McAllister's job to kill, had been only wounded. Desperately wounded, to be sure, but he had recovered consciousness. If he should ever see his assailants, perhaps he could identify them.

A bungler—and a trimmer! And Marley also believed, from little symptoms during that brief ride together, that McAllister was deficient in nerve. If caught, a competent third degree might make him squeal.

All this built up a convincing argument for what Marley had decided to do, and back of it was plain, primitive greed and the nonexistence—except so far as fear of consequences causes it to exist—of the reputed honor among thieves. Why, when Marley had done all the planning and the only efficient work, should McAllister have as much of the proceeds as he?

In the money belt now around Marley's waist was ten thousand dollars. It ought to be more than twenty-one thousand dollars. It could be.

When he had been ten days in Monita he had his plan worked out. He wrote McAllister, cautiously implying that in this vicinity was opportunity to steal an oil-company pay roll without great risk. He advised McAllister to come to Campton, and when he knew he had reached there wrote him to come this afternoon for discussion of the proposed job to a point on the shore of Coyote Lake, where hardly anyone ever went except in the duck-shooting season.

He had studied the terrain minutely. He knew just what place on the shore best fitted the scheme he had in mind, and he instructed McAllister where to conceal his hired car and how to reach it. That was why he had been forced to draw a map.

Approaching the place where the abandoned road left the highway, Marley slowed down to allow a car far ahead of him to pass out of sight. He swung into the byway and almost instantly was lost to any possible view from the main thoroughfare. He drove a quarter of a mile—as far as the path remained stony. Slowly and carefully he turned the car so that it headed toward the road.

He opened his package then and got out the oiled silk and the porous plaster. He took off his shoes, which were number eights, and put on the tens. He left the path and went through the underbrush, so that he approached the appointed place of meeting from along the shore. McAllister was already there.

Marley said fretfully, as he came within easy speaking distance, "What in thunder are you doing here? I've been looking all over for you. This isn't the place I marked on that map."

"The hell it isn't!" McAllister growled. "You said come where these three trees are, right here on the bank." He dug down into a breast pocket and produced the letter with the map, in the envelope in which it had been sent.

That took care of the second unforeseeable contingency. Ignorant of the whereabouts of that incriminating letter in his handwriting, Marley would not have dared to go ahead. Now there was no reason for further delay.

Simulating startled suspicion, he looked past McAllister out into the lake. "Now who do you suppose that is?" he exclaimed, and McAllister turned quickly to look. Marley shot him neatly in the back of the head.

He went about what he had to do swiftly but methodically. First he put on a pair of gloves, to take no chances with finger prints. McAllister had a pistol on him, of course, and Marley did not touch it. He went through the dead man's pockets and took what money there was—all of it except the silver—a little more than two hundred dollars. He found the letter he had sent McAllister at Oklahoma inviting him to come here, and scowled angrily; not for a moment had he supposed the fool would have kept that letter so long. Everything else save that and the money he restored to the pockets. He took that old letter and the newer letter with the map, and their envelopes, and tore them into bits, which he stuffed into the bottom of his own holster, beneath his automatic.

He knew McAllister would have the big bills in a money belt exactly like the one he himself wore, because he himself had bought them both at the same time. He got the belt off and the money out—eleven one-thousand-dollar notes. Temporarily he put them into his pocket.

In a thicket he stripped to the waist, removed his own money belt and got the ten thousand dollars out of it. He took those ten bills, the eleven thousand that McAllister had been carrying and the two hundred-dollar bills that had been in McAllister's pocket, and carefully folded them in the square of oiled silk. When he had them properly distributed, they possessed very little thickness. With the oiled silk under it, he adjusted the porous plaster to his back, warming it with his hands and meticulously smoothing it.

He still had in his own pockets two hundred and eighty dollars—just about the amount he had mentioned to Travis Sloan and the sheriff.

He dressed carefully. From a pocket he got stout cord. He tied his money belt and his gloves to his pistol holster, winding it so that the automatic could not fall out. The scraps of the incriminating letters were beneath the weapon, and water could be depended upon to destroy them.

McAllister's unfastened money belt he left where it was—it must be obvious to whoever discovered the body that robbery had been the motive. He stepped boldly to the shore, letting his number-ten shoes make easily measured footprints wherever they would in the moist earth, and tossed the pistol-weighted holster, money belt and gloves out into the lake. Long since he had determined that the water at this point was deep and the bottom of soft mud.

As methodically as one might check off a list of errands that he had been given to do, Marley now went over what he had accomplished. He saw to it that he had left nothing save what he had intended to leave. He retraced his steps to his car. Before he reached it he had come to stony ground, where footprints no longer showed.

He changed back into his own shoes and concealed the number tens beneath a pile of stones. He drove his flivver to a point near the highway, left it while he spied in each direction to see that no other car approached, and then rapidly emerged. For an instant, as he came out of the bypath, his heart pounded; a car could have come into sight in the few seconds since he had looked, but none had.

In Campton he parked his car and at the desk of the Central House asked for Mr. Joseph Kistler.

"He isn't in his room. I don't think I've seen him since dinner," the clerk said.

"I've got an appointment with him here," Marley told him. "He wrote me, asking me to meet him at four o'clock."

(Continued on Page 79)

WILLYS-KNIGHT

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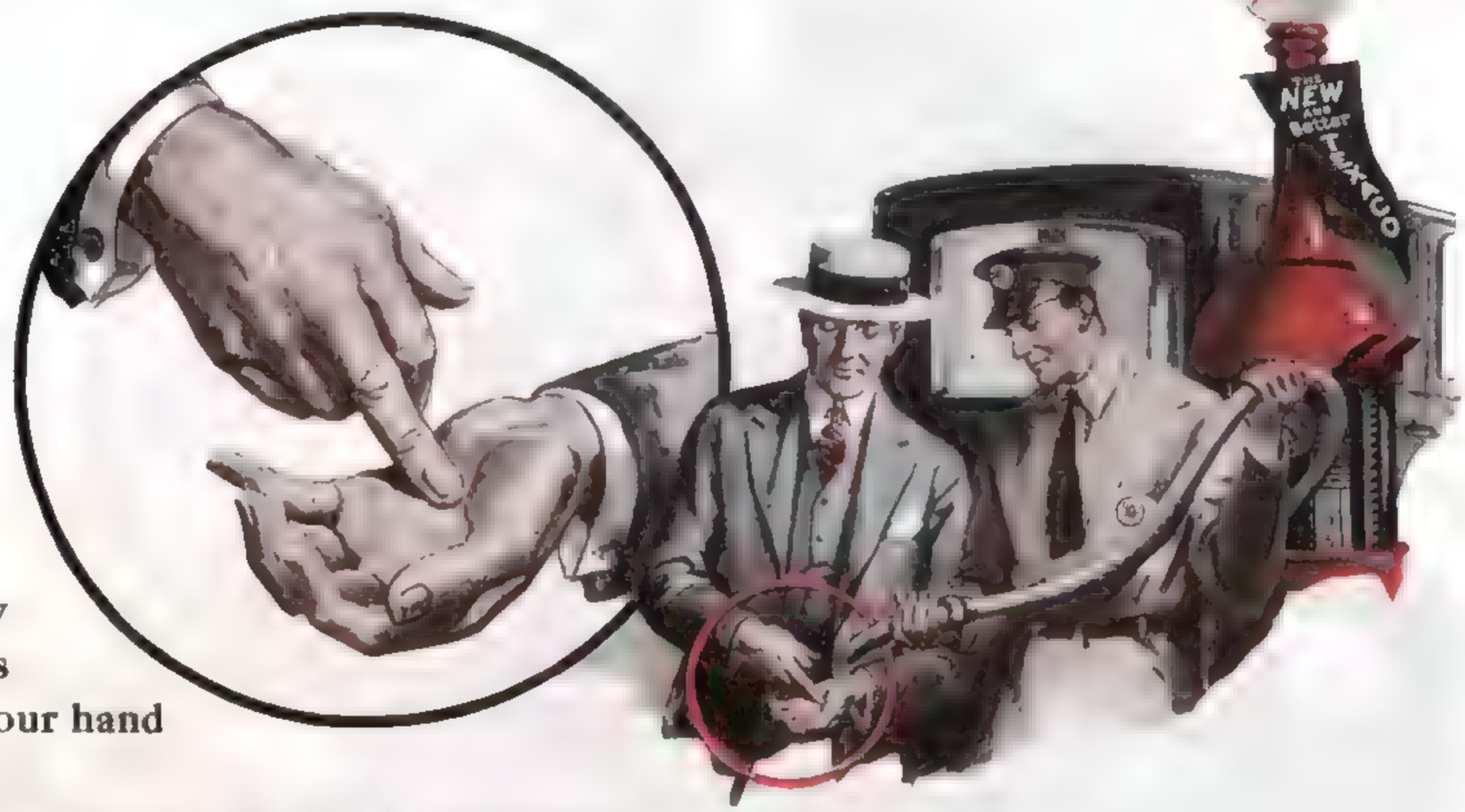

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Texaco is dry in an instant, and gone, with the sensation of cold that marks its quick evaporation. Try this test on your own hand. You can *see* the new volatility of Texaco, and *feel* it. And you can do this with the utmost safety as there is no poison in Texaco, and no injurious effects can come from contact with it. The rapidity with which a gasoline vaporizes is the criterion of its engine performance.

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The difference between Texaco and other gasolines is largely one of wetness and dryness

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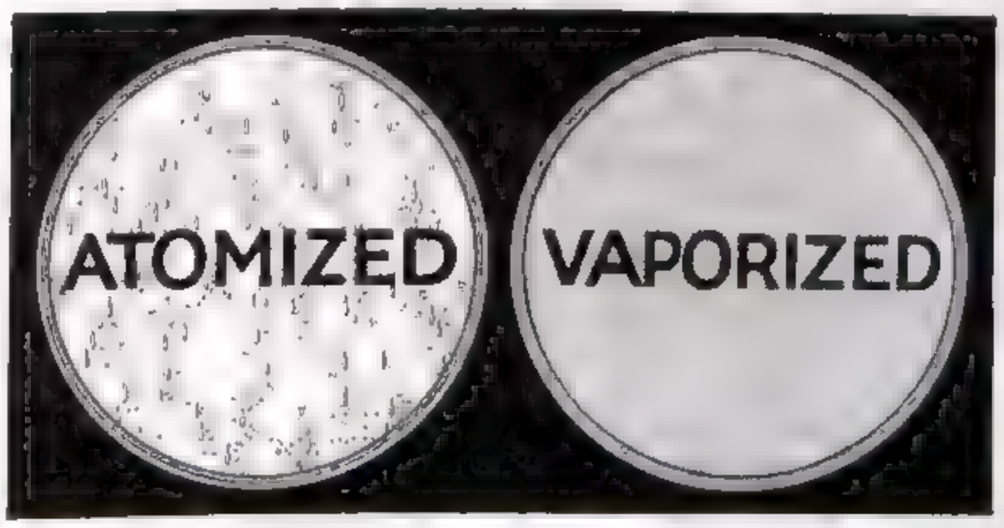
A wet gas is an atomized mixture of gasoline vapor with liquid drops of raw gasoline. These drops, separating at every manifold bend, result in uneven distribution and flooded cylinders.



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The *new* Texaco vaporizes completely. It forms a dry gas—a perfect mixture of gasoline vapor and air, which provides an even flow of fuel and power to every cylinder.

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February 2, 1926.

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Gentlemen:

Fifteen years ago last October, [October 10th, 1910] to be exact, I stepped into the office of the Detroit Edison Company to pay my first electric bill. As I turned from the cashier's window a young lady stopped me a moment to show me something new. It was an electric iron, called a "Hotpoint". She explained that an electric iron was a novelty costing four times what the treacherous sad-irons cost, but the company manufacturing the "Hotpoint" would absolutely guarantee this iron.

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It is the only iron I ever bought and it has ironed all of the early linen supply into the discard. It has responded to the quick call of fresh bonnet strings and tomorrow it will again freshen those same babies' middy blouses.

Is that not a record of which you may be proud? It is now tarnished, but gripping it are splendid memories; and it has been, indeed, my best servant.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Thos. J. Milan

Mrs. Thomas J. Milan,
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The New Hotpoint Super-Iron Only $6.00 (Model R is $5.00)

Ask Seven Million Women

YOU'LL get answers like the above. For seven million women are experiencing the same satisfaction—some with even older Hotpoint irons.

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And only the new HOTPOINT SUPER-IRON can give you all these *additional* features: [1] the patented CALROD heating element, cast in solid iron—practically indestructible and more efficient; [2] the comfortable Thumb Rest (patented) which rests your wrist and [3] the exclusive hinged plug that saves the cord.

Look for the name Hotpoint on electric irons, curling irons, toasters, percolators, grills, cookers, waffle irons, heating pads, heaters, ranges, water heaters, etc. It is an assurance of many long years of satisfaction. At electric light companies' and dealers' everywhere.

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Hotpoint Toast Over Toaster

Toasts two large slices of bread at once. When the ebonized knob is turned, the tray opens down and the slice automatically reverses. Turn the knob back and the untoasted side is placed against the glowing element. Beautifully nickeled. Price $8.00.

Also a new, popular-priced Toast-Over model, only $6.00.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES
THERE'S A HOTPOINT ELECTRIC RANGE FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 74)

"It's most that," replied the clerk. "He'll probably be in."

Marley turned toward the chairs that ranged the sidewalk just outside the door, then seemed to have an afterthought and stepped back.

"This Mr. Kistler—is he an oil man?" he asked.

"I don't know. He didn't say. Hasn't been here but two-three days."

"He wrote he wanted to see me about some lease," Marley said. "When he comes in, will you point me out to him? We don't know each other by sight."

For more than an hour Marley sat conspicuously in front of the hotel. Twice he went in to inquire if anything had been heard of Kistler. The second time he said: "I've got to get back to Monita. When he comes in tell him I waited all the afternoon for him, will you? Marley is the name." The clerk made a note of it. "Tell him if he still wants to see me, to drop me a line, or phone."

"As soon as he comes in, Mr. Marley."

The flivver made good time back to Monita. Marley, as he drove, went over in his mind, again and again, the things he had done and all the possibilities of things left undone.

The program had moved exactly according to plan. He had not overlooked anything. His chest expanded a bit with the pride that all creative craftsmen feel in true and original artistry.

That evening he spent watching a game of stakeless rummy in the Travelers' Hotel parlor. The following day he did precisely the things he had been doing every day since he had been in Monita, except that he took pains not to get out of sight, for very long, of people who knew him, and mentioned occasionally the twinges of lumbago. Early that evening came the summons that sooner or later he expected.

A policeman, not in uniform, came up to him where he sat in the hotel office and said, "Could you come over and see the marshal, Mr. Marley?" Adding, for the benefit of listeners, "Something about a permit you was asking for."

Marley acquiesced smilingly. As they passed out of the hotel, he saw two officers, who had been waiting outside and now went in. Things were moving fast, now they had got to going, and he was glad of it. His room would be searched in his absence.

The city marshal, in his office, demanded instantly and harshly, "What happened to Joe Kistler?"

The regular opening. They were all alike, city cops and hicks, in the way they started. Marley had come unscathed through the third degrees of real detectives; matching wits with this countryman was almost amusing.

He responded, unhesitatingly, with just the proper shade of puzzlement:

"Happened to who? Oh, Kistler! If you mean why didn't he keep a date with me or phone me, I don't know. I haven't heard yet." It seemed suddenly to come to him that this question from a policeman was strange, and he asked, "What's that man Kistler got to do with a pistol permit? The sheriff said he wouldn't give it to me."

"No good, Marley!" the marshal snapped. "We've found him."

"Who? What do you mean?"

Sloan ignored these questions, of course. He leaned forward, sternly staring, and thrust out his jaw in the professional policeman manner. All alike, they were. All thinking they were smart enough to run a bullying bluff and get away with it.

He demanded, "What time did you leave Coyote Lake?"

"Coyote Lake?" Marley promptly repeated. "I haven't been to Coyote Lake."

"Nothing doing. You were seen—and identified."

"I haven't been out of this town today."

"Not today—yesterday."

"I didn't go to Coyote Lake yesterday. I went to Campton. I had an appointment with this Kistler. . . . Say, who has been found? What's the idea?"

The marshal, still with that overbearing assumption of knowing it all, shifted to a new lead: "What's Kistler's business?"

"Oil leases, I suppose. I don't know that, but I sort of took it for granted. I got a letter from him saying he understood I was looking into oil leases."

"Where is it—that letter?"

"Why—I threw it away. There wasn't anything in it except that he wanted me to come see him at four o'clock—just a few lines."

"See if he's got a gun, Tom," the marshal commanded, and the officer at Marley's side competently patted all possible places of weapon concealment. "I'll search him," Sloan said.

"What for?" demanded Marley.

"How much did Kistler have in his money belt?"

Marley held out his arms from his body. "I get you now," he said. "Somebody's held up this Kistler, and I was known to be looking for him. Go to it. But I tell you, chief, I haven't been out of town today—and if he's been here, I haven't seen him."

"What sort of looking man was he?"

"I don't know. I waited a couple of hours for him at Campton, but I had to leave before he came in."

The other officer assisted the marshal to make a thorough search. As it was being concluded the two policemen came in who had entered the hotel as Marley left it.

One of them shook his head and spoke four words:

"Good and thorough. Nothing."

And before the marshal spoke again Marley knew the inquisition was over and he had won. Easy, but not easier than it ought to be after his planning.

"All right, Mr. Marley, you can put on your coat," Sloan said, the rough note of accusation gone from his voice. "I reckon you're all right. But we have to be complete in these things."

"Fair enough, I suppose," Marley agreed, not too amiably. "You might tell me now what happened to this Kistler guy. Maybe it explains why he never phoned me today, like I left word for him to."

"He never got your word. He hired a car at two o'clock yesterday evenin', and when he didn't come back the Campton officers traced it and found him today. Dead—and robbed—at Coyote Lake."

There was a knock at the door, and one of the policemen opened it to disclose Sheriff Jeb Lawler, who blinked pleasantly.

"I wonder, Trav, if you could lend me a pistol," he said. "Little job I've got to do where I might need one, and mine ——" He left the sentence unfinished as he recognized the fifth man in the room. "Howdy, Mr. Marley," he said, then noted the little pile of possessions which had been taken from Marley's pockets during the search and which he was now restoring to them. "Did I bust in on something?" he inquired of the marshal with a note of apology.

"It's all over," Sloan told him. He opened a drawer in his desk and passed Lawler a .45. "She's all loaded, sheriff." He felt impelled to add, "One of these days you're going to get caught without a gun when you'll miss it."

"I don't know but what you're right, Trav," the sheriff admitted, as he took it. He looked curiously at the city man and asked, "What's Mr. Marley been doin'?"

"Nothing," Sloan replied. "You likely haven't heard it yet, but this Kistler that was killed wrote Marley a letter asking him to come over to Campton to see him about some oil leases, and Marley was over there at the Central Hotel waiting for him at about the time he must have been shot. So I had him brought in. Not much chance that he knew anything about it, but I don't overlook any bets."

"No, suh. You are right thorough," the sheriff murmured, and Sloan looked at him suspiciously, but Jeb's expression was innocent and bland.

"Marley wears number eight shoes and the footprints are tens," the marshal said. "The killing was done with a heavy pistol, and he hasn't got any pistol, except one that's over in the express office. It came on this evenin's train from a mail-order house up in Chicago. I've checked him up all yesterday afternoon and last night and all day today, in this city and Campton, and he hasn't sent anything away by mail or express or had any opportunity to slip anything to anybody, and he has just about the same amount of money on him now that I happen to know he had yesterday before he hired a car to go over there. And we have searched his room and all his belongings, and there is no money there."

He turned to Marley. "Sorry I had to make you all this trouble," he said, "but in my business I can't afford to overlook anything."

"That's all right, chief," Marley said, still registering a degree of natural resentment over the suspicion and search.

The sheriff smiled genially at him and remarked to the marshal, "He'll understand, Trav, that them things have to be done. Are you all through with him now?"

"Certainly," Sloan said. "He's plumb free. He wasn't under arrest anyway."

The sheriff raised his voice and called, "Come in, Herb," and Deputy Sheriff Yelton entered, obviously having been just outside the door. "You heard Trav here say he's done turned this gentleman loose, didn't you?"

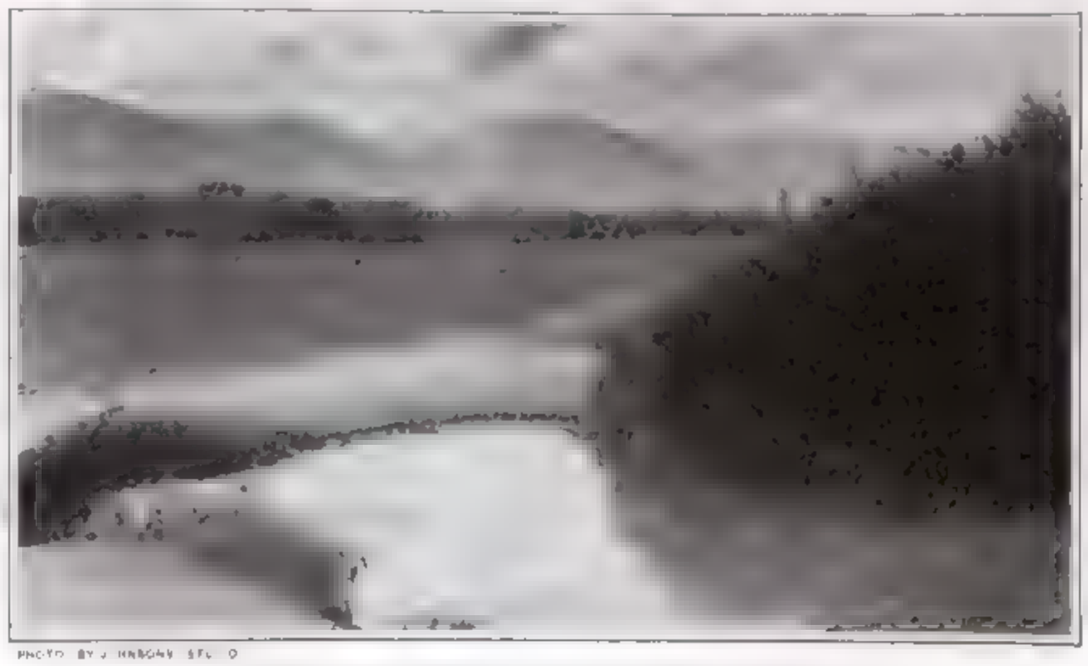
"Sure," replied the deputy, and the pistol in Jeb's hand swung swiftly up and pointed at Marley's midriff.

"No chance to get away, suh," he said quietly. "You're my prisoner, charged with murder. Put the cuffs on him, Herb."

"You darned old fool!" cried Marshal Sloan. "Didn't you hear me say I've checked everything up and he didn't do it?"

"I heard you," Jeb replied pleasantly. "Got those cuffs on, Herb, so he can't start anything? I'd hate to have him try to make a get-away and have to shoot him, because the reward reads 'arrest and conviction.'"

"Reward?" repeated the marshal. "What reward?"



Bitter Root Pastures, Near Hamilton, Montana

"You saw those funny little old powder marks on that dead man's thumb, same as I did, didn't you?"

"What of it?"

"That was in a description," the sheriff said, "that come out from Chicago a couple of weeks ago. You ought to read those police notices more thorough. His name was Joe McAllister. He made it Kistler, I s'pose, because that sounds something like McAllister in case he accidentally answered to the wrong name. Crooks most always do that, or else they take a name with the same initials as their own. And that natchully got me thinking. 'G. M.' stands for George Marley. Also stands for Gabe Martin." He ignored the prisoner's involuntary exclamation. "Gentleman Gabe Martin is what the police call him up there in Chicago. Gunman, but they never could tie it onto him before. And even this time, if that officer McAllister shot while Martin killed the bank messenger hadn't happened to live, and know 'em both by sight —— Oh, well, such accidents will happen. If they didn't, sheriffs wouldn't get the rewards."

"How much?" Sloan asked. His voice was husky.

"Two thousand dollars," the sheriff cheerfully informed him. "They got away with more'n twenty-two thousand in that holdup. Twenty-two thousand two hundred, wasn't it, Martin?"

"You can't hang anything like that on me. I want a lawyer," the prisoner demanded.

"Sure. All in due time. Any number of 'em." Jeb laid the borrowed pistol on the marshal's desk and made mild philosophical comment: "Ain't it the darnedest, Trav, the way these smart crooks stub their toes? As near as we can find out, nobody either here or at Campton knew he got a letter from McAllister, or ever would have known it if he hadn't told. McAllister never mentioned knowing him to anybody. There wasn't a thing there at the scene of the killing to tie him up to it. I would have known from those powder marks that the dead man was probably that Chicago bandit, but there was nothing in that police notice that would have made me suspect this hombre was Gentleman Gabe Martin—if he hadn't overreached himself and made me look for him by tying himself up to the dead man so's to have an alibi. And it was a right nice alibi, I'll say that—and, of course, there was no way he could be sure he wouldn't need it."

The sheriff wagged his head almost regretfully. "In these perfect crimes they always either overreach or overtalk themselves," he said. "They always did. 'The wicked,' says old Solomon, 'is snared by the transgression of his lips.' Even in his day the crooks spilled their own beans. Now in this scheme to hide that money he took off McAllister yesterday ——" He turned to Martin and remarked, "You've still got it on you, I s'pose."

"Proud chance," the marshal scoffed, "after the search I gave him."

"You may be right, Trav; you may be right. Did you look under that porous plaster?"

The prisoner's twitching, trapped face instantly advertised the accuracy of this speculation, and Travis Sloan's eyes became pitiably stricken.

"But I knew," he stammered. "I knew he had to have that for lumbago."

"So did I, Trav," the sheriff said sympathetically. "You never had a right smart touch of lumbago, did you?"

"No."

"I have. It's a disease old fuddy-duddies like me are awful likely to get. And when we get it we don't go out and drive a flivver thirty miles over rough roads. The spirit may be willing, but it hurts too much. . . . Well, we'll be moving over to the jail with him. Much obliged for the loan of the pistol. I won't need it any more; Herb's got one. . . . Sort of tough, Trav, the way all the accidents broke in my favor."

"A fool for luck!" exclaimed the marshal.

Jeb slowly nodded his head. "Ain't that the truth!" he agreed.

Watch This Column

If my advice is worth anything to you, be on the lookout for ***"The Flaming Frontier"*** and ***"The Midnight Sun,"*** two unusual pictures which UNIVERSAL has chosen to represent it at the opening of Greater Movie Season which begins this month all over the land.

They are very high-grade productions, intensely dramatic, remarkable for their lavish settings and unusual casts. ***"The Flaming Frontier"*** is a reproduction of a stirring event in American history—Gen. George Custer's last battle with the Sioux Indians on the Little Big Horn River in Montana.

The extreme acts of daring and courage which made this battle a world-sensation at the time, are reenacted with faithfulness to detail which astonished the crowds at the premier showing in New York. Noted characters of history live again in this picture—Pres. Grant, Gen. Custer, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud and others, as well as hordes of Indians and soldiers. HOOT GIBSON, DUSTIN FARNUM and ANNE CORNWALL are featured. The production was written and directed by Edward Sedgwick.

"The Midnight Sun" is a gorgeous drama laid in and around the Imperial Russian Court at the time of the Czar, and reveals the odd tangle of two men of high official position in love with a beautiful dancing girl, and using the power at their command to win her affections.

This picture is a Dimitri Buchowetzki Production and features LAURA LA PLANTE, PAT O'MALLEY, GEORGE SEIGMAN and RAYMOND KEANE, and the cast in itself is a powerful recommendation of quality. I advise you to speak to the manager of your favorite theatre and ask him to secure both of these pictures. And when you see them, please write me your opinion.

Also keep your eyes open for other UNIVERSALS which are included in its GREATER MOVIE LIST. This will be another UNIVERSAL YEAR.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c each for autographed photographs of Laura La Plante, Pat O'Malley and Hoot Gibson

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

TRADE AND PROSPERITY

(Continued from Page 21)

the production of a commodity by a relatively small number of producers, each having a large output, with consequent economy in costs of production. Along with large-scale production, our business men have given concrete expression to the theory that a large output at low prices is usually more profitable than a smaller output at higher prices. There has been a constant effort to increase output by lowering prices, and, with the economies made possible by larger output, to lower prices still further. Despite the continuous effort to reduce costs of manufacture, our manufacturers have found it desirable to maintain a high level of wages, because it has been found that payment of high wages for high output a man and for good workmanship, is profitable in the long run. The extension throughout our industries in recent years of the system of basing wage payments largely on results has undoubtedly had not a little to do with the increase in industrial enterprise and efficiency."

Higher Wages, Lower Prices

"The high wages paid to American workmen play an important part in the general prosperity of the country. High wages have brought high purchasing power, rising standards of living and expanding demands of consumption. These, in turn, have fostered industrial production, with the possibilities, already noted, of lower prices and still greater consuming demand, thus completing the cycle. This cycle of high wages, high purchasing power, large output and low prices probably does not follow any such automatic course as this brief outline might indicate. But that there is some such interrelation of cause and effect and that these factors have played an exceedingly important part in building up the present prosperous state of our industrial organization would, I think, be difficult to disprove.

"In recounting our blessings it may be well for us to recall that the United States holds almost half of the world's entire supply of gold. This great asset has of course been the basis, especially in recent years, for the extension of ample—in fact, of almost unlimited credits for the development of our industry, our commerce and our transportation systems. America has the advantage of exceedingly favorable climatic conditions. The combination of Anglo-Saxon blood with that of the sturdy races which have made up our immigration has yielded a spirit of energy and enterprise to carry the whole nation forward upon its way."

American inventive genius has brought comfort and safety to every nation. I therefore asked A. L. Humphrey, president of the Westinghouse Air Brake Company, to outline our new international commercial position and its relation to prosperity. He said:

"The irresistible process by which this country was drawn into the World War demonstrated in startling fashion that twentieth-century America is now part and parcel of world activities, and subject to world influences and relationships. Today all nations are neighbors and we cannot, if we would, detach ourselves from the rapidly strengthening bonds of a common economic system. Admitting a growing and intricate relationship with the rest of the world, the following is true:

"The United States of America is more nearly self-contained in an economic sense than any other nation. In terms of agricultural production, natural resources and manufactures, no necessities and few luxuries need be imported. A growing and energetic population, with vast potential purchasing power, itself consumes most of what is produced, leaving a margin of only 10, 15 or 20 per cent that must be disposed elsewhere. The vital process of exchanging these myriad products among ourselves over tremendous areas, from East to West and North to South, is underwritten by the lowest transportation costs in all the world.

"We have made a servant of power and multiplied production the man unit beyond any other nation. With us capital and labor have agreed that low-cost production immensely broadens consumption, and that mass production—large output a man—makes possible high wages and purchasing power for the individual. This foundation also makes competition possible with the world. The pooling of our financial resources in the Federal Reserve System not only insures credit for all legitimate purposes at a minimum cost, but a stability throughout the entire economic structure not available to any other nation now, or for many years to come.

"Our people are well informed and awake to latent powers and possibilities; are gifted with energy, organizing ability, wealth, stable government, a sound economic system, and an undeveloped country whose philosophy imposes no limit on opportunity or capacity from whatever source."

Not a Pawn, But a Player

"These reflections do not ignore serious problems confronting us, and by them we shall be tested as to our fitness to survive. Wealth and power engender weakness. Neglect of our political institutions is a real peril. Unbalanced economic conditions, inevitable in a country so vast and varied as our own, continually set up internal strains and unrest. Human wants and desires, rather than needs, will continue to change more or less abruptly from buggies to motor cars, from horse power to tractors, from cotton or wool stockings to silk, with consequent awkward economic readjustments here and there. While prosperity will go on traveling in cycles as it always has done, the preponderance of evidence is most hopeful and encouraging, notwithstanding the intricacies of the world chessboard on which we now have a player's position. We cannot avoid the conclusion that this country may contemplate a progress and prosperity in the future that is fairly commensurate with the past."

Another viewpoint based on world contacts is that of Victor M. Cutter, president of the United Fruit Company, whose fleets and plantations have contributed so much to our new over-sea supremacy:

"Our prosperity is based on our wealth of natural resources, the high average intelligence of our people and their willingness

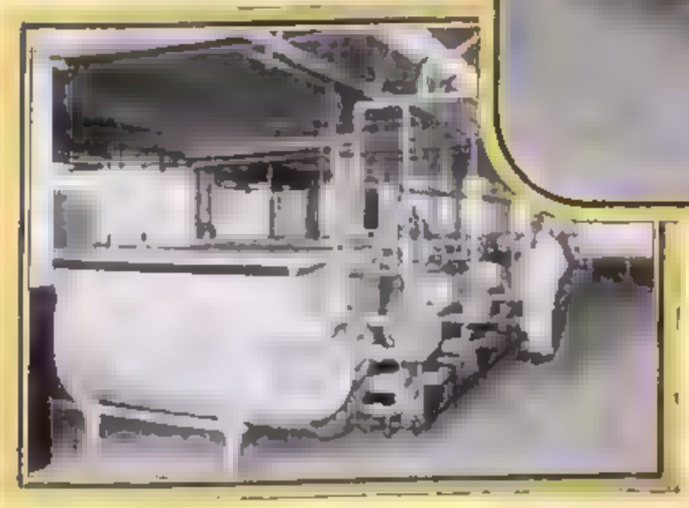
(Continued on Page 83)

COPYRIGHT BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

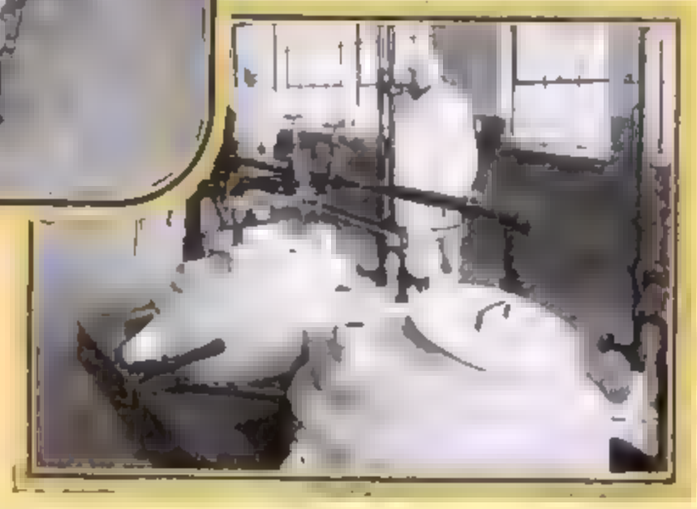
A General View of the Harbor at Cleveland, Ohio, Showing the Coal Docks, Railroad Yards and Breakwater

Two sets of pasteurizers—one working while the other is being sterilized—pasteurize every bit of milk used in Nucoa. Every ingredient must be as pure, clean and fine as care and science can make it.

Every process in making Nucoa is extremely accurate. There is no guesswork. Hence the unusual uniformity of Nucoa. Here you see the ingredients being weighed before passing into the white-enameled steel churns.



Every pound of Nucoa is triple-wrapped for your protection—first, in waxed paper, then, in a carton, last of all, a glassine outer wrapper. The wrapping is done by automatic machinery. Throughout the making of Nucoa every modern device is used to keep human hands away from the product.



Exacting Cleanliness Safeguards the Purity of this New Delicacy

YOU are cordially invited to see the immaculate, sunlit work rooms where Nucoa is made—the shining enameled steel equipment—the attendants clad in spotless white—then you will better appreciate how all of Nucoa's natural purity and goodness is preserved for you.

For scientific cleanliness is the safeguard of Nucoa's delicious wholesomeness—of the satisfying flavor it gives your slice of bread—of the richness it imparts when used for cooking other foods.

And every pound of Nucoa is *uniformly good*—*uniformly rich* in health-giving vitamins—uniform in the nutriment contained in the wholesome cocoanut, peanuts and milk of which it is made. It contains absolutely no animal fats except those of the milk.

You'll like Nucoa and you'll appreciate the economy it effects by cutting practically in half one of the most vexing table costs.

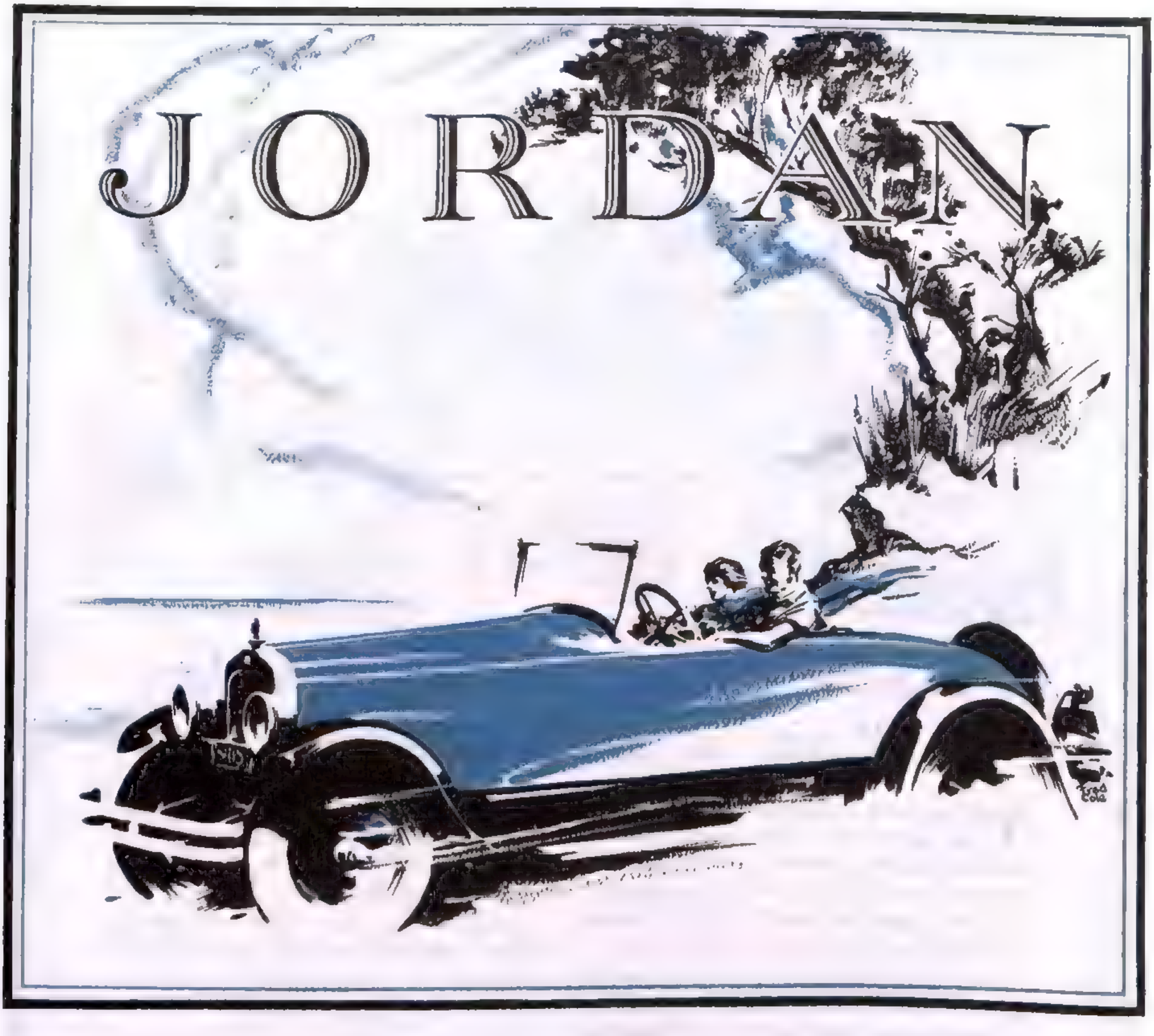
THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

NUCOA is a natural pure white product made from delicious cocoanut, peanuts, milk and salt. It contains absolutely no animal fats except those of the milk. A Nucoa Color Wafer approved by the Government of the United States is supplied with every package. You may color NUCOA any shade of yellow you like, for table use, cooking or baking. NUCOA is obtainable at any of the best grocers' in your community.

Nucoa

"The FOOD of the FUTURE"

Serve dainty Nucoa Pats on the table with bread and use Nucoa in the kitchen to prepare other foods.



On the road to Everywhere

GLASS—snap—pick-up-and-go. You can break the law in ten seconds—but of course you mustn't do it.

Snug—low—easy riding—hammock-swung between the axles.

An amazing flow of velvet-smooth power at any speed—the steady pull that only an Eight can give. Silent—safe—and economical.

That's the Jordan Playboy—the car that started the roadster craze all over again in America.

Two in the driver's seat—three if they're friendly—two more behind if you want them.

The blue sky overhead—the green turf flying past—and a thousand miles of open road to Everywhere.

It's yours if you want it. Any Jordan dealer will tell you how.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., CLEVELAND, OHIO

A bit of bright color on the silver sand. An alluring coolness in the blue-green sea. Lighthouses—ships—gray shingled houses—sea faring men aplenty. The indescribable atmosphere of old New England. That's Cape Cod in August.

(Continued from Page 80)

to work, a sound financial system, and a Government free from violent political upheavals.

"This era of good times started in the early days of the World War, when the nations already engaged turned to us for supplies. The demand for manufactured goods of all kinds not only required an increase in volume, but it made necessary very great improvements in processes and methods of manufacture. It stimulated the inventive genius of our people and put us in the lead in standardization and quantity production.

"The development of motor vehicles and roads has enabled us to transport and market our agricultural and manufactured products with great facility. Steady improvement since the war in our railroad transportation has been invaluable in our march toward prosperity. The present excellence of transportation service makes unnecessary the carrying of heavy inventories and flattens out the peaks and valleys of production, enabling steady and orderly manufacturing and production.

"The greatest single factor in our prosperity lies in the relationship between management and labor. Management of our great industries is more enlightened today than ever before in our history. There is a universal recognition of the value of reasonable working hours and of high wages. There has been steadily increasing intelligence on the part of labor and labor unions, and the willingness of labor to increase production by taking advantage of new machinery and the driving of machinery at high speed instead of driving men at arduous manual labor. The very marked increase in welfare work, compensation insurance, stock ownership and pension plans on one side, the willingness to arbitrate and to confer with management and the decreasing tendency to call unauthorized arbitrary and uneconomic strikes on the other side, are strong evidence that both labor and management realize that great prosperity comes from mutual interest in the success of the company or corporation. These factors have resulted in large and sustained buying power, and the effect will be continuing.

"All our fundamental economic conditions are such as to insure great and continued prosperity, if we continue to hold and increase our export trade. Unless we do this we will not be able to use our enormous manufacturing power to capacity and, with a serious loss of trade in the markets of the world, we will never enjoy the fullest prosperity."

No More Election-Year Panics

Just how the reconstruction of Europe will affect our well-being was expressed to me by John H. Fahey, banker and publisher. His work as a director of the International Chamber of Commerce has made him known to the business men of two continents. He said:

"In my opinion the outlook for business in the United States for some time to come is very good. Undoubtedly there will be natural reactions from time to time. Generally speaking, however, I believe that a new business level has been established and that it is unlikely that we will experience any considerable drops or disturbances. We may expect some halting this fall, and also on the eve of the presidential election two years hence. There will also be some change in the present complexion of Congress, and the possibility of changes in policy likewise may create a certain amount of uncertainty. These changes are fairly well discounted. It means that political contingencies are not so potent in creating economic disturbances as they were.

"While our domestic situation is such as to sustain regularly a large and profitable volume of business, our business plans will be influenced to an increasing degree in the years to come by what is happening in the rest of the world. American business men generally pay altogether too little attention to, and have too little knowledge of, the effect on our domestic economy of conditions elsewhere in the world, and especially in Europe.

"The situation on the Continent is not so encouraging as it was last year. Nevertheless, I have great confidence that the difficulties will be met, and I believe that when Europe really starts on a steady upswing the whole world will benefit for a considerable time. There will follow a period of expansion and business activity helpful to us as well as to others, and on a more substantial basis than at any time since 1910. Under anything like stable conditions the total volume of world trade should grow steadily from one decade to another. We have not begun to see the sort of development which should normally have taken place since the war. The European situation is, of course, greatly influenced by political conditions, but economic necessities are slowly but surely asserting their power. The time is not far distant when they will quicken the process of reconstruction and expansion. As this develops it must still further fortify our already enviable position."

Prosperity Basically Sound

When you travel about the world you realize the universal supremacy of the American meat-packing industry. It now ranks third in value in American manufactures, being exceeded only by the automotive and steel activities. The point of view of the big packer was given to me by Louis F. Swift, as follows:

"Aside from our wealth of natural resources, our growing population and the aggressive spirit of the people, special factors have contributed to the expansion of the past five years. They grew partly out of the Great War. Foreign nations have bought heavily from us and shipped gold to this country in large quantities. Having far more than our normal share of the gold supply, we have enjoyed easy money and low interest rates. This is a condition that still prevails and is perhaps the most fundamental reason why prosperity has been able to continue without any serious setback.

"Another cause is found in the shortage of buildings both for business and residential purposes. For five years the building industry has been one of the principal bulwarks of our industrial activity, and this industry, although today it shows signs of wavering, is still going strong.

"During this same period there has been a notable increase in the efficiency of men, machinery and management, so that production per man and per unit of capital has substantially increased. The farmer's purchasing power has been a handicap during most of the period, but agricultural conditions have improved vastly during the past three years. The remarkable comeback of the railroads has been a tremendous help. The rapid expansion of the automobile industry has contributed to business prosperity.

"It is dangerous to guess how long the present period of prosperity will last. We have recently been undergoing a slight period of readjustment, such as we had in each of the past three years, but as yet we have not suffered any serious consequences.

"If history repeats itself the day will come when we will enter into a period of declining activity. When we have caught up with the construction needs of the country and possibly exceeded them, one of the main props of prosperity will disappear. The automobile industry may have to curtail at any time, but this will not necessarily throw the nation into depression, unless we find that there is overproduction in other industries. The lessons learned in 1920 and 1921 have not been forgotten and, on the whole, business men have been conservative enough not to overdo.

"The credit situation remains sound and there is little reason to look for business depression until interest rates rise substantially above present levels. The foreign situation has been an uncertainty ever since the war.

"Even if foreign nations become better able to compete with American industries, there are still plenty of things, including raw materials and food supplies, for which we shall find an export market.

"In spite of no positive signs of weakness, it behooves American business men to proceed cautiously and conservatively and to keep their production and sales schedules within reasonable limits. This is one of the surest ways to make our present period of prosperity continue."

Any survey of our international trade as part of the prosperity structure must include the contribution of the automobile. The American car is the accepted car everywhere. Here is a diagnosis of the situation by C. W. Nash, president of the Nash Motors Company:

"The thing that impresses me most about this present prosperity of ours is its fundamental soundness. Every basic factor, whether rooted in economic politics, sociology or psychology, is favorable. I doubt that there ever has been a time when public opinion was so well disposed toward capital and toward corporations; when employer and employe had so much in common; when producer and consumer so well understood each other's problems. I am sure that the gravest responsibility of business is the perpetuation of these relationships and attitudes.

"There is less of gambling and speculation in the ordinary operations of business than at any previous time in this century and a quarter of the industrial era. Production and consumption have never been more closely balanced. Buying is almost exclusively for the known or the easily predictable necessities of the immediate future.

"At the outset of this year a number of leading figures in industrial and banking circles expressed strong confidence in the continuation of good business. In the spirit of conservatism, they confined their predictions to the first six months. In some quarters they were misinterpreted to indicate a feeling that there would be a reaction at the end of the half year."

Exceptional Boom Remote

"Now, with this period behind us, and every factor operating in behalf of excellent business conditions, the future is as clear and favorable as it was at the beginning of 1926. Business today is in an exceptionally strong cash position. Credit is easy and in general has been wisely used. An exceptional proportion of profits is being put back into business to provide against the necessities and exigencies of the future. The same measure of liquidation that was experienced in 1921 could be sustained by business today with half the grief then suffered.

"Six months ago three contingencies were generally anticipated as harbingers of a business reaction. They were: Termination of a building boom, collapse of a widespread speculative movement in real estate and reaction from a form of inflation predicated on installment-plan buying. The turn in real-estate speculation came long ago, and we have seen no ill effects from it. Building activity continues in a rational manner, and I see no indication of an important reaction, much less a collapse. Installment buying has increased but 7 per cent in two years, while public attention to it has increased 1000 per cent. Neither has been an important business factor.

"It is fortunate that there is nothing in the present situation to indicate any exceptional acceleration to business, and I can see nothing that could justify any material decline in business. It seems to me that the prospect is wholly encouraging."

No trade development in the United States has been more emphatic than that achieved by the big department store. It is a real barometer of business, because it touches practically everybody. The name of Marshall Field is almost synonymous

He Learns Faster *with a* Conklin

The boy or girl who starts to school with a Conklin fountain pen feels a prideful interest in scholastic things. The Conklin Student's Special is a lot of pen for $3.50. Built especially for the wear and tear of school days.

Other Conklin pens at $2.75 and more. In rubber and all precious metals. The Conklin Endura, with an *unconditional* and *perpetual* guarantee, $5.00, $6.00, $7.00, and $8.00, in black, red, mahogany, and sapphire blue. Conklin pencils $1.00 and more.

THE CONKLIN PEN MFG. CO.
TOLEDO, OHIO
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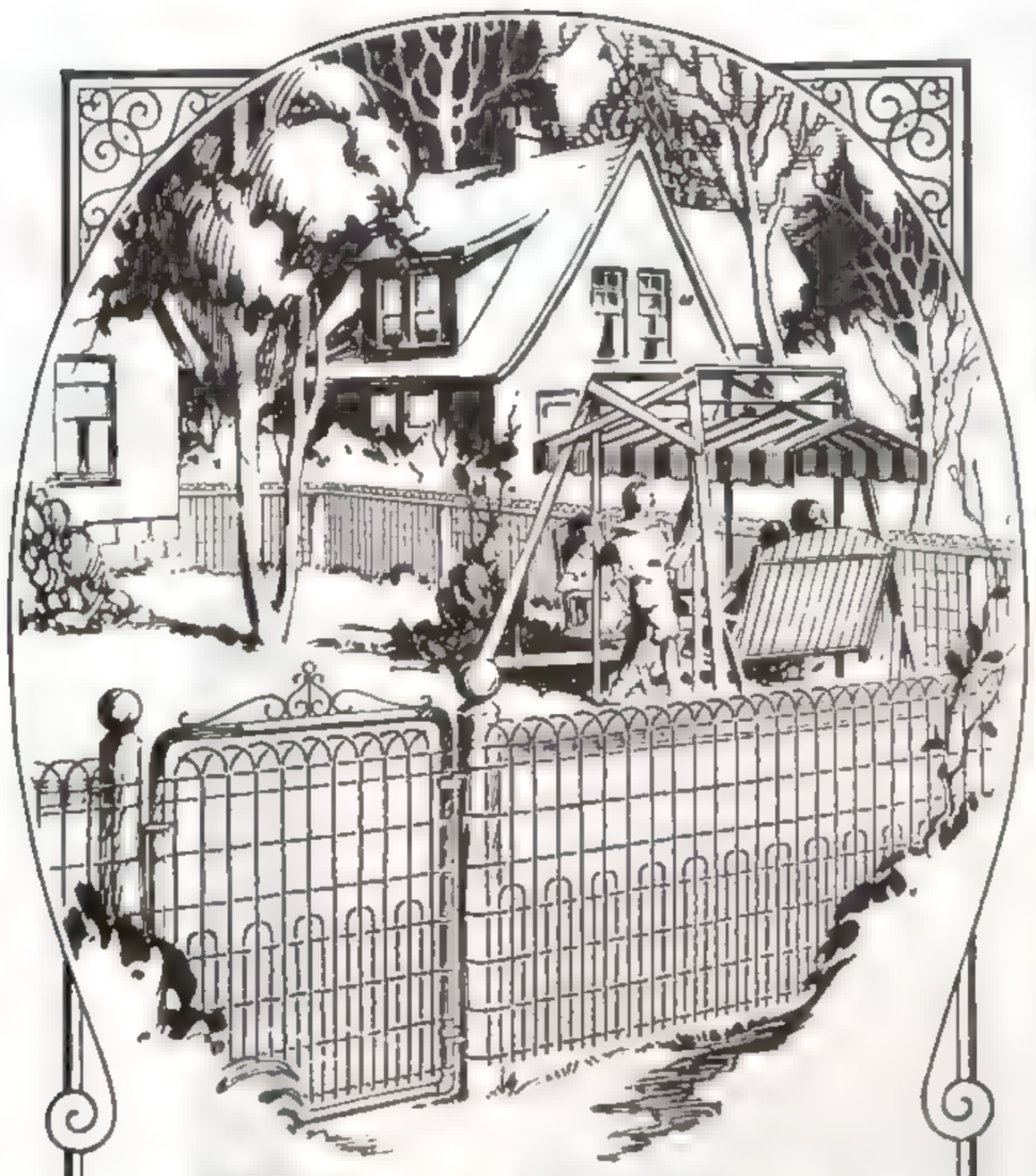
Pens - Pencils - Sets



Cyclone LAWN Fence

Fence your yard this Fall, avoid disturbing your lawn and garden next Spring.

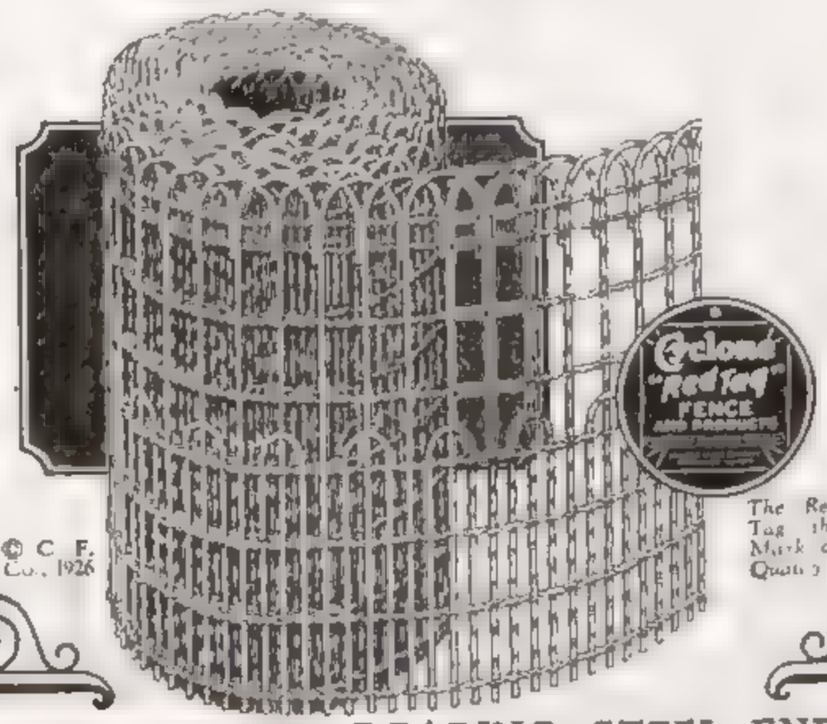
Cyclone Ornamental Lawn Fence Fabric is built in a variety of beautiful patterns. Especially adapted for back yards and division fence. Easily erected on wood posts and 2 x 4 top rail. For front yards, use Cyclone "Complete Fence" made to measure, with tubular framework, fabric and fittings, ready to erect. All Cyclone Fence is built of Copper-Bearing Steel, enduring, economical.

Ask your hardware dealer for prices.

CYCLONE FENCE COMPANY

Factories and Offices:
Waukegan, Ill., Cleveland, Ohio, Newark, N. J., Fort Worth, Texas

Pacific Coast Distributors:
Standard Fence Company, Oakland, Calif.
Northwest Fence & Wire Works, Portland, Ore.



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The Red Tag the Mark of Quality

CYCLONE COPPER-BEARING STEEL ENDURES

with this expansion. The following interpretation of conditions is by James Simpson, president of Marshall Field & Co.:

"The most important factor to be taken into consideration in our business calculations for the coming months, in my judgment, is the country's crops. If the principal crops of 1926 are equal in volume to those of 1925 I can see no reason why merchants cannot realize a business during the rest of the year at least equal to that of the corresponding period in 1925. Unless important altering factors develop which cannot now be foreseen this will be the basis on which we will operate our business. We will watch the crops carefully and govern ourselves accordingly.

"Fundamental conditions in this country affecting business are very healthy and, broadly speaking, are substantially on a parity with a year ago. Of particular significance to manufacturers and distributors is the fact that stocks generally are well in hand, without large accumulations against future demand, so that normal retail requirements will assure maintenance of manufacturing and distributing activity.

"Labor is fully employed at the highest wages in history. Money is available for all sound, legitimate enterprise at reasonable interest rates to all who are entitled to credit.

"Conditions in Europe are gradually improving and are generally assuring. At least there is nothing in the European outlook, as I see it, which will adversely affect American business in the near future to a greater degree than at present. With increasing economic efficiency European nations will give our exporters greater and greater competition for world business, but this development will be very gradual and I have no fear concerning our ability to meet it satisfactorily."

Railroads a Large Factor

"I am not inclined to accept the violent declines in the stock market which took place early in the spring as an omen of adversity yet to be felt. In my judgment they were a natural reaction to the orgy of speculation last fall, when many stocks advanced to ridiculously high figures all out of line with profits or reasonable prospects.

"There are indications just now of a repetition of this very thing in our stock market. It will be unfortunate if it goes too far, because inevitably it will later compel readjustment of stock-market values, which might again be temporarily disturbing."

Throughout this symposium emphasis has repeatedly been laid upon the value of transportation as a prosperity agency. We can now see how one of the best-known railroad heads in the United States diagnoses this all-important phase. He is C. H. Markham, president of the Illinois Central, who thus expressed himself:

"In assaying our present prosperity to determine its contributing causes, we should not overlook the railroads. They are highly influential factors because of their vast expenditures and their employment at good wages of a substantial part of the wage-earning population. These, of course, differ merely in extent, not in nature, from those made by other industries. However, the railroads make a contribution to prosperity that is unique in their particular field. I refer to the effect upon the economy and efficiency of business operations in general of prompt, dependable transportation which the railroads have been and are now performing. Bearing on that point is the following extract from my statement of August 1, 1925:

"Good railway service is not a matter of convenience only. It speeds up business and, therefore, it has a commercial value that is measurable in dollars and cents. Prompt and adequate transportation means a reduction in the amount of capital tied up in commodities in transit and awaiting shipment. It also means there is no need for manufacturers, wholesalers, jobbers, retailers and consumers to carry large stocks to protect against transportation shortages or delayed shipments. These savings in interest charges lessen the cost of conducting business.

"When goods move promptly there is payment for goods that are sold payable on delivery, and prompt payments, in turn, mean quicker liquidation of loans made to finance business operations. In short, good railway service means more ready money for the needs of business generally.

"Transportation requirements so far in 1926 have been greater than ever before at this time of year; yet the railroads, functioning smoothly and efficiently, have met these unprecedented requirements with a comfortable surplus of locomotives and freight cars, and with other facilities more than adequate to the needs of the country.

"Looking beyond the contributions made by the railroads and other large industries, it seems to me that one of the most important influences that make for present prosperity is psychological. I mean the more accurate knowledge of economic affairs evidenced by our citizenry in recent years. We seem to be in a fair way in this country toward overcoming what one writer calls 'economic illiteracy.' More persons today have an intelligent understanding of business affairs and of the conditions affecting business affairs than ever before. Suspicion and distrust are fading in the light of publicity.

"The improved public understanding thus brought about can be relied upon, I believe, to stabilize business. With a clearer public vision there should be less experiment, less speculation, less unfounded and unexpected inflation and depression in the future than there has been in times past. Public uncertainty should cause less exaggeration of unavoidable variations in the condition of business, and the result, since business itself for the most part is proceeding along sound lines of development, should be a stabilized standard of business generally."

One reason why our prosperity has become as constant as it is humanly and economically possible to make it is a growing foreign trade. What was formerly a sporadic outlet for surplus stocks is now a definite and organized prop of our commerce. Once only the big corporation with international branches garnered over-sea business. Today the small manufacturer throughout the United States shares in it.

Intricacy of Foreign Trade

The following statement by Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce, shows concretely how foreign trade fortifies American business:

"American prosperity cannot be explained simply by the glib and convenient truism that it is based on vast resources and a big home market. The pyramid of our economic well-being is substantial because of the breadth of its base, which reaches out to every market and industrial center of the world. A tremor of uncertainty beneath any one of its many far-flung foundation stones is automatically absorbed by the hundreds of other supporting contacts.

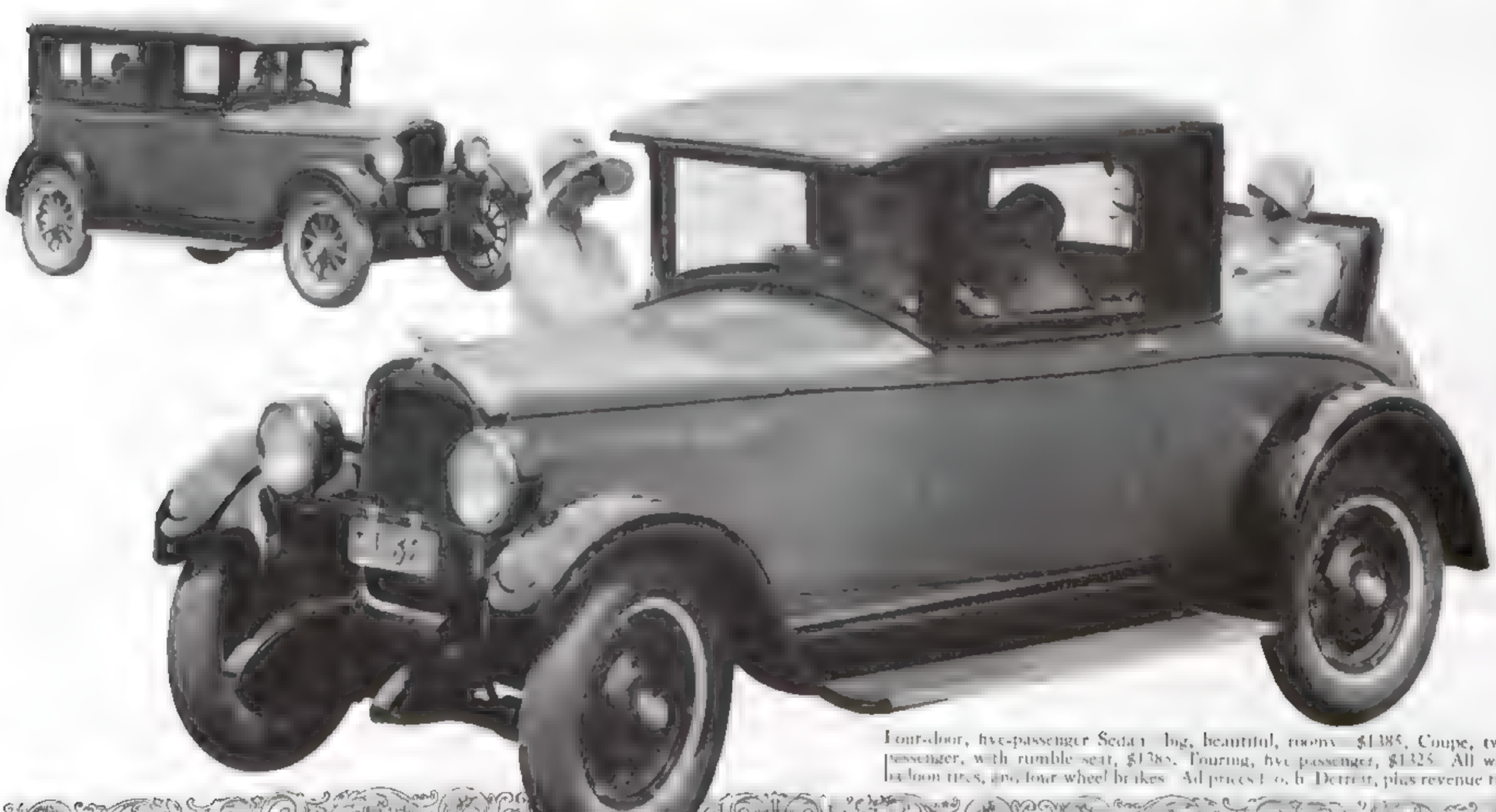
"Two questions are involved in this connection: What have these over-sea economic relationships to do with our prosperity? Why have they prospered?

"It is important, in the first place, to bear in mind that these relationships do not simply involve export operations. They comprise a whole category of economic contacts, such as transactions of merchandise in both directions; reproductive loans for the aid of foreign mines, plantations and other contributions to local well-being; banking facilities; steamship services; radio and cable connections; chambers of commerce; and a series of items which are usually classed as invisible factors in trade balances, such as tourist expenditures and emigrant remittances. In other words, there can be no adequate explanation of our national prosperity which does not include at least some account of all of these elements reflecting the world-wide ramifications of our material assets.

"Our merchants and manufacturers are coming more and more to a realization of

(Continued on Page 86)

Today the public thinks of the Hupmobile Six as for years it thought of the "four"–a car so good that there is nothing to compare with it anywhere near its price.



Four-door, five-passenger Sedan—big, beautiful, roomy—$1385. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $1385. Touring, five passenger, $1325. All with balloon tires, and four wheel brakes. All prices f. o. b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

HUPMOBILE *Six*

(Continued from Page 84)

the fact that the expansion of their over-sea interests—whether those interests be in markets, raw-material supplies, improved transportation facilities, better banking, or what not—is to be viewed in the same light as an insurance policy. It should not be put off until domestic-trade infirmities make a diversification of trade risks imperative. Insurance that is taken out under such circumstances is apt to require prohibitive premiums. Any last-minute-merchandising effort to stave off domestic ruin through over-sea enterprise will be extremely difficult, if not impossible, because of the time element that is involved in the proper exploitation of such opportunities.

"Prosperity is never constant. Every one of our successful business enterprises—and this applies to small organizations as well as to large ones—has well learned the lesson that carrying the eggs of business, so to speak, in one basket is highly dangerous, and that it is far wiser to spread the market risk in a number of scattered sections of the country. Successful over-sea trading is, of course, simply a projection of this idea beyond our borders.

"When the postwar slump of 1920–21 came along there were literally thousands of small firms throughout the country which would have gone automatically into the hands of receivers if they had not had the foresight during preceding years of prosperity to develop a few widely scattered markets abroad which did not feel simultaneously the severity of the readjustments of the period.

"No concern can tell when such a jolt might come in its domestic business. An Illinois bed manufacturer, whose domestic market was largely through the Corn Belt, told me recently that his company would have had to shut down its plant in August, 1925, if it had not been for its foreign business, even though export took only a small percentage of his total output. The manufacturer of a well-known sporting-goods novelty had reached the point of saturation in his domestic trade and was confronted with the necessity of closing shop for four or five months of the year because of the seasonal character of his trade. Through the facilities of the Department of Commerce he has been able to develop outlets in Argentina, South Africa and Australia which, because of reciprocal seasonal dips, keep his factory going throughout the year."

A Small Weight Turns the Scale

"These are simply two out of literally hundreds of instances that might be cited. Keep in mind the important fact that they come from moderately sized establishments. After all, the virtues of foresight and common sense are by no means the exclusive property of big business. By far the largest group of successful clients of the Department of Commerce in connection with foreign trade are small concerns and it is upon their success that much of the prosperity of our over-sea economic effort depends. Their experience is the best evidence of the fact that export markets form an excellent shock absorber for a wide range of trades in this country whose resulting stability is immediately reflected in scores of other industries having no direct relationship to foreign trade. That point of the interdependence of our industries is well worth bearing in mind, especially because so much of our foreign-trade effort—and this applies to raw-material imports as well as to fabricated exports—reacts upon our industries along indirect contacts.

"Our fabricated exports may still be only 8 per cent of our total manufactured production, though in some cases the figure is much higher, such as in motorcycles, of which 52 per cent are exported. Our over-sea sales of farm products may require only 17 per cent of our output, but it is well to remember that a shift of only 5 or 10 per cent in the total business turnover of any concern may be quite enough to save its life, or send it into bankruptcy. Time and again, as in the instances I have cited, it is the small export percentage which has kept a plant or trading concern from closing its doors, with all the demoralization and loss of goodwill and credit which that implies.

"We are succeeding in our over-sea economic relationships for many reasons. I should put first, perhaps, the fact that our merchants, manufacturers, farm coöperatives, bankers, shipping houses and others engaged in these undertakings are shaping their operations along much more intelligent and farsighted lines. They are no longer indulging in the old, prewar, haphazard, take-a-chance method, or lack of method. They have a far keener appreciation of the necessity of careful planning and long-distance consecutive effort, rather than a momentary touch-and-go adventure of the sort which had done so much to discredit American commercial enterprise overseas before the war."

Without Loss to Others

"I base this opinion primarily upon the type of queries now being addressed to the Department of Commerce with reference to foreign matters, which are coming in at the rate of 7500 a day as against 700 early in 1921. Whereas five years ago the questions submitted were as a rule decidedly primitive, the great majority at present are precise, intelligent, and far from simple. They indicate careful planning and firm determination to carry out all the many obligations incident to over-sea business, whether that business be a sales program, the maintenance of a regular supply of essential raw materials, the establishment of a branch bank, or the assurance of regular transportation facilities. The world is now coming to us to learn the best in export packing and to study our methods of foreign financing, trade organization, and so on.

"This brings up another element in our over-sea prosperity, namely, the growth of new markets in all parts of the world; areas which before 1914 were of no commercial consequence, but which today are developing new buying power and improved standards of living, and requiring especially the newer types of commodities that are peculiarly American—I mean, cheap automobiles, motion pictures, ready-made clothing and office appliances.

"Our foreign prosperity has not been won at the expense of any of our commercial rivals. It has come in large part out of this vast new trade demand that has arisen since the war in these economically new lands. For instance, our share in Australia's imports has risen from about 14 per cent before the war to more than 28 per cent in 1925; our portion of the foreign purchases of Mexico grew in the same time from 48 per cent to 72 per cent; those of China from 6 per cent to 18 per cent; those of Argentina from 15 per cent to 22 per cent; and of Brazil from 16 per cent to 24 per cent. It is well to remember that these gains have not been made solely at the expense of the United Kingdom, Germany or Italy, but are in large part a reflection of that new purchasing power which has come into being in the past few years, and is demanding the very types of equipment which in many cases—especially in Australia and the Latin American republics—have been evolved under similar economic and geographic conditions in the United States. A dozen other instances of this sort might be cited, and they are scattered all over the world—Colombia, South Africa, Uruguay and Egypt.

"We are gradually shaking off that inferiority complex which still seems to embarrass certain of the more timid of our merchants and manufacturers as they contemplate over-sea efforts. It is high time that we cease to fear those tattered scarecrows and threadbare bugaboos: American Packing Means Poor Packing; We Don't Know Anything About Foreign Credits; We Are Unfamiliar With the Customs of Foreign People. Our exports have been built up from an annual average during 1910–14 of about $2,100,000,000 to about $4,900,000,000 in 1925. This amazing growth is the best evidence that these ancient and unwarranted fears are steadily losing ground.

"We are succeeding in our over-sea effort because of the superior efficiency of the American workman. The output per man in twenty-two leading industries increased 34 per cent during the period 1920–25. That increase was in volume, not value. This means that, because of our wage scale and a higher standard of living, our workmen are able to exceed by most impressive percentages the output of their European rivals. The American worker has 56 per cent more mechanical power to aid him in his work than has the British laborer. His work is therefore more efficient, more expeditious and carried on under far more agreeable conditions, which contribute to the superiority of the resultant product All this spells success in over-sea trade."

Unhampered by History

The vast machine of mass production which so characteristically reflects the genius of American initiative and energy owes its erection not only to unsurpassed individual effort but also to a process of clear thinking that has made for world economic leadership. I know of no better way of concluding this series than to present the visualization of our opportunity and its possibilities as expressed by Julius Barnes, president of the Food Administration Grain Corporation during the World War, Wheat Director during the perilous succeeding years, and former president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States:

"America is the clean page of history on which a new composite race must record its justification by purpose and achievement. A new land, without the temples, churches or castles of an ancient past, America lacks the inspiration of history and tradition, and must create its own. America is thus a fortunate laboratory of human experiment, possessed of great natural resources, unhampered by ancient habits, customs or prejudices, receptive by necessity and by inclination to the suggestions of inventive minds.

"But America is more than fertile fields, vast forests, rich mines, lofty hills, broad rivers or busy cities. America's claim to honorable distinction rests not alone on its towering skyscrapers, combining by architectural genius the art and beauty of older peoples with the practical requirements of sunlit offices, steam heat, electric service and the fast elevator; rests not alone on its 18,000,000 motor cars traversing its 600,000 miles of newly built hard-surfaced roads, raising the effectiveness of commerce and the joy of living as no other single device in history; rests not alone on its 16,000,000 telephones, the universal possession of every home, so ingrained in social and commercial life that its 200 conversations a year per capita outruns tenfold the twenty of its British cousins; rests not alone on its educational aspiration, making the public school the dominant architectural feature in every city and village, flowering into the great army of 600,000 students of advanced institutions, more than all the rest of the world combined; rests not alone on the 34,000,000 newspapers printed daily, maintained by universal literacy and the stimulated mentality craving the news of other lands, until America's annual newsprint consumption at 160 pounds per capita leads the great gamut of relative position in the world's social scale down to Russia's six; rests not alone on America's suburbs, where millions of modest homes indicate opportunity for education, travel, culture and the finer graces; rests not alone on resourceful farms replacing by brain-directed mechanical inventions the age-old drudgery of the sickle and the flail; rests not alone on vast philanthropies lifting from whole peoples the great scourges that formerly laid heavy toll on ignorance and violated sanitation."

Philosophies of a New Race

"America might perhaps confidently rest its claim for honorable distinction on the fact that here has been almost achieved the long-sought conquest of poverty itself, until the well-shod children of our tenements claim education and opportunity as a natural right and the specter of destitution visits only the exceptionally unfortunate.

"These material evidences of advanced living standards are the flowering of the social structure evolving in a new land by a new race. The industrial leadership of the world is seated in America, and that leadership entails solemn responsibility as well. Material prosperity is meaningless, or worse, if it undermines the sturdy virtues by which character is built. Easier living produces harm, not good, if it destroys the courage and fortitude which would face misfortune and disaster as did our early pioneers.

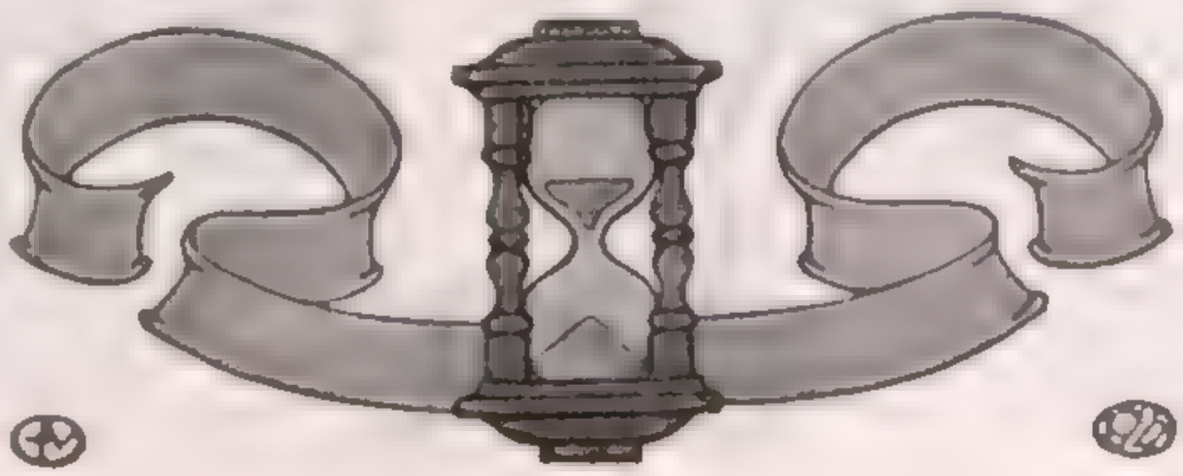
"The onward rush of science and invention forces into America's hands devices of vast potentiality, for the reasoned use of which, perhaps, our poise and self-restraint are not yet equal. The throbbing virility of a new people may display much that is thoughtless, or sordid, or even vicious, but it is also matched by high qualities of leadership and a recognition of solemn stewardship on every hand.

"If skyscrapers and public schools, colleges, museums, paved streets and playgrounds, automobiles and the radio are the fruit of the material progress of America, then the roots from which they spring may be deemed to be three simple philosophies distinctively American:

"First: A social ideal that would close no door because of accident of birth or station. A new land free of hereditary aristocracy recognizes leadership only by character and achievement.

"Second: An industrial ideal that Nature's gifts should be converted rapidly to human use; that with alert minds directing Nature's forces and man's inventions, machines should displace the bent back of drudgery; that the way to possess more in every home lies in producing more things to divide among those homes; that wealth and possessions thus created are fairly distributed, not by socialism or communism but by free and equal opportunity.

"Third: A political ideal that national progress is the aggregate of individual effort, stimulated under a Government existing primarily to preserve fair play, and holding every citizen secure in the reward of individual character, ability and effort."



Editor's Note—This is the third and last of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the contributory causes of our prosperity.

THE new official Boy Scouts First Aid Kit is a beauty—just what we've needed. I think that every one of my boys will want one attached to his belt.

Daniel C. Beard
National Scout Commissioner

THE new official Boy Scouts First Aid Kit fully meets our exacting specifications. It supplies the First Aid items needed in an emergency.

John E. West
Chief Scout Executive

To the BOY SCOUTS of AMERICA

The Official BOY SCOUTS First Aid Kit ... is now ready ... at your drug store

Prepared to the specifications of BOY SCOUT HEADQUARTERS ... and approved by The American Red Cross

How often has your Scoutmaster said to you:—"Son, you ought to have a First Aid Kit. You can't be a good Scout without one!"

For First Aid is part of the very heart and soul of Boy Scout service.

Your Scout slogan says: "*Be Prepared*!" Which is only another way of saying "Be ready to help the fellow in distress!"

But maybe that First Aid Kit has been kept off your scout-belt up to now for these two very vital reasons:

First:—You've wondered just what items the Kit ought to contain.

Second:—You've wondered where to secure these items with absolute assurance of their quality and efficiency.

Now these two questions have been answered for you, once and for all.

A standard, official Boy Scouts First Aid Kit has been created for you—prepared to the explicit specifications of Scout Headquarters—and made available to you, at any and all times, at the drug stores in your own neighborhood!

THE BOY SCOUTS OFFICIAL FIRST AID KIT *contains:*

1 Sterile Gauze Bandage, 1 in. wide.
1 Sterile Gauze Bandage, 2 in. wide.
1 Cylinder Zinc Oxide Adhesive Plaster.
1 Envelope Mercurochrome Gauze.
1 Tube "First Aid for Burns".
1 Mercurochrome Swab.
3 Vivo Rolls.
1 Tube Soap Solvent.
1 First Aid Instruction Book.

Bauer & Black were commissioned to prepare this Kit by the Executive Headquarters of The Boy Scouts of America.

And the assignment was accepted with enthusiasm and pardonable pride, both by Bauer & Black and their huge druggist family.

For part of the triumph of this new kit-plan is due to the ready and eager cooperation of drug stores everywhere in promptly consenting to keep these Kits in stock, immediately available to Boy Scouts the country over.

Just a glance through the "table of contents" will show you what a dandy Kit, what a complete Kit, it is!

But it is as handsome as it is serviceable. Packed in a water-proof, air-tight enamel tin box, and fitted into a canvas carrying case, with a belt-loop, so it can be worn on your scout-belt.

And though the supplies are sufficiently ample to last you for months, the price for the outfit complete is but 80c at all drug stores. Bauer & Black, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

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B&B

Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

B&B

18 months ago an INNOVATION

TODAY—the Criterion others strive to follow

How 3 principles of modern engineering have revolutionized the whole trend of American automobile design

THE day of the slow, cumbersome, bulky automobile has gone. A safer . . . more active . . . more powerful type of car has come to take its place.

The old school of engineering practice is rapidly passing out of existence. A new régime of scientific thought has started in America.

The change began 18 months ago.

When the Overland Six was first introduced it marked a revolutionary departure from all former standards of design.

This new car embodied the most advanced . . . the most efficient engineering . . . from both sides of the world.

Europe contributed the principle of lighter weight . . . lower height . . . with longer, lower, smarter body lines than ever before. Greater speed and a lower center of gravity were thus obtained.

To these advantages were added new and greatly improved standards of American performance. Quicker pickup . . . greatly increased power . . . and amazing speed.

These were the new features of this modern car. Sales multiplied overnight. 65,000 Overland Sixes were sold in its first year. Over 115,000 are now in use. Today this car is the criterion other manufacturers strive to follow.

The Overland Six will actually out-pull, out-run and out-perform any other car of its class

Such success does not come by chance.

3 cardinal advantages motorists wanted

We gained this pinnacle place by pioneering developments the public wanted.

The Overland Six is new all through. Brilliantly engineered as a unit . . . not merely a modern body on a chassis that's 5 or 10 years old.

It is a car built to meet present-day performance standards. You can drive it at an average speed of 45 to 55 miles an hour without wear and tear on

An artist created it. Every li result of painstaking

the engine. It will pickup 40 miles an hour in 21 seco

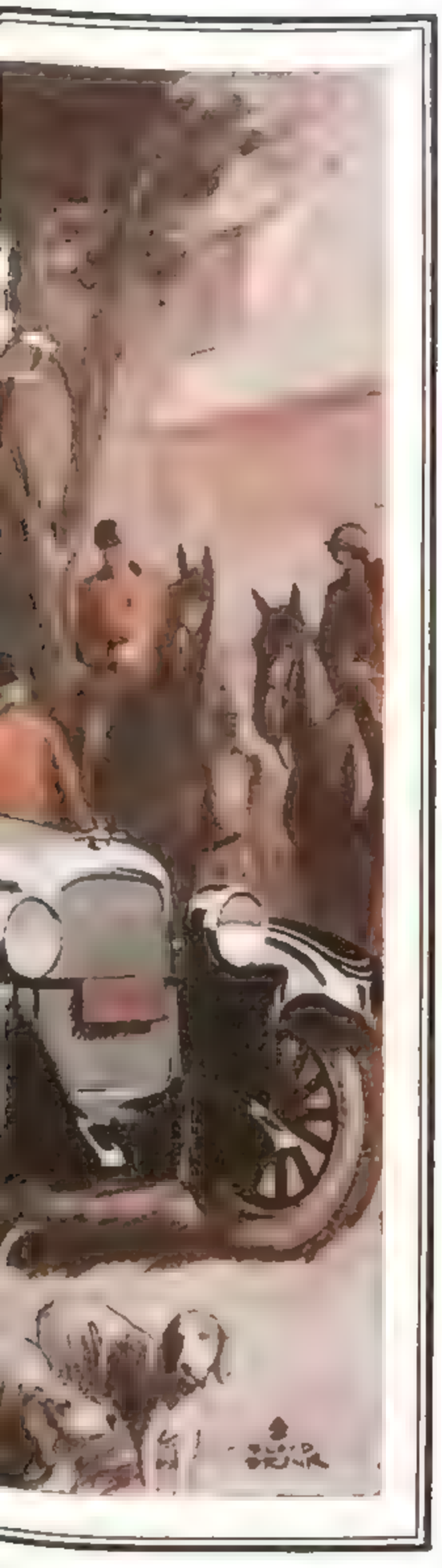
Its "high-torque" engine ter the steepest hills. Gear s to a minimum.

It has the most modern system. A positive water p scores of other engineering as a car of modern design.

It is an actual fact that out-pull, out-run and out-p its size, or weight, or price-

Here in this remarkable ne tribution to the safety an A car built low to the grou the road at every turn . .

OVE



e, every curve and contour is the craftsmanship and study

in high gear from 5 to nds.

has ample power to mas- nifting has been reduced

full pressure-feed oiling mp circulation . . . and features that stamp it

this big sturdy Six will erform anything else of lass.

-type Six is a real con- security of motoring. nd . . . a car that hugs and banishes slipping

Here's a modern car built to meet the new American performance standards. You can drive the Overland Six at an average road speed of 45 to 55 miles an hour

and sidesway, which is so frequently the cause of skidding and serious accidents.

The low center of gravity in the Overland Six is the direct result of this modern engineering.

It provides a sense of security you have never found in any automobile of this type before. An entirely new feeling of confidence is apparent the minute you drive this car.

The Overland Six will turn in a forty-foot circle. Rear springs are underslung and 52 inches long.

It is a car of exceptional comfort. The big, broad door openings are 32½ inches wide. It has more inside space. More cubic feet than the average car of this price.

The result is ample comfort for 5 full-size passengers... with plenty of room to step in or out . . . room to stretch your legs with the utmost ease.

The seats are wider, the windows larger, the doors much broader. All features you'll certainly appreciate when you inspect rival cars of this price.

An artist created it

The distinguished, smart-looking Overland Six you see in the illustration above is not a chance result.

An artist created it. Every line, every curve and contour is the result of painstaking craftsmanship and study.

We took the eighteen best cars of America and Europe and combined their salient features of design in this new-type Overland Six!

It is smart, yet unobtrusive . . . in dignified good taste.

There is no Six built today that offers greater value . . . no car made in which finer quality of material is used or better workmanship employed.

Fine cars on a volume production basis

Under ordinary manufacturing standards this wonderful Overland Six Sedan could not be sold within many hundred dollars of its present low price.

Yet today, because of the tremendous purchasing power and production facilities of the great Willys-Overland organization, this quality Six Sedan now sells for only $935, the Coupe $895, and the De Luxe Sedan $1095, prices f. o. b. factory.

To spend more is unnecessary. To pay less may mean a great sacrifice in comfort and performance.

You owe it to yourself to see this modern car.

Note: 4-wheel brakes are now furnished as optional equipment at slight extra cost.

* * *

The new Willys Finance Plan means less money down, smaller monthly payments; and the lowest credit-cost in the industry. We reserve the right to change prices and specifications without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio. Willys-Overland Sales Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. Willys-Overland Crossley, Ltd., Stockport, England.

The seats are wider, the windows larger, the doors much broader than other cars of this size and price

RLAND *Six* $935 f.o.b. factory

Dogged endurance is demonstrated on floors protected with

"61"

FLOOR VARNISH

From a painting by Richton Mulford

Copyright 1926, P & L

SLIDING, scuffling, scratching and tussling—yet that beautiful, tough, thin film of "61" Floor Varnish comes through unscathed. It withstands the constant tramp of many feet, the scraping of chairs and the daily grind which every floor receives.

Surface-shine and water-resistance are common qualities of many varnishes but *endurance* and *wear-resistance* you *must* have on floors. "61" Floor Varnish is marproof, heelproof and waterproof. Test it with a hammer! You may dent the wood but the varnish won't crack.

Made especially to withstand gruelling punishment on floors, "61" Floor Varnish gives even greater service on furniture and woodwork. It renews linoleum and prolongs its life. "61" Floor Varnish flows off the brush with a rich full luster, without showing laps, streaks or brush marks.

Wherever a clear or stain finish is desired, "61" Floor Varnish provides an armor that resists time, tear and wear. Available in Clear Gloss, six beautiful woodstain colors and Dull Finish.

FREE SAMPLE PANEL finished with "61" Floor Varnish will be sent on request. Try the "hammer test" on the panel! Color Card and names of local dealers will also be sent you.

GUARANTEE: If any Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product fails to give satisfaction you may have your money back.

P&L Varnish Products are used by painters, specified by architects and sold by paint and hardware dealers everywhere.

Pratt & Lambert-Inc., 83 Tonawanda Street, Buffalo, N.Y. Canadian address, 25 Courtwright Street, Bridgeburg, Ont.

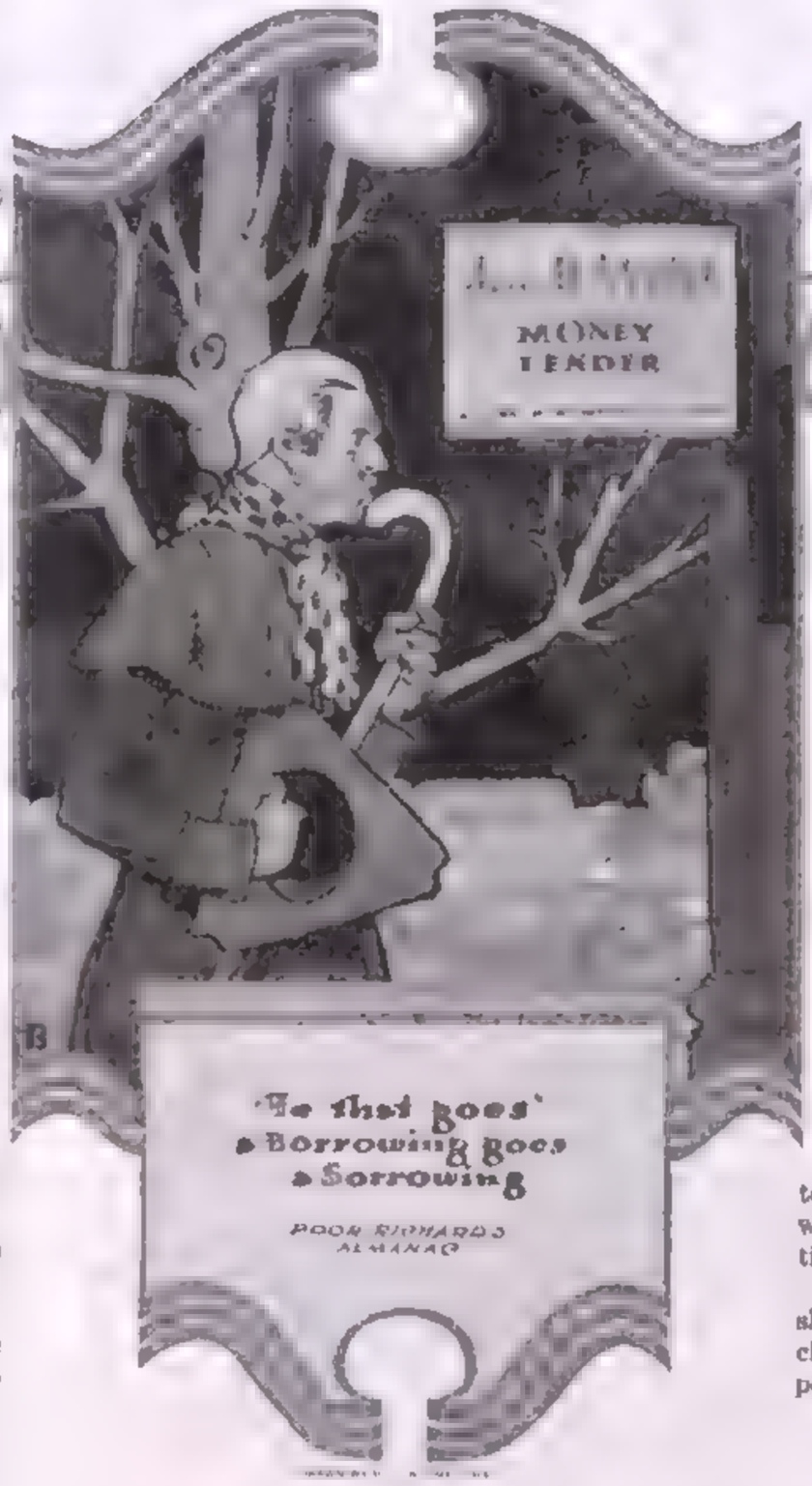
"Save the surface and you save all"

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

"61" LACQUER ENAMEL

Wherever a quick, durable, opaque enamel finish is desired, use "61" Lacquer Enamel, the most recent development of the Pratt & Lambert laboratories. It dries in thirty minutes! Brushes and flows easily. Will not crack, chip or peel and is waterproof. Sold in a variety of beautiful colors in all size cans.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD



Was His Judgment Good?

ON THE train between Richmond and Lynchburg the man who chanced to share the seat with me was evidently a traveling salesman. He was, one would judge, around forty-five years of age, affable and pleasant spoken as befits one in a profession where success depends on making and keeping the goodwill of several hundreds of buyers in a territory extending from Virginia to Texas.

For the first half-hour he busied himself checking over the orders he had taken during his two-day stay in Richmond; that duty finished, he slid easily into casual conversation.

For more than fifteen years Mr. Johnston has traveled the Southern territory for a New England manufacturer of stationery. When he was young and single he enjoyed the romance of traveling with its constant change of scene and friendships among the merchants; but that is an old story now and he wishes he were in some business where he could be at home with his family like other men, and take a regular part in the life of his home town. I asked him if it was not possible for him to find a position where he might be able to gratify this wish.

"I suppose the factory would give me an inside job," he said, "but it wouldn't pay as much as I make on the road. You see, a traveling man gets paid largely for his ability to be friendly with people. If I should take an inside job, whatever talent I have in that line would be lost, and naturally I couldn't expect as much money."

I suggested that a man with ability to make friends ought not to have much trouble connecting with congenial work in almost any good-sized city.

"It isn't that I don't have opportunities to get off the road," Mr. Johnston answered, "but at my age I have to be careful that any connection I make shall be permanent. Only last month I was offered a position at a larger salary than I make on the road. It was the biggest bank in my home city.

"I'll tell you about that offer," he went on. "I was at home for my regular two-week lay-off between trips and one day went into the bank to deposit my salary check. It was their busy hour just before closing time and there were quite a lot of people in front of the tellers' and bookkeepers' windows, some of whom I could see were not very well satisfied. I suppose the young men behind the windows were sort of fussed with the press of business, for none of them showed much cordiality toward the customers; as a rule each one just reached out to grab a pass book as it was presented, counted the money in a mechanical sort of way, made the entry and shoved the book back without a word.

"I noticed one customer, a rather important-looking man, present a check that evidently was not indorsed just right, for the teller pushed it back to him abruptly and jerked his head toward a shelf over by one of the windows where there were pens and ink. Instead of following directions the gentleman folded up the paper, shoved it into his pocket and stalked out of the place.

"I was still waiting my turn when the president of the bank came bustling out of a rear office and began circulating around among the customers, shaking hands here and there and making himself generally agreeable. He is a big, good-looking man with a genial air about him that would have made him a first-class traveling salesman if he hadn't chosen the profession of banker; but for all his cheerfulness I thought I could see he was in a state of worry. When he noticed me standing there he stopped a moment as though struck with a sudden thought.

"'I wish you'd stick around until the bank closes,' he told me. 'I want to talk with you about something.'

"I didn't attach much importance to this request, because I have known him a long time and supposed he wanted to inquire about the state of business in my territory, as he had often done before. I waited until the bank's doors were closed and all the customers had departed, when he led me into his private office.

"Then all of a sudden he asked me a surprising question. 'How much do you earn with your traveling job?'

"I answered that for several years I had drawn a straight salary of $5,000. His next question surprised me still more.

"'How would you like,' he said, 'to take a position here in the bank? We'd be willing to pay you $6,000 a year.'

"I thought he must be joking, for the idea that I, who had never done anything but sell goods on the road, should suddenly be transformed into a banker, seemed ludicrous. The president explained quickly that his offer was no joke.

"'The bank has grown pretty fast during the past few years,' he said, 'and I'm afraid we're getting too mechanical in our relations with customers. There's always that danger when an institution grows big. You saw yourself a little while ago how it was when the place was crowded and no one seemed to be getting any personal attention. Formerly I was able to circulate around and keep the customers good-natured, but now I'm too busy to do it. What I want is a man like you, who has had long training in making and keeping the goodwill of people, to stand about in the lobby and make himself agreeable to customers as they come in. To supply the personal touch that we seem to lack. The job is worth $6,000 a year. Will you take it?'"

Mr. Johnston seemed to think his story was finished, for he looked reflectively out the car window at the James River scenery some minutes before he turned to me for my reaction. I said I supposed he was making his last trip over his territory and would enter on his banking duties when he got home.

"You have guessed wrong," he said. "I turned down the offer." Then he explained his reasons for his decision.

"Of course I was flattered by the proposal," he went on, "but I told the president I wanted to think it over a day or so. Naturally, my wife and children were strong for it, but after all the one who earns the living has to make the final decision and there was one matter I wanted to clear up before making a change. The next afternoon I went to see the president.

"'Please excuse my boldness,' I said, 'but when a firm engages a new man it naturally wants to know all about him. It is only fair also that a man should know all about the firm that wants to hire him. What I want to know is this: Do you, the president of this bank, own a controlling amount of its stock, or could you be outvoted by the other stockholders?'

"The president answered frankly that he did not own a controlling interest, but if I was afraid the position would not be permanent he would sign a year's contract, which he had a perfect right to do in the matter of new employes.

"'But at my age,' I said, 'a year doesn't mean anything. If I make a change I want it to be permanent Here is the thought that strikes me: The position you offer me can't be made to show anything tangible. I might supply the human touch with customers that you want, but there wouldn't be any figures to prove it. You yourself might see that I was valuable, but at the yearly stockholders' meeting some of the others might demand to know what that man Johnston was doing to warrant a $6,000 salary, when he didn't do anything but stand around and talk with people. It would take some pretty good argument to convince them that my services were worth the interest on one hundred thousand dollars. I guess I'd better not take the job!'"

The train was nearing Lynchburg and Mr. Johnston gathered up his things in preparation for his departure.

"And after all," he remarked in parting, "a bank or any other institution that can't train its regular help to be human with customers, even though the work is heavy, would be kind of a poor proposition for a man of my age to tie up with!"

He stepped out of the car, said good-by to the conductor, shook hands with the baggageman to whom he gave the check for his sample trunk, got into a taxicab and disappeared up the hill toward Lynchburg's business district.

—*Jesse Rainsford Sprague.*

Persistence

WHILE I was advertising manager for one of the country's big clothing companies my assistant, Miss Dunlap, advertised for a girl to do odd jobs around the department. I happened to be in her office when the first applicant appeared—a washed-out, listless sort of miss about eighteen years old. Instantly I was impressed unfavorably. But I have always believed in trusting people fully if they are trusted at all, so I left the two of them together. The applicant was not engaged.

However, the one finally selected did not prove satisfactory, and within three weeks we advertised again. The same washed-out girl appeared, and once more she was rejected. Shortly after that we advertised the position as being open, and who should be the first in line the following morning but the identical Gracie!

This time, in desperation perhaps, Miss Dunlap took her on. Gracie stayed with us until she resigned to be married. Our first impression of her proved to be almost correct; she was never a topnotcher, but she wasn't bad either. In any event, her persistence had won her the place.

Now here was a girl whose appearance was against her. Not only had we declined to accept her services twice, but the very fact that she responded so promptly to our announcements proved that during six weeks or so of presumable job hunting no other employer had rated her as desirable. In the face of all this she finally landed a berth with us, merely by sticking to it when virtually any other girl would have tried once and quit.

Later, when I had become sales manager, I had occasion while in New York to interview a chap by the name of Marcus, a salesman. He struck me as being clever, capable, forceful, attractive—just the man to sell our goods. However, we were traveling a veteran in the territory Marcus had been covering, and clothing houses like to keep a salesman where he is known rather than to send him among strangers. So I did not hire him.

Six months afterward I received a well-written letter from Marcus, urging me to offer him a contract. Courteously I declined. After another six months I heard from

(Continued on Page 166)

Presenting the New Chrysler "50"

A Four of Highest Quality *and* Value-of Sensational Chrysler Performance.

The new Chrysler "50" is the fourth and final step in Walter P. Chrysler's gigantic Quality Standardization plan of building four quality cars to supply the four greatest motor markets—*under one name, by one manufacturing organization, in one group of plants, and economically marketed by one unified distributing organization.*

With the introduction of the Chrysler "50", Chrysler quality and value now reach the millions who have long wanted the advantages of Chrysler performance, engineering skill, fine workmanship and long life in a lower priced car.

It is designed to accomplish savings so pronounced, to give you size and power and comfort and long life so much greater that you will not want to consider any other car in the same price class.

Chrysler "50" alone has all of these qualities—it is *alone able to have them* because of the values created by the Chrysler quality standardization plan and the vast resources and fine manufacturing facilities behind Chrysler.

That is why Chrysler "50" value gives you the comfort of its large, roomy, all-steel bodies; *speed of 50 miles and more per hour;* pick-up of 5 to 25 miles in 8 seconds; the economy of 25 miles to the gallon—and combines all these fine car qualities at this amazingly low price.

Chrysler dealers now have the "50". See it. Ride in it.

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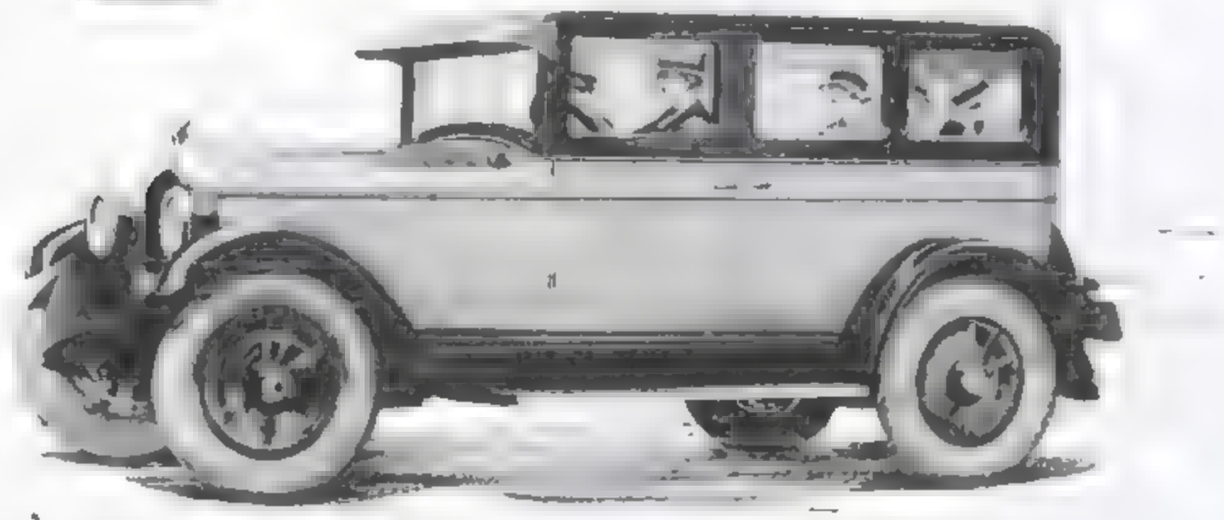

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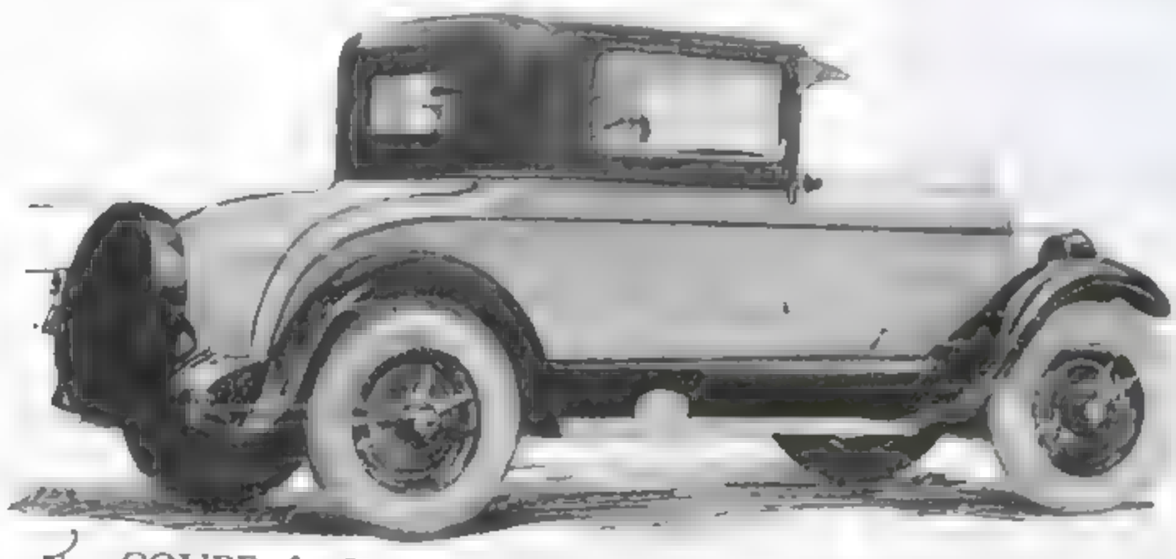

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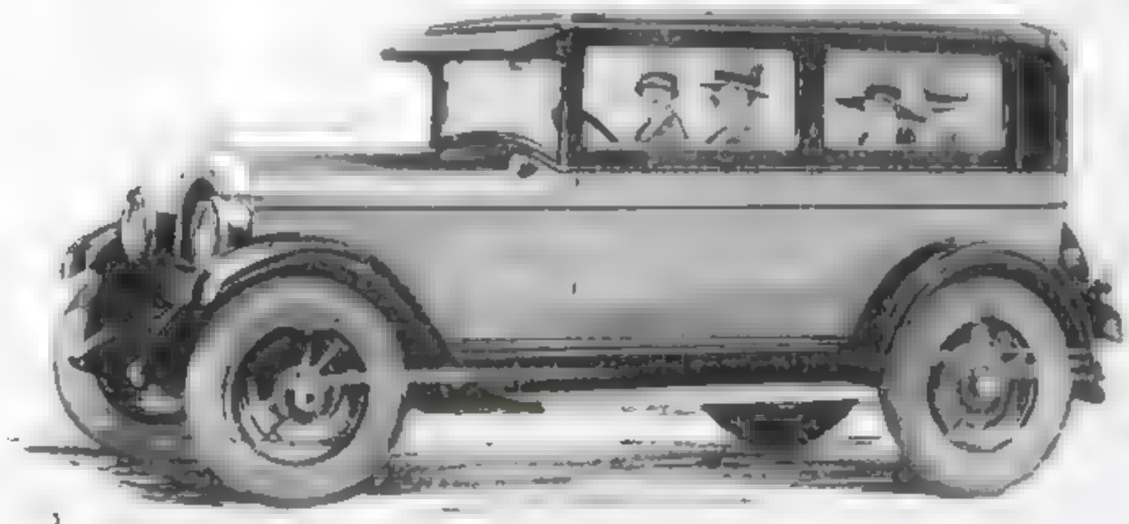

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"50"

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SHEIK'S CLOTHING

Continued from Page 23

Miss Worthington and Reg were proud of Looie; he accomplished his task so deftly. He brought champagne, some rare vintage doubtlessly, and displayed it with the grand gesture of Napoleon saying: "Gentlemen, the King of Rome."

Magniloquence of service was not enough for Mr. Baumgras however.

"Hurry up with that," he urged, while Looie unwound tinfoil, cut wires, tugged at the cork. "Don't y'even know how to open a bottle?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, sir."

Looie turned to demonstrate the excellence of his technic. At that instant the cork yielded and a geyser, a perfect Old Faithful of champagne, rose over the galvanized Looie, over the pinguid Mr. Baumgras, over Miss Aussinger, who emitted cockatoo cries.

"Good!" Yolande Worthington exclaimed, Reg's champagne having rendered her a little indefinite as to the carrying powers of her voice. "Good!" And she laughed her sinister laugh, which didn't help the situation much.

Miss Aussinger had risen and was rubbing wine out of her eyes with her wrists. She turned like a fury.

"Think it's funny, don't you?"

Yolande Worthington, who, as Ruth Mosher, had been a lady through twenty temperate years, called back, "Yes. Yes, I do."

"I'll make you laugh," Miss Aussinger mouthed at her.

"You won't have to work much," Miss Worthington tossed back at her. "I think you're a joke right now."

"I'll pull that piece of red cheesecloth ——" Miss Aussinger began, and actually took a step in their direction.

"Come on, let's dance," Reg broke in.

"No. I want to talk to her."

"They'll stop the music. Come on."

"Oh, all right."

Reg was afraid she might resent his interference; but not Miss Worthington—not that night.

"Now to register passion," she said, sighting Mrs. Dana, and she clutched him and seemed to swoon against him in the dance. It was a waltz like gallons and gallons of melted marshmallow being poured through the atmosphere in thick, sweet, sweet whorls.

"You're wonderful," Reg told her.

"I'm having a good time. I've never had such a good time in my life."

"Really?"

"I'm a Broadway butterfly. I'm just as Broadway as they come. Wait till Madge Mosher hears of this. Madge! Pooh! Who's she? She never had a fight in a Broadway dance palace. Wait till I see that terrible woman again. I know what I'll do. I'll—I'll knock her block off."

At the sound of the phrase on her own lips Miss Worthington laughed again. She'd never talked that way in her life before. She was free, free.

Mrs. Dana, who hadn't taken her eyes off them since they'd come on the floor, heard that remark, that fierce and sinister laugh. "Billy Sedgwick," she said to the major, "I simply cannot stand it. We've got to do something about Reg Brown."

"Why, he's having a ripping time," Major Sedgwick assured her.

"It wasn't of his enjoyment I was thinking," she returned. "It was of his safety. He's a lovely, ingenuous boy who hasn't an idea of what he's getting into. I'm frightfully afraid I goaded him to this, and he's got to be taken away from that woman."

"How's it going to be done?"

"I don't know how it's going to be done, but it's going to be done—by you."

"Me!" Major Sedgwick cried. "Oh, rather not!"

Mrs. Dana could be a very firm lady when it pleased her to be however.

It was unfortunate that Yolande Worthington had mentioned Madge Mosher's name. However scornfully she had spoken it with the syllables, something had evaporated from her mood. For her the peak of the evening was passed.

"What time is it?" she demanded as the music stopped.

"Oh, early. About a quarter of two."

"I've got to go."

"Why?"

"Because I've got to."

It was all very well to worry Madge, but she didn't want her notifying the police.

"Aren't you going to finish the champagne?"

"I should say I am. But I'm going to leave after that."

At least it meant, Reg thought, that she wasn't going to insist on a pitched battle with Miss Aussinger.

"Check," he said to Looie.

Looie was a broken man who could only think of his shame.

"They made me nervouslike," he muttered with drooped head.

"Oh, you don't want to mind," Reg tried to cheer him quietly.

All the fire hadn't died in Miss Worthington; not by a long shot.

She directed a sneering glance at Mr. Baumgras and Miss Aussinger.

"I," she said in clarion tones, "wish you'd drowned them."

Reg turned apprehensive eyes to the neighboring table. Miss Aussinger had heard, that was clear from the stiffening of her back; but she did not turn her head. The only reply she made was directed to Mr. Baumgras.

There was lung power behind it, however, and it was enunciated with a clarity which would have done credit to an elocutionist.

"I ain't going to notice a word that bum says."

Hearing it, Miss Worthington laughed again—a laugh of triumph—but Reg didn't pay much attention, because Looie had produced the check and a warm sense of thanksgiving that he could settle it and remain solvent absorbed him.

He reached to his hip pocket where he usually carried his wallet. It wasn't there. He tried his inside coat pocket, and then his side pockets, and began nervously on the pockets of his waistcoat.

Miss Worthington became conscious of his actions.

"What's the matter?" she asked, a sharp note in her voice, Reg thought.

Looie had already fallen on his knees and began searching under the chairs and table.

Reg was afraid of Miss Worthington again, but he mustn't show it.

"Left my pocketbook in my overcoat, I guess," he told her.

"Well, go and see."

She was taut at the suggestion of financial difficulty. He might have known she would be.

The check-room girl, apparently greatly excited, was talking to the man at the door. She didn't seem to understand what Reg wanted, for a minute, when he handed her his check. Eventually and absent-mindedly she got his coat, not interrupting her conversation however.

"But why do you suppose they'd do it that way? I never heard of 'em doing it secret."

"It's the boss they're after. They been laying for him for a long time."

"Gee! I bet he'll slip out."

"They got both the front and back watched."

Reg went through the coat pockets hurriedly, then systematically. There was no wallet in any of them. He searched his memory. Tubby had placed it in his hands just before he went to sleep. He didn't remember any more about it. It must have dropped from his hands and slid into the crevice of the couch. The awful thing now was to break it to Miss Worthington. This was a fine way to take out a silken woman.

For a few minutes he stood blankly, holding the coat.

There was Mrs. Dana and her escort, of course, but an appeal to them would destroy the whole effect he'd achieved. It would give Mrs. Dana the right to laugh again and twice as hard.

What would a man of the world do under the circumstances? Go to the management, of course.

He handed back the coat, and the girl took it, miraculously too absorbed in her talk to notice that he didn't tip her.

"Think I'd better go home?" she was saying.

"You'll be missin' a chance for good money. I've known 'em to tip as high as twenty bucks for being let duck into the coat room."

The world wagged on, Reg saw, in spite of his personal problem.

An atmosphere of pressure seemed general in the Thermidor; at least the head waiter, to whom he had decided to address himself, was talking absorbedly with two underlings. Remembering Eddie Bezer's former Old World charm of manner, Reg didn't really feel much trepidation. He went near enough to indicate that he wished to speak, and waited for a pause in the conversation.

None was made for him for some time, which seemed strange, then Eddie Bezer swung around.

"Want something?" he asked in a tone from which all suavity had disappeared.

"Yes, I want to cash a check," Reg answered, adding hastily, "It'll be good by tomorrow noon."

"Nix," Eddie Bezer snapped.

"I've lost my pocketbook or left it home."

"That's a new one."

"Well, it's true. Won't you take my check?"

"Nope."

"Well, what am I going to do?"

"I got troubles of my own. You find the money."

"Find the money here? What do you want me to do? Pick somebody's pocket?"

Eddie Bezer hadn't even listened; he was back at his tense conversation.

Reg stood for a time, ignored, then went back to Miss Worthington.

"Was it there?" she greeted him.

"No."

"You had money to pay the taxi."

"Change."

"What will they do to us?"

"I don't know. They won't take a check."

Ruth Mosher had been sitting there tortured by worry and her ignorance of the possibilities of such a situation, but the sight of his miserable face brought out the very nicest side of her nature.

"I haven't got a cent with me," she said.

"What if you had?"

"I'd pay, of course. Don't be silly."

"I wouldn't have let you, and you'd better go now. You can have the cab wait at your door and get money to pay for it."

"And leave you? I will not."

"That's great of you. But I wish you would honestly."

"I won't. And you mustn't be so embarrassed. This sort of thing happens to everybody."

"But with you ——" he gulped.

Eddie Bezer's appearance interrupted a scene utterly outside the tradition of the silken woman. Eddie Bezer presented a different aspect this time from either Reg had seen him under before.

"Find that money?" he asked in an excited but not unpleasant way.

"No."

"I'll wait here," the silken Miss Worthington spoke up, "while he goes home and gets it and comes back."

"How do I know he'd come?" Eddie Bezer queried with a grin. "No, I got a better one than that." He looked at Reg. "Come out into the wash room and I'll explain."

It was a small, glittering wash room. Eddie Bezer locked the door.

Reg thought he scented usury in the precaution.

"I'll make a check out for a hundred, if you say so," he volunteered.

"I don't want no check, but if you're game for what I ask I'm gonna let you off free."

"What's that?"

"Just change clothes with me and let me go out and sit at your table with your jane for a while and then make an exit with her."

"Not on your life."

"Aw, it ain't her I'm after," Eddie Bezer growled disgustedly. "I'm in no place to think about the frails tonight."

"What's the idea then?"

"The idea is they're gonta pull this place tonight and they think they're gonta get me. They want me bad. You ain't so far from my height, and with a black mustache on and in the lights out there, if they was to see you wandering around in my clothes they wouldn't notice if a clean-shaved guy in a pink tie that's been sittin' with a knockout jane all evenin' was to ease out. With her around, nobody's looked at you much. We can bank on that."

"Yes, and then what would happen to me?"

"As soon as I'm gone, all you've gotta do is wash off the mustache and beat it yourself."

Eddie Bezer made a somewhat insincere gesture signifying ease of evasion.

"I can't ask Miss Worthington to do a thing like that."

"Say, what harm's it going to do her? Do you think while I'm trying to get away from the bulls I'm gonta get fresh with a skirt who can ruin me? She won't care. You heard what she offered to do."

"And what if I don't?"

"I guess I gotta hold you for getting food under false pretenses," Eddie Bezer bluffed feebly, then he stopped bluffing.

"Look here, guy," he said, in a voice hard to get out for the emotion he felt, "do it for me, will you? Just because we ain't so far from an age, and I'm up against it. If you'd been as poor as me and put in the way of it, you might have done what I've done too. They've got stuff enough on me to send me up the river fair and square all right, but, believe it or not, half the stuff that'll be dumped on my head if they get me don't belong there. There's an old heel out in that room now that deserves most of it and won't never get a thing. Help me out, will you, buddy? At worst it won't mean much for you. You got a family and big friends and everybody'd laugh—but I ain't got nobody they'd listen to, and if they get me they'll put me over the jumps. Help me out, will you, buddy?"

He was a cheap little bum making a pretty poor plea, but his voice had the authority of passion, and outside the music was playing something as eager for freedom as Eddie Bezer. Reg was more than a little drunk and the fires of youth and life had been stirred in him.

"I'll have to ask Miss Worthington," he said.

"Good sport," Eddie Bezer blessed him. "Be careful not to yip it out so anybody else can hear. I'll be here if she decides yes."

"And if she decides no?"

With a stroke of genius Eddie Bezer told the truth.

"All you gotta do is walk out, of course. But she ain't gonta decide no. I got luck."

"Well?" Miss Worthington asked.

Reg sat down, leaned close to her, and pleaded Eddie Bezer's cause. The music pleaded, too, in the inconsequent way of music.

"Poor little rich girl, don't drop a stitch too soon."

(Continued on Page 97)

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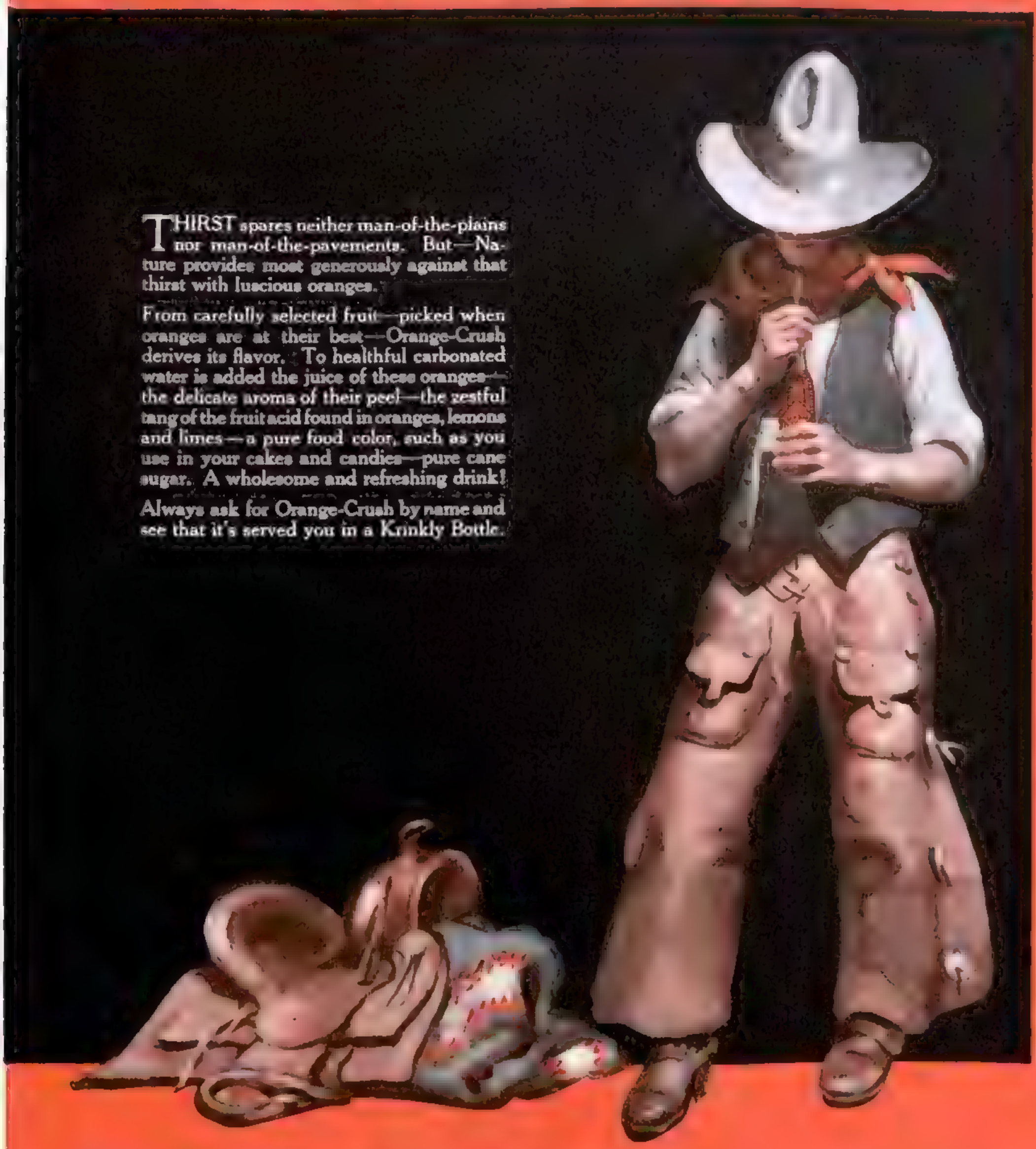

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All the flavor comes from the orange

(Continued from Page 94)

"Let's do it," Miss Worthington said.

"You won't be afraid?"

She held up her head gallantly. A Broadway butterfly has her traditions too.

"I'll like it. It's an adventure."

Eddie Bezer had already begun shearing his mustache as close to the skin as the manicure scissors on the shelf under the mirror would permit.

"All right?"

"Yes."

"Swell. Not a razor in the place, a course. Good thing the lights is low. Get outa your stuff as quick as you can."

Reg took off the short black coat and waistcoat, the striped gray trousers, the rosy necktie and the flowered shirt. Eddie Bezer divested himself of his solemn clothes.

"Say, where'd you get the panties?" he could not resist commenting when he saw Reg's checked shorts. "I got to buy some myself. They'd hand my old lady a million laughs."

Otherwise the exchange was effected in hasty silence.

"One minute now," he said as Reg finished tying the black tie. "I got to do the best I can with paintin' a mustache on your upper lip with some mascara I grabbed from the ladies' room. It ain't gonta look like much, I'm afraid."

But as Reg held his face to the light he gave a cry of relief.

"You got a foundation for me to go on. This'll be swell."

It was not a flattering way to refer to a feature of Reg's appearance on which Reg was a little sensitive, but the result of his ministrations proved that there really was a lot to that mustache, as Reg had always claimed. Under Eddie's brush it became positively bristling. Then Eddie attacked Reg's eyebrows and they bristled too.

"Just walk around the room now," he began his final directions, "as if you was superintending things. Don't speak to nobody more than you can help. If they call at you, act like you was hurrying somewheres. I left twenty berries in that vest pocket. You may need it to get home or somethin'. And what's the address where I can send these clothes?"

Reg gave it.

"You'll get 'em tomorrow, and that ain't all you'll get. They ain't nobody ever treated Eddie Bezer right that regretted it. I'm gonta leave you now. You wait in here awhile and then wander out, will you?"

"Right-o."

"And say, there's nothin' I can say in the way of thanks."

There were actual tears in Eddie Bezer's hard black eyes. He held out his hand for a warm clasp, then he proceeded to Reg's table.

Mrs. Dana saw him sit down. Her argument with Major Sedgwick had been suspended by Reg's temporary disappearance, for which Major Sedgwick had thanked his gods.

"Now he's back," she said, "and you'd better go over and speak to him right away."

"Really, I hate to most awfully," Major Sedgwick pleaded. "I haven't an earthly as to what I should say and all that."

"Why, if it were a girl I shouldn't be puzzled for a minute," Mrs. Dana declared. "I'd just say a few motherly words. Surely you can be paternal."

"I can't. Really, I can't."

"Then tell him I have something important I want to say to him. Only don't let that woman hear you put it off on me. She might decide to knock my block off."

Major Sedgwick groaned, but threaded his way through the tables to behind the sleek head of the gentleman with the lady in the red dress against whom Mrs. Dana had such an unreasonable prejudice. He laid his hand on Eddie Bezer's nervous shoulder.

Eddie Bezer sprang to his feet, facing the major.

Major Sedgwick had met Reg Brown once only; the glaring face didn't look familiar, but he had no very definite recollection, and in his consciousness of a reason therefor he didn't wonder at the glare.

"Could I speak to you just a moment?" he asked.

"What you gotta say?"

"Just an instant," Major Sedgwick replied.

Eddie Bezer thought he was cornered, and red rage filled him at this damned bull with an English accent.

"Naw," he said, and he struck out. As he had been welterweight champion of his precinct for a period in his youth he was not without science. People gasped and Miss Worthington gave a small squeal, but Major Sedgwick did nothing but fall straight back and lie extremely still on the floor.

Eddie Bezer waited for half a dozen guns to be thrust in his ribs, but none were.

He sat down again, and the waiters, trained to cover any little breaches in the amenities which might occur in the Thermidor, picked up Major Sedgwick and carried him to the wash room.

"Well, that's one," Eddie Bezer remarked to Miss Worthington.

"You beast," she called him. "I've a good mind to tell who you are."

"Beast nothing! Did you want me to kiss him and hold out my hands for the bangles?"

"That wasn't a policeman. It was a friend of Mr. Brown's."

"Well for Gawsake!" Eddie Bezer exclaimed, and began to shake with such profound laughter that after a time Miss Worthington couldn't help laughing too.

"He may 'a' been a friend o' Mr. Brown's," he added, when they'd both got a little control of themselves once again, "but I bet he ain't one any more."

Reg, at the wash-room door, seeing a cortège of waiters approach, carrying something, emerged and walked with a brisk and professional air in the opposite direction. He had almost crossed the room when he heard a somewhat agitated voice accost him.

"Maître d'hôtel."

It was the voice he must avoid more than any other—Mrs. Dana's.

He swerved his course and made for the coat room with what he hoped looked like oblivious intentness.

"Oh, Mr. Bezer," the coat-room girl leaned across her half door to call.

Feeling very much like a billiard ball being cued by several experts, Reg made a sharp half turn and hurried on.

Someone tugged at his coat.

"Hey, waiter, I want somebody to take my order."

"Just a minute," he said over his shoulder, as though interrupted on an errand of life and death.

"Maître d'hôtel." It was Mrs. Dana again.

Somewhat appalled by the universal demand for Mr. Bezer, Reg thought he would go back to his own table for a moment's respite in pretended conference.

As he approached it, however, he saw Eddie Bezer shake his head while his lips formed the words: "Better not."

Apparently for the present he was under the curse of the Wandering Jew. He took a few steps to a spot he thought was safely removed from everybody and stood there.

It was in full view of Eddie Bezer, which was unpleasant for Mr. Bezer, who saw a gray-haired individual he had already spotted as a bull rise from his table and saunter toward Reg.

"Hell!" Eddie Bezer muttered.

They were going to nab the kid right under his eyes. To the credit of Eddie Bezer be it recorded that at that moment he registered a vow.

"If they take him and it looks like it was going to be tough, I'll speak up. So help me, I will."

The individual had not come quite near enough to touch Reg's shoulder, however, when Reg heard the snapping of an imperious pair of fingers. He looked in the direction of the sound. Mr. Baumgras was summoning him.

Reg was feeling just disgruntled enough with the physical discomforts of his adventure to welcome the chance of a few words with Mr. Baumgras, and he stepped to the table.

"Say," Mr. Baumgras grunted around a mouthful of food, not even bothering to look up, "I just want to make sure you're going to fire that piece of furniture that waited on us."

"Is that so?" Reg asked.

"Yeah. He's out."

"He is?" Reg asked. "That's where you get some news. Fire him! I'm going to give him a raise. If a few more things like that happened to you, maybe you'd learn how to treat human beings that have the bad luck to have to wait on you."

A snowslide of blank astonishment rendered the fat faces of both Mr. Baumgras and Miss Aussinger practically featureless.

"Say, I guess you don't know who I am," Mr. Baumgras said.

"I don't give a damn who you are. I know what you are; that's enough for me."

"Well, maybe you will give a damn now that you're out of a job. It happens to be me that owns this place."

At those words the individual Eddie Bezer had been watching with such agitation, and whose hand was actually reaching out in Reg's direction, let it drop to his side, and stepped to the table of Mr. Baumgras, losing for the instant all consciousness of Reg Brown.

"You own this place?" he said. "That's been something I've been waiting to find out for a long time. So it's you, is it? Well, just take a look at this."

He pulled something from his pocket.

Reg saw that he was watching an arrest. He hadn't known he had it in him to evaporate, but he evaporated.

He was followed, however. He realized it before he had gone far, and turned to see his pursuer. It was Looie—Looie staring at him with worshipful eyes.

"Say, who are you, gentleman?"

"I guess you know," Reg grinned.

"With the lady in red? And you done it to him because he was so mean to me?"

"I guess so."

Just then the sound of a scuffle came from the near-by entrance. One glance showed that it was a would-be gate crasher—a tremendous one with whom the doorkeeper was having a losing fight. A second glance identified him for Reg as the first comer at the stage door of Broadway Moon.

"Hey, lend a hand, youse," the doorkeeper called. "Lend a hand, will youse?"

Reg felt by then that he was Eddie Bezer.

"Aw, let him in," he commanded in a voice which was certainly very much like Eddie Bezer's voice.

The doorkeeper relaxed his hold. The gigantic first comer straightened himself.

"Try to keep me out, will you?" he scoffed. "They've tried at five other places tonight. Now step out of the way." He spoke with some of the pride of a veteran; neither Madge nor Bill Trumbull had survived the five others.

The doorkeeper and everyone else stepped out of his way.

He strode into the room, surveyed it from his tremendous height, and then with a roar of satisfaction proceeded to cross to the distant table where sat the silken Miss Yolande Worthington and a man in a pink tie.

"Maître d'hôtel," Reg heard again, and before he had a chance to stir, a detaining hand was laid on his arm and Mrs. Dana's voice was explaining, "Something has happened to the gentleman who was —— Why, Reg Brown! What in heaven's name?"

"Careful," he adjured her.

"Where's Major Sedgwick?"

"I don't know."

"It wasn't you who knocked him out?"

"No."

"I thought you must have gone mad, but a man with that awful woman in the red

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The Spur Label, in red, is found only on genuine Spur Ties. Make sure that this label is on the backs of the ties you buy

dress you were with did, and I'm all alone and ——"

From the corner where stood the table of Miss Worthington there came a sound of violent upheaval, a crashing, deadly sound; the sound of a battle of the giants. Everyone in the place stood up.

It came to Reg clearly that this was the raid, and that not having had time to remove any of the traces of his Bezerization he was almost certainly going to be arrested, in which case Mrs. Dana would indeed be very much alone. She must be taken care of, and the half-heard words of the doorkeeper to the coat-room girl flashed into his mind.

"Mrs. Dana," he said, "something unpleasant is going to happen. Come with me."

"It seems to be happening," Mrs. Dana remarked. "Thank heaven I found you. I'm terrified."

The coat-room girl was still hanging over her half door.

"Hide this lady till it's over," Reg ordered her, slipping ten of Eddie Bezer's dollars into her hand.

"Oh, Reg ——" Mrs. Dana began.

"I'll come back if I can," he interrupted her. "If I don't, here's money."

He gave her the rest of Eddie Bezer's contribution.

There were police in the entrance. Reg turned from them to the tumultuous interior. Before he had taken four steps his arm was caught again. It was Looie.

"Come this way, gentleman."

"Where to?"

"Don't ask no questions."

White and tugging, Looie looked like a fox terrier waking his master in a midnight fire.

"Come, gentleman, come."

Reg went. The grease and steam of a kitchen hissed at the end of a passage. For one distrustful second Looie paused.

"You ain't a police, gentleman?"

"No."

"Take off that coat and vest and collar and tie then. Muss your shirt so it don't look like it was ever stiff."

"What are we going to do?"

"You see," Looie promised, stripping off some of his own garments. "If this was a raid like most raids is, this place would be full of waiters, but so much happening has got them mixed up like. Now give me them things, gentleman."

There was a window in the corridor and Looie opened it and chucked the discarded garments out.

"Now you wash up your face. Mr. Bezer took your place, didn't he?"

"Yes."

There was a washbowl in an alcove. Looie pushed Reg to it.

"Quick," he directed, and darted away.

Reg scrubbed at his mustache and eyebrows. While he did so Looie came back with a big apron which he tied around Reg's waist.

"I wonder what happened to Bezer," Reg said.

"Ain't you seen?" Looie asked. "Oh, it was a swell fight, only the big fella had him outclassed. He knocked Mr. Bezer out about the fifth punch."

"Gee, I'm sorry!" Reg exclaimed.

"Who you sorry for?" Looie wanted to know. "It's just Bezer's luck like he always has. They're lookin' in everybody's face in this place to see if it's him. He wouldn't 'a' had a chance of gettin' away, only this big guy comes in and breaks his nose so nobody knows him, and the polices carry him off to an ambulance themselves. You ain't got time to wash no more, gentleman."

"What's the idea of all this apron business?"

"You're a cook now. That's what everybody wants to be when there's a raid."

"Oh, what's the use? I'm all right. They haven't anything on me."

"Say, gentleman, if they was to reckanize you for the guy that doubled for Eddie Bezer you'd do a stretch if you was this here President Coolidge. Now come on to the stove, gentleman."

It was evidently an understood maneuver, for the cooks by profession made way for the newcomers and handed them each a skillet. Looie had grabbed two eggs from a side table en route.

"Be frying this, gentleman," he counseled, handing him one. "That looks more natural-like."

Looie was, in his way, an artist.

Reg had broken his egg very awkwardly, when the sound of invasion filled the corridor. An official voice roared in the door.

"Just the regular help here?"

"Just the regular help."

"Well, give us a look at your mugs."

The assortment of faces was turned in his direction. He studied them.

"Well, I'll be fried!" he grunted after he had inspected them. "There must be some trick way out of this joint and Bezer must have took it. If any of you guys know where it is and want to tell me I'll come across with a century out of my own pants pocket. It sure has me beat."

When the kitchen contingent was dismissed there seemed no necessity for Reg to leave with it and he hung about until profound quiet settled down on the Thermidor. Then he started for the coat room on the bare chance that Mrs. Dana might still be there. As he crossed the dim main room his attention was attracted by pounding on the door of the men's wash room. He crossed to it.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Let me out. I've been locked in here for hours."

Reg turned the key.

Major Sedgwick—a very dim Major Sedgwick—stood before him.

"I was struck down," the major said. "Beastly blow. Wasn't expecting it. I was with a lady. Wouldn't have had this come about for the world."

"Mrs. Dana may still be here," Reg said.

The major jumped back.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Reg Brown."

"The dog that did me in? You are not."

"That was a mistake."

"A jolly pretty mistake," Major Sedgwick remarked with rancor, but one could see that it was all very fuzzy to him. He sat down on a chair and put his hand to his head. Reg went to the cloak room. Sitting in the center of it was Mrs. Dana.

"I've very recently emerged from under those shelves," she told Reg, "and I've got a crick in my neck; but I eat dirt. I eat any brand of dirt you suggest, Reg, my dear. I suppose you have been playing the male ingénu all these months because you thought that would appeal to a careful mamma."

"Does this mean you don't think I'm quite such a baby?" Reg asked.

"A baby!" Mrs. Dana exclaimed. "You were simply master of the situation tonight. I've never seen anything so extraordinary."

"I've got Major Sedgwick inside," Reg said, changing the subject with appropriate modesty.

"Is he in awful shape? You were apparently the only man who could go within speaking distance of that ravingly beautiful hell cat and not be knocked out. This is your coat. The coat-room girl trusted me with it when she left. And here's a note from your lady. She left it with the coat-room girl as she went out. If you'll show me where Bill Sedgwick is, I'll go and try to help him pull himself together."

"Let me do that. You must be wanting to get home."

"Oh, no. I could have gone some time ago. My chauffeur came in looking for me, but I wanted to wait for you. You're a young man I don't want to lose sight of."

She saw Major Sedgwick then and was off.

Reg unfolded his note. It had been written on the back of a menu in pencil.

Dear Mr. Brown: While the police are talking to Henry Boyd I thought I would write you, as Mr. Bezer whispered to me to do, that they have taken him to the Post-Graduate Hospital. You can get your clothes there, although his nose bled over them a good deal.

Henry Boyd is the man who came for me, and didn't understand about Mr. Bezer. I was awfully glad you'd gone. I wasn't sure of it before tonight, but now I know that he's my man. He's a brute, but I belong to him.

I will always remember tonight though. It was a beautiful adventure. If you hadn't been such a sheik I would have liked you better than any man I ever met—but love is different, isn't it?

Good-by. He's coming and I don't want him to see this. Good-by again.

YOLANDE WORTHINGTON.

"Reg!" Mrs. Dana was calling.

"Yes, Mrs. Dana."

"I'm afraid you'll have to give poor Bill a hand. Now wouldn't you have said he was a person who knew how to take care of himself?"

"It's a knack," Reg said.

"Granted. But, dear boy," Mrs. Dana's eyes were quite grave, "however sure of yourself you are, I don't think you should experiment with women of the type you were with this evening; really I don't. Men don't appreciate how insidious they are. Of course I'm glad you know your way about ——"

"Yes," Reg said, "there are things I wouldn't have missed. And whatever you think of that girl tonight, Miss Worthington is one of them. She was only a Broadway butterfly, but"—he swallowed hard—"but she wasn't all bad."

Mrs. Dana shook her head.

"No. Too dangerous," she said. "Reg, why don't you take your vacation this spring, instead of in the summer when you'll be running off for every week-end anyway? And why don't you run down to us at Aiken?"

"Great!" Reg answered. "Great!" But it didn't keep him from thrusting Yolande Worthington's note into the inner pocket of his coat. It was something he'd want to keep always.

(THE END)

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THE SHOEMAKER'S WIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

as personal as his gnarled fingers, his faintly stooping shoulders. He would have given me even this; but there at last I did rebel.

"Chet," I cried. "You're a blamed old fool. You'll do nothing of the kind."

He was quite obviously hurt and grieved because I would not take this hammer which was like the record of a long chapter of his life; he persisted till my helpless anger rose, and I cried again and again, "You're a blasted old fool!"

There were tears of irritation in my eyes; but Mrs. Mac said from the kitchen door, "I've told him so before now. It don't do a mite of good. He never will have any sense about giving things away."

My stubbornness in the end defeated his; but that refusal of mine is one of the few things Chet is not likely to forgive me.

I learned by and by to disparage his possessions and speak of them slightingly, else he would have impoverished himself years ago. His case long seemed to be a hopeless one. He was, I thought, an addict and incurable. Mrs. Mac might, I used to tell myself, control him if she chose; but she was mild and long-suffering, and I had no real hopes of her. Other men before me have failed to reckon with the madness of the mild. Chet, as well as I, thus failed to reckon now.

One day it rained; rained with such a cold and stubborn anger that we could not fish. I stayed in the house, and Chet did odd jobs about the barn and in the shed; and it happened that Mrs. Mac and I had some small talk together.

The day before, two men from East Harbor had fished with us, and we had been successful. When we came home at night, Chet as usual insisted that they take his trout as well as their own. It is one of the penalties of associating with Chet that you must be as generous as he. So I joined my urgencies to his, and my fish to the ones he crammed into their bulging baskets; yet felt at the same time the ridiculous aspect of the situation and their puzzled glances in my direction; felt, in short, like the fool I had so often called Chet.

Nevertheless, because he insisted, I insisted, too; and they departed at last with enough trout to feed six families, and my ears burned to think what they must be saying as they drove away. So this day, while I sat by the window of the dining room, cleaning and oiling a reel, and Mrs. Mac passed to and fro from kitchen to buttery and back again, I recalled the matter, and I spoke of it to her.

"Chet carries this generosity of his to an absurdity," I said. "There's no sense in it at all."

I was a little surprised at her response; had, it seemed, struck fire. She paused with a pie plate in her hand and she said heatedly, "Ben Williams, I want to tell you something. Ever since I've married Chet, the only time I've had trout to eat, or a partridge, is when he's gone fishing or hunting alone, or when you or somebody else has stayed here to a meal. He gives away every fish he catches if he can, and every bird, too." And she added almost wistfully, "And I like trout, and I like partridge as well as anybody."

I nodded in sympathy. "Take last night," I agreed. "They'd caught all the fish they needed, but Chet made them take ours. I wanted a mess of trout myself, was hungry for them. And they'll just have to give them away; and half the people they give them to won't take the trouble to clean them. There are times when I'd like to give Chet a cuff on the ear."

"You've told him he's a fool, and he is a fool," she said stoutly. "If this farm was loose, he'd give that away, like as not, and we'd go over the hill. Anything a body likes, he'll give them."

I chuckled. "Nowadays I'm careful not to like anything," I told her. "It's the only safe way."

"Chet's a good man," she conceded. "But there's two things about him always did make me mad, and one is his giving things away, and the other is his never knowing where a thing is. He's always asking me, and I have to keep track of them for him. It don't matter if he hasn't had it for ten years, if he wants it, I'm supposed to be able to put my hand right on it for him. And then after I've hunted a week, he's like as not to give it away to somebody he never even saw before."

I sympathized with her; had laughed at Chet for this so many times. Laughed at him even though I recognized the universality of this masculine trait of losing his belongings. "No cure for him," I told her. "It's the way he's made."

"And if I lose anything," she exclaimed, "he acts like I'd stuck a knife into him." She spoke more rapidly, remembering. "He had a pair of boots that was too big for him," she said. "And I gave 'em to a man that come by here collecting for the church, and he like to left me for that. He never wore 'em, but he wanted to keep them cluttering up my back stairs."

"I'd take drastic measures, if I were you," I advised her.

She sniffed angrily. "I've a mind to, sometimes," she confessed, and went about her household business again.

I chuckled affectionately, and within a few minutes had forgotten the matter. It did not occur to me that she might conceivably rebel at last; I knew too well her deep and fond affection for the man. Yet I might have remembered that she had good precedent for chastening where most she loved.

I came to Fraternity toward the twentieth of October, for a week in the woodcock covers, with Reck and Frenchy to find the birds for us, and Buster the pup to learn the way of the game by the example of the older dogs. And Chet greeted me in the yard when I drove in; and Mrs. Mac came beaming to the door; and the farm seemed as it had always been, with no discordant note at all.

I had brought, as I liked to do, some odds and ends of provender from the last town along the road; a cut of beef, a box of candy, a quart or two of raw oysters, some pounds of fish, and the like. And while the dogs bounded in their welcome we transferred these victuals to the house, where Mrs. Mac unwrapped them and stowed them safe away. When my gear was carried inside, Chet and I sat and talked together till supper was ready, and afterward walked down to the store, and came back through the frosty moonlit night; and the three of us sat late in the dining room, discoursing fruitfully, till I grew sleepy and went at last to bed, and thought before I slept, "The farm never changes; it's always just the same."

In the morning there was the same long confusion in getting started. Chet had to find his shells and sort them out; had to locate a missing boot; had to discover the bells which the dogs would wear on their collars. And when I was in the car at last, the dogs frantic in the body of the vehicle behind, Chet came to the kitchen door as always to call out to me, "Plenty of matches, have you?"

So at last we were away, and ranged all morning through the tangled coverts where among the leafless alders the drenching sunlight lay. And the dogs coursed this way and that, Frenchy plodding with the dignity of age, Reck bounding in that wild exuberance of his youth which years had never curbed, Buster's busy tail twinkling in the thickest corners. And now and then a woodcock whistled as he rose, or a partridge ruffled into flight like the boastful fellow he so justly is; and the guns barked ringingly in the crystal air.

We lunched at brookside below the Bean Lot, where the stream foams icy cold across the moss-green bowlders; and after we were done with the sandwiches and coffee, Chet produced his pipe and whittled a fill for it. This pipe was, I saw, new and yellow; and when he set a match to the bowl he grimaced most distastefully; and I said, "New pipe? What happened to the old one?"

He hesitated a moment before replying; and when he spoke it was in a tone of curious uncertainty. "Why, Mary give it away," he explained. "A man come by when I wan't there, and stopped for something; and he dropped his pipe on the porch and broke it. So she give him mine."

He spoke as one who is all bewilderment; and I remembered, floodingly, so many half-forgotten things, but only said, "He'll need a strong head to smoke it."

"I don't know what's got into her," he told me, as though he had not heard. "I had two pictures of moose in the desk. One was a cow that wintered at the Ranch seven years ago, and the other was one Jim Saladine killed when the law was off. And a man stopped at the house and said he'd been trying to see a moose around here, and she give him both the pictures. I couldn't say anything; but I could see he didn't care a thing about them. After he was gone, she just said she was tired of seeing them laying around."

He puffed ruefully at this harsh new pipe of his, and I watched his troubled eyes and held my tongue till it was time for us to be about our gunning for the afternoon. But when we came back to the farm at dusk I was attentive, watchful for whatever was to come.

The surface flowed smoothly; but now and then during the succeeding days there was a swirl which hinted at the struggle going on beneath. When we sat down to supper that first night, Chet looked the table over and asked accusingly, "Didn't you fry the oysters, Mary?"

She shook her head.

"They won't keep only till tomorrow," Chet warned her.

And she said then mildly, "Well, we had so many victuals that I give them away. Will Belter stopped this afternoon and saw them; and he'd never ate an oyster, he said. So I made him take them home."

Chet cried explosively: "Give him them oysters? What for?"

"Sho!" she told him soothingly. "He'll like to eat them"

"You didn't have to give him all of them," Chet urged. "He can't eat them all."

"That's what he said," she agreed with a nod. "But I told him he could give the rest away." Chet made a fierce, explosive sound; and she cocked an eye at him and added quietly: "I've seen you give a man a mess of trout he'd have to give away."

He stared at her, leaning back from the table, bracing his hands against its edge, and his eye was fiery. Then he laughed in a bitter fashion and said slowly, "Ben brought them oysters because he likes 'em."

But I hastened to seize upon neutrality "No, no," I assured him. "I get all I want Glad to have him have them."

So Chet perforce held silence afterward; but Mrs. Mac and I chatted pleasantly enough. I felt myself admitted to her confidence; and when Chet went to the barn to finish his chores, I tried to ask a question. But she gave me no encouragement, recognized no understanding between us. Her heart was, I thought, troubled by what she did; but it was equally clear that she wanted no help from me. I was always a little afraid of Mrs. Mac; and there was something forbidding in her brave demeanor now.

Later, Chet and I went down the hill to the store, and we went silently. On the way back, silence still held between us, but I guessed what Chet was thinking. And I

(Continued on Page 103)

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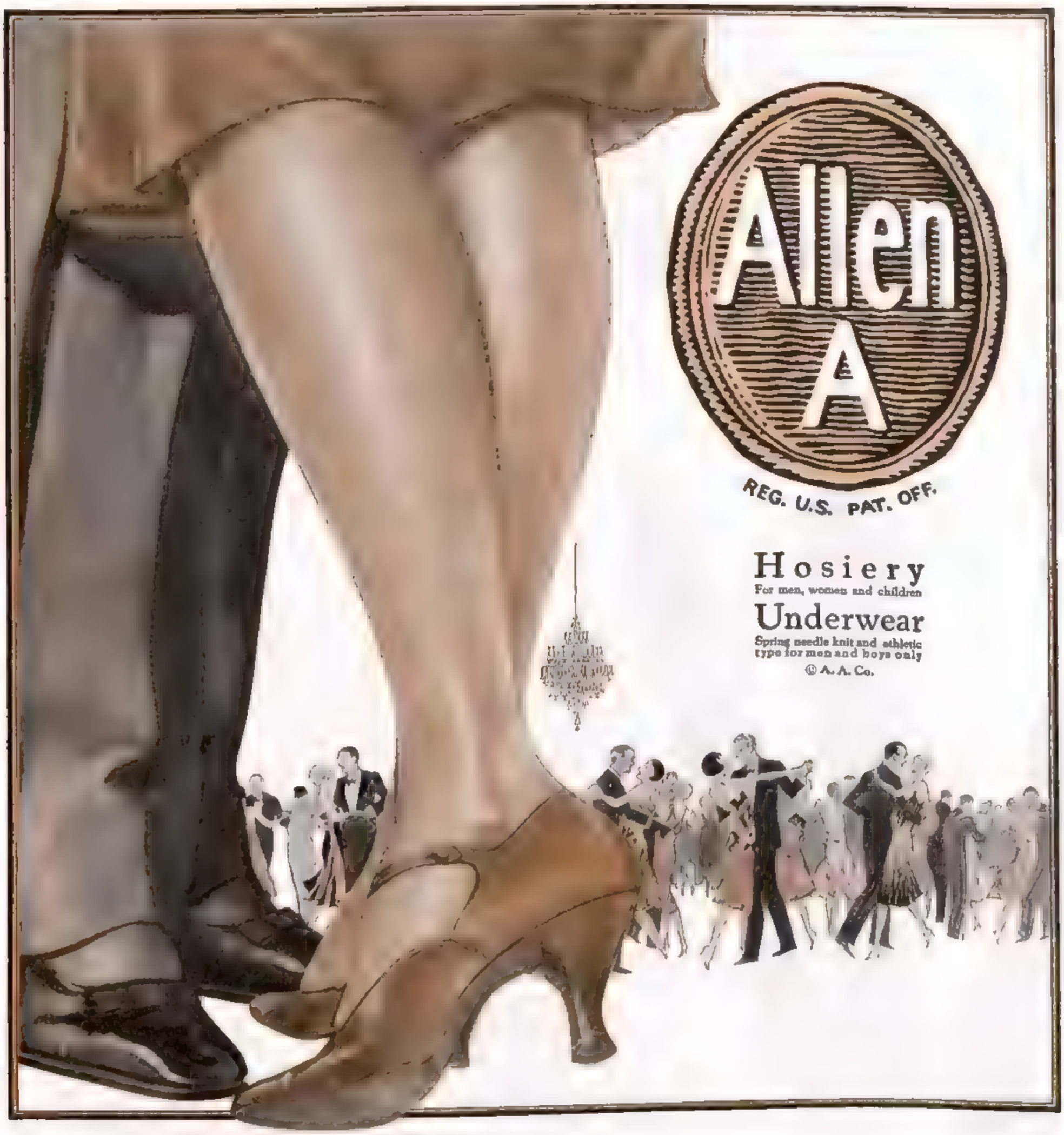

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$2.00 *the pair*

THE ALLEN-A COMPANY ◂ KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

(Continued from Page 100)

was not surprised when, as we approached the house, he spoke.

"You know that old reel I had," he said. "She give it away, one day last July. I had to get me a new one, after."

I held my peace. If he wished a confidant, I was ready; but if he sought an ally, I must hold my hand. So we went into the house with no further word; and I presently went to bed and left them alone together. There was, it seemed to me, thunder in the air, the rumbling of a coming storm.

The storm threatened; but it did not break till the eve of my departure, till the night before I was to leave the farm. And in this wise.

When day by day we came in from our gunning, Chet was accustomed to take the birds we had bagged and carry them down cellar and hang them upon nails driven into the floor timbers, in such fashion that they were in a draft of cold dry air. As this store of game increased his pride grew too. When I insisted that we eat some of the birds, he begrudged them, brought them up reluctantly. And he used to spend half an hour at the simple business of hanging up each day's bag, reveling in the feathered booty. Used to emerge from the cellar stair at last with a beaming eye, and to exclaim to me, "You want to come down and look at the birds we've got hung up there—as handsome a lot of game as you'll ever see."

Or he would discuss their individual excellences. "There's an old cock pa'tridge down there that's a beauty"; or "I weighed that big woodcock and it weighed thirteen ounces"; or "Them were native birds we got today, every one of them. There's no flight on." Or he would list them off. "Nineteen woodcock, five pa'tridge and a jacksnipe."

Till Mrs. Mac said acidly, "I need water in my tank; and there ain't a stick of wood left in the box, Chet. A full wood box would look handsome to me."

But on this last night of my stay, when he went down cellar, I heard him talking to himself below us there. I was sitting in the dining room, and Mrs. Mac was in the buttery when he came in some haste up the stairs; and he called to her, "Mary, there's rats in the cellar and they've got at them birds."

She said calmly, "That ain't likely. The nails are out of their reach."

"The birds are gone," he insisted. "Two pa'tridges and four woodcock gone since last night."

"Oh," she told him serenely, "I give them away. Sent 'em in to East Harbor to Arthur Tuck. Dora Dillard always did like a partridge, and Dan Bissell was going in, and I sent them in by him."

She spoke from the buttery, where she was busy with some small task; but I could see her, could see that her hand was trembling. And I sat very still.

After she had spoken, there was for a moment no other word. Only Chet came in from the kitchen to the buttery door, and he stood there confronting her; and I could see the stony rigidity of his shoulders. Then she turned her head and looked at him and came toward him, and she said steadily, "Get out of my way, Chet. I've got things to do."

He demanded incredulously, "You give them birds away?"

"Yes, I did."

And he cried then, in rising anger, "What for?"

"Because I wanted to," she retorted.

"What's the matter with you?" he exploded. "You act like you'd gone crazy?"

She had a plate in her hands, with a fresh-made pie ready for the oven, but she put it down and rubbed her hands together; and she faced him so steadily that he gave back before her. And she said slowly, "If I'm crazy, you've been crazy for fifteen years, Chet McAusland. And I've told you so."

"Sho!" he protested, startled and already weakening.

"And I'm good and crazy, if that's being crazy," she repeated. "I gave away the cider apples yesterday; told Johnny Dree he could have all he'd pick up. And I'm a mind to give away the apples on the trees too."

He stared at her; asked in a low tone, "You want to put us on the town?"

She sat down by the table; I thought perhaps her knees were quivering. But her voice was steady enough when she spoke to him. "If giving things away would put us on the town, we'd have been there long ago," she told him. "You've give away everything we had that anybody wanted. I don't mind a person being generous; but you're a fool about it, Chet." She checked herself, went on more steadily; I had the impression that she knew exactly what she wished to say.

"The place to be generous is at home," she cried. "If you ask me, that's what I think. And you'd give away a thing I wanted just as quick as you'd give away something that belonged to me. You shoot as many birds as any man in town, and catch as many fish; but I haven't ate as many trout as I wanted to for fifteen years, nor had the partridges I'd like to have. I like partridge well as anybody, but that don't make any difference to you. You'd rather give them away than eat them; but I wouldn't. I'd rather eat some, oncet in a while.

"You like the feeling of giving things away. Well, so do I. You'd as soon give away your shirt off your back. I ain't that way so much, but I'd as soon give away your things as not. It'd save me the bother of taking care of them and knowing where they are when you want them."

He said uncertainly, placatingly, "But Mary, Ben's got to have birds to take home."

I ventured protestingly, "Don't bring me into this, Chet."

And Mrs. Mac said, "That's your look-out, the two of you. If you can't shoot birds enough to give away and eat, too, then you'd better learn how. If we had to live on the partridges the two of you shoot we'd mighty soon starve to death. But if they're going to be given away, when I want them my own self, then I'll do the giving from now on."

She rose and moved toward the kitchen; and Chet slipped aside to let her pass. From the door she fired another word. "I'm sick and tired of having folks say to me, 'Your husband's the most generous man.' I'm going to say to them, 'He never was so almighty generous to me.' I'm going to do my share of giving away around here after this. Or like as not I'll do enough for the two of us, and you might as well make up your mind to it."

She vanished, majesty in her train. And Chet sat down by the table and wiped his brow. I read, very diligently, in a magazine which I lifted from the table by my knee.

The gunning license of a nonresident in Maine permits him to take to his home six woodcock and five partridge. Chet had always made it a matter of pride to fill my license for me; to see that I had a full store of birds. On the morning of my departure it was his pleasure to go into the cellar and tie the birds in bundles and tag them according to the law.

There were always woodcock and to spare; but as Mrs. Mac had pointed out, neither Chet nor I was expert in the business of killing partridges. Usually the quota of five birds represented something like our total bag for my week of shooting. I miss ten shots for one I kill, and Chet is as bad. This year we had done a little better; had killed seven partridges in all. Two of these Mrs. Mac had now given away, five still remained.

When in the morning, I made ready to depart, this point was in my mind; I waited passively the outcome. Waited while Chet went down cellar to collect the birds.

He was there a long time, struggling with himself perhaps; and when he came up it was with an apologetic eye. There was a bundle of birds in either hand; I counted the heads of six woodcock. But of partridges there appeared to be but three. Mrs. Mac was at the moment in the shed; he saw my glance and said shamefacedly, "There's five down there; but I guess Mary'd like one or two to eat."

I nodded readily. "Sure," I assented. "All we want is a taste, at home."

So, a little later, in the car, I drove away. Chet had been suffering; there was suffering in his eyes when he said good-by to me. But when my back was turned to them, I smiled to myself. For Mrs. Mac had put a packet in the rear end of the car.

From the bend of the road I looked back, and Chet raised his hand in a gesture of farewell. Mrs. Mac stood in the door behind him; but even from that distance I seemed to see that her eyes were bent on Chet and not on me. And I knew the light that dwelt in them.

A little farther on I unwrapped her packet and added the two partridges it contained to the three others.

YOUR HOUSE COMMITTEE

(Continued from Page 42)

One of the first things the manager discovered when he took charge was that due to a lack of central control there were far too many employes on the pay roll. Under the greens committee there was a foreman with an imposing staff of helpers, most of them unskilled laborers. Under the grounds committee there was another foreman with another staff of helpers, slightly smaller but equally unskilled. Those two committees were responsible for the presence of thirty-four names on the club's pay roll.

It would make a happier ending if it could be said here that the manager fired one of those foremen and some of the help. He knows that one foreman and about twenty men could with ease handle all the work there is to be done; but neither the greens committee nor the grounds committee has been willing to concede this, regardless of the enthusiasm with which the manager argues his case and points out that the lawns in front of the club are cut with precisely the same kind of mowing machines as are used on the fairways. Nevertheless, he is still arguing.

In the dining room, the manager has been able to decrease the charges for food served. The leaks he plugged before he was able to do that are leaks that conform to a pattern in most clubs operating under soviet rule. Those leaks are of many kinds. All of them are rarely discovered by the average house committee, and, if discovered, they are not properly dealt with.

As an example of the sort of thing that is going on in far too many clubs in this country, consider the discovery made by the manager of a club in one of the largest cities of the Mississippi Valley a few months after he had taken charge. The restaurant of this club had been losing money at a frightful rate. The manager knew his job would not endure beyond a year unless he was able to effect a substantial decrease in those restaurant losses. Some of the leaks he plugged before he had been on the job a week, but he knew there must be others.

The butcher who supplied the club with its meat was about the friendliest person with whom the manager had been in contact since he arrived in town. That butcher's bill sometimes exceeded $3000 a month; but he had even larger accounts on his book, the manager knew. He was a prosperous individual, that butcher; and the automobile in which he called at the

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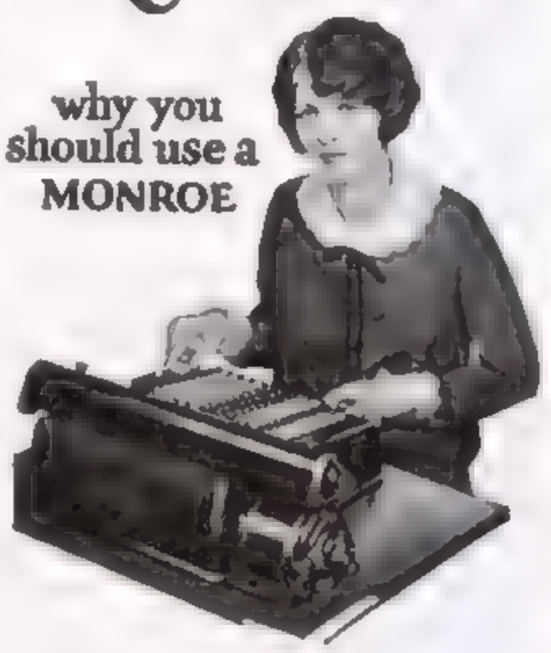

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club's back door was as noiseless a piece of machinery as the car of the wealthiest member, and it was as finely upholstered.

The butcher had the sympathetic manners of a fashionable doctor. He did not try to hold the manager's hand, of course, but his greetings always were in the right mood; and if the manager was smoked up because of some pesty member's arrogance, the butcher's understanding was as balm. The manager began to think of the butcher as one of his warmest acquaintances; and when the butcher's wife went out of her way to be kindly to the manager's lonely wife he fairly glowed within himself to think that the world contained such people.

So at Christmastime, when the butcher insisted upon buying his friend, the club manager, a hat, that seemed to be a normal action and not to be resented.

"I want this hat to fit you or I'd have it sent out with a sprig of holly around the brim," said the butcher gayly, "so please go to"—he named the most expensive and smartest hatters in the city—"and charge a hat to me."

Mentally the manager, feeling he would have to reciprocate, affixed another box of cigars to his Christmas shopping list. A couple of days later he dropped into the hat store named by his friend, the butcher, selected a pretty good hat, ordered it delivered to him at the club and then told the clerk where the bill was to be sent. The clerk asked him to wait a minute while he summoned the manager, and presently the manager came to the front of the store.

"Let me see that hat you have picked out," he said, and when it was handed to him he sniffed at it scornfully. "This won't do at all. I'll select a hat for you. I know what you should have."

The Brotherhood of Broad Brims

He hauled out a drawer and exposed a wide-brimmed, glossy hat which he picked up as carefully as if its beaver felt was explosive. With the air of an artist arranging a model, he pulled it down on the head of the club manager.

"This is what you want," he said in a positive tone. "I had expected you to ask for me when you came in."

"Say," objected the club manager as he squinted at the price tag concealed between the leather band and the silken lining of the beaver, "this hat is marked twenty-five dollars. My wife hardly pays that much for a hat. My speed is more nearly eight dollars, and I'm not going to stick a friend just because he wants to buy me a Christmas present."

"Sorry. I have my instructions, and that is the hat I've got to make you wear." The hatter was facetious but firm. By way of closing up the transaction, he tucked one of his cards in the club manager's breast pocket. "We'll send the new one out this afternoon. Or would you like to wear it?"

"Shucks, I might as well get used to it. I'll wear the new one."

The manager strode downtown with a feeling of pride in his appearance that he had not felt in many a long day; and then, down among the commission houses where he had some shopping to do, he ran into the steward of one of the country clubs. The steward, a blond Swiss with a heavy German accent, was wearing a hat identical in style and color with that which crowned the gray head of the manager. Moreover, the Swiss winked broadly as if to welcome a brother of some secret society.

The club managers and stewards in that city have a club of their own, an unpretentious affair where house committees are cursed with the enthusiasm that some men expend on golf. There were eight other members present when the big club manager arrived. Six of the eight were wearing hats that were unmistakably of manufacture similar to that of the hat which was beginning to rest heavily on the brow of the manager.

The next day, when the meat was delivered at the club's grocery storeroom, the manager appeared there and supervised the weighing ceremony. When he compared the weight with the slip which his checker was about to sign for the butcher's truck driver, he saw that there were nineteen pounds less of loin than there should have been—and then he saw that his checker was wearing a hat like his own.

That discovery resulted in wiping out just about half the restaurant loss, because the weigher had been grafting not only through the butcher but also through some other dishonest tradesmen. But the other leaks were the hard ones to combat—hard because they were less obvious.

There is no more excuse for believing that three or half a dozen members of a club, suddenly invested with a purple authority, are going to acquire with a like magic an ability to function as experts in a highly technical job than there is for believing that a rich manufacturer, suddenly appointed as an ambassador, is going to be a diplomat.

Running a club soundly and in a fashion to give satisfaction to the bulk of the membership calls for a technic as difficult to acquire as that involved in operating a hotel, but this obvious fact has not penetrated far into the minds of those 5,000,000 who are paying dues and house accounts in the 6500 clubs having food service or bedrooms. The majority are still operating under house-committee rule, and in many which have promoted some obsequious head waiter to the post of manager the house committee continues to rule. Undeniably, authority is sweet to certain people.

As an instance of what technical skill can accomplish when applied to a club where spending has gone beyond control, there is an athletic club in a Middle Western city which occupies a tall building that cost more than $3,500,000 to build and furnish. It is a business, or at least a property, larger than any but a dozen or so of the members dominate individually. In two and a half years a club manager, with real authority, clipped about $60,000 from kitchen and restaurant expenditures. Some of this saving was accomplished because the manager did not put too much reliance on the integrity of the average kitchen worker. He caused a strict accounting to be made of every food item from the time it entered the back door of the club until it became an item on a sales check.

The installation of an ice-making machine saved that club $1136 the first year.

Secondhand Soda Crackers

By placing a man, who was paid $1200 a year, in charge of the club's $50,000 investment in china, glassware and silver, breakage and pilferage losses were reduced from $10,000 to $5000 a year.

Single control also made it possible to reduce the total of employes from 300 to 250, and the smaller staff performs the work more efficiently.

A multigraphing machine is saving $4000 a year.

Checking laundry religiously reduced costs at the rate of $3000 a year.

The total savings made under a manager who knew his business have been in excess of $100,000 in two and a half years, or at the rate of $40,000 a year.

A house committee might have continued the practice of throwing away the 400 glasses, costing forty-six cents each, that are nicked every month. The manager has them reground at a cost of ten cents each—a saving of $1728 a year on this item.

The club's cracker bill was reduced 40 per cent through a change in the manner of serving them. Instead of offering them in bulk, piled high on a plate, they were served in sealed wax-paper envelopes. Probably most of the saving there was due to the elimination of breakage; but, besides, if a guest did not eat all the crackers served, the waxed envelopes justified the practice of serving them again, instead of throwing them away. A small item, perhaps, but one that is helping to pay the manager's salary.

One of the reasons the members are so much better satisfied under the new arrangement is that the manager, besides knowing how to save money, also knows how to spend it, and has added $15,000 a year to the entertainment fund in order to provide the club with good music. He considers it to be an essential part of his job to lure as many members as possible into the club every day. A general usage of the club by the members is one of the factors that tend to cut down overhead.

Even the most highly skilled manager may not avoid some of the food losses that are seemingly inevitable in the restaurants of country clubs. The manager of one of the ultra-fashionable ones stocked up on a recent Friday with something like $500 worth of sea food. It rained all day Saturday and most of Sunday. Only a small part of the usual crowd came to the club. On Monday he had to throw away precisely half the sea food. It is ill luck of that sort which makes it necessary for most clubs to resort to the wizardry of accountants to get out financial statements annually that will keep the members from breaking out in wild rebellion. By the time the average house committee has learned that certain food and operating losses are inevitable on Saturdays and Sundays when the attendance falls off, it is time for a new house committee, green as a live lobster, to take control.

The Chairman's Reward

There are few committee-ruled clubs in the country where the members are not all addicted to a bit of foolery that is wrongly classified as a witticism. Usually it occurs in the dining room.

Addressing a waiter, a member will say, "Bring me a steak—a club steak, rare and about so thick."

"So" is illustrated graphically by holding the first joint of a thumb about three inches from the first joint of an index finger. Then comes the stinger in this so-called joke: "Tell the chef it is for the chairman of the house committee." That false admonition is spoken in a loud tone, and if the chairman of the house committee is within hearing distance there is a guffaw from all parts of the dining room.

The implication is that the chairman of the house committee gets more and better food than any other member of the club, and the sad truth is that if the club employes have their way, that is true more often than not.

"But the really troublesome problems arise," said one club manager who only recently threw off the yoke of house-committee control, "when the wives of the house committee appear. After one of them has had a party on the club porch I usually go to bed with a headache. If it was the wife of the chairman who told me the portions of ice cream were too small, who could argue with her? Not me. I can now, though, no matter who gives the party, because I am the boss and there isn't any house committee."

If the servants of a club have their pets among the members, and usually those members with authority, there is a reverse side to that picture.

The influential members have their pets among the servants. A goodly part of the deficit of some clubs, the deficit that is met by assessment, is due to the growth of salaries of pet servants.

For instance, the greens committee, before going out of office, desires to do something in recognition of the splendid coöperation it has had from the greens keeper, and engineers a raise in his pay which cannot be taken away from him by the new committee, for if he is a good greens keeper they certainly do not want to fire him. That would be poor economy. But this thing runs all through the pay roll of a committee-ruled club. The house committee has its pets, the grounds committee is equally partial to certain employes on its list, and the various other committees with patronage behave in like fashion. Moreover, if a popular waiter is dismissed for good cause, it is not uncommon for members to sign a petition asking for his reinstatement.

There is a certain club with a $2,500,000 property which has been playing with the idea of manager control for some time and finding it unsatisfactory. They pay a manager $7200 a year plus his meals and an apartment, but delegate to him only a part of the authority he requires in order to function with a maximum of efficiency. The result is that few managers last long enough to collect a full year's salary.

Recently a committee from this club sought to make an arrangement with the manager of one of New York's luncheon clubs.

He asked his callers several significant questions, one of which they thought was nothing less than an impertinence:

"Have you any pets on the pay roll?"

"Certainly not," denied the spokesman.

"Well, I heard you had a steward running the restaurant on a percentage basis, and that your previous managers have had no authority over him."

"Well," temporized the spokesman, "we've had that steward a long time and the members think a lot of him."

"I don't believe you gentlemen would care to hire me. I should have to have absolute authority over all the help and I should want to run the restaurant in the interest of the club."

They finally hired another manager, taking him from an executive post in a New York hotel. He stayed only five months, but the pet steward, a skillful politician, below stairs, is still on the job.

If a club executive is to have a real opportunity to show how superior managerial control is in contrast with committee rule, he must have all the authority he asks for; but all the authority in the world will not transform a pretty good head waiter into a club manager, because few head waiters understand maintenance principles, interior decorating, music, art, drama, horticulture, and some of the other arts and sciences which are a necessary part of a manager's equipment.

Club Property Rights

It was not the house committee but a manager of one New York club who provided that the extra waiters who were required from time to time to serve at banquets should be compelled to wear white jackets that were without pockets.

"That kind of help," said this manager, "can carry off a surprisingly large amount of food, and it is pure tragedy to count up the silver sometimes after a big banquet. But members and guests are not always so respectful of property rights in a club as they might be. Some of the things they do spell assessment at the end of a year."

Selfish members sometimes go to surprising lengths to cheat their fellows in the club. One Indianapolis club now charges for all guests who attend its dances, whereas formerly it did not extend this charge to out-of-town guests who were registered, applying it only to resident guests.

A few members took advantage of this situation by registering local guests under fictitious names, usually as coming from Chicago. Consequently it became necessary to withdraw the privilege previously accorded out-of-town guests.

The face powder which is provided for the ladies in most clubs is usually the best that can be purchased. It is intended for use at the club, but because of the amount that disappears most house-committee chairmen would testify that these powder boxes are regarded by many of the ladies who have access to them as filling stations for vanity cases. Hairpins disappear, too, in rather greater quantities than can be accounted for by the number picked up on the club verandas.

Then there is the matter of magazines and books.

Take it all in all, most house committees are quite ready to consider the advent of a club manager as emancipation for themselves from brutal slavery.

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DECIDEDLY BETTER

THE BELOVED HANDICAP

(Continued from Page 19)

imaginary disapproval. He soberly stowed both checks in his pocket and followed Lollie's thistledown departure to the dining room, where two covers were laid companionably at the pleasantest corner of the old walnut table. Toward the dissolving phantasm of Perry Landreth's countenance he felt a vague, momentary blend of contempt and pity.

II

SITTING in Dan Glynn's office at the Weymouth National, Peter Jessop slowly abandoned a vague idea of telling him the whole story. As he discussed the items of the statement he became disturbingly aware of a certain resemblance, hitherto quite unsuspected, between the two presidents. It had seemed probable to him, as he looked forward to the interview, that Dan Glynn would understand about Lollie; somehow, the fact that Glynn was a bachelor had increased this probability. He wouldn't be disposed to judge all women by one, as Perry Landreth did, assuming that, because his subdued little rabbit of a wife could be browbeaten into absolute obedience, all other wives were equally amenable to the proper sort of husbandly discipline. Jessop had felt that Dan Glynn would see in his unwillingness to assert authority over Lollie only an extra reason for giving sympathetic ear to his business proposals. Now confronting the realization that there was something actually formidable about Glynn he decided that it might be more prudent, after all, to confine the talk strictly to the financial.

Glynn rubbed his chin meditatively as he listened. The cheerful informality of his manner had mysteriously disappeared; he was sober, thoughtful, rather alarmingly polite and, in his briefly interpolated questions, even more shrewdly searching than Perry Landreth at his sharpest. It seemed to Peter Jessop that he might easily take very much the same unreasonable attitude toward feminine overdrafts. It was better, anyway, to avoid the topic. He avoided it.

"We'll consider it," said Glynn finally. "I can't say any more than that right now of course." He frowned. "I don't see why Landreth is turning you down, on the face of these figures. They're not too good, but they're not so bad either. You seem to have held your own through some pretty bad times, and against some stiff competition. It's queer that Landreth should let us get your business if things aren't any worse than they look." He paused. "Didn't he give you any definite reason?"

Jessop hesitated. "He put it on strictly personal grounds," he said reluctantly. "He doesn't believe I'm the right man to pull the firm through. I think he felt pretty sure you'd turn me down too. He practically said as much."

Glynn surveyed him deliberately, his brows gathered.

"Personal, eh?" He rubbed his chin. "Of course that doesn't show in the statement, but I'd say, offhand, that the personal risk is better than the other. What's Landreth got against you?"

"He—he thinks I'm not enough of a disciplinarian," said Jessop. "That's about what it comes to."

Glynn brightened. "Oh, that's it, eh?" He chuckled. "That might explain it. Landreth's great on discipline, sure enough. Runs his bank under martial law, so to speak. I ought to know—I spent twelve years over there, mostly on tiptoe!" He shook his head. "You can overdo discipline, like any other good thing. We don't take ourselves quite so seriously over here."

He looked up affably as a clerk paused in the doorway. "Come in, Joe. What is it?"

His side glance seemed to invite Jessop's attention to the friendly informality of the episode. The clerk laid a slip before him and his expression changed abruptly.

"What's this? Another book? Two in less than two months? How many canceled vouchers?"

The clerk pointed to a figure on the slip; there was, unmistakably, a suggestion of timidity in the gesture. Glynn's face reddened.

"Why, that means she's wasted twenty-five or thirty!" He drummed on the table. "Excuse me a minute, Jessop. I'll have to talk to her about this."

He went out, followed by the clerk. Jessop couldn't help overhearing the conversation in the lobby, just outside the door. More than ever he was aware of that baffling resemblance between Landreth and Glynn. It might almost have been Landreth who was talking to Mrs. Gifford Buller.

"You see, Mrs. Buller, we try to protect you by providing you with blank checks that can't easily be used fraudulently. They're printed with your name, and numbered; they're lithographed on special paper that instantly shows up any attempt to use acid."

Albertine Buller's answer distantly reminded Peter Jessop of Lollie. He resented this; they weren't a bit alike, really. Glynn's voice went on:

"It's not only the expense, you see, Mrs. Buller. There's a principle involved. A check's a pretty serious document; it's even more serious than actual money. The bank can afford to pay for the wasted blanks, easily enough; but we'd like to have our customers feel as we do about the matter, not just for the sake of economy but so that they'll accustom themselves to treating even a blank check with the respect it really deserves."

It occurred to Jessop that the speech was a shade too fluent to be wholly impromptu. Glynn had it by heart. He must have said it pretty often, if he kept track of every check book issued to his depositors. Jessop repressed a grin. Evidently Dan Glynn took checks about as seriously as Landreth took overdrafts. The thought sobered him suddenly as Glynn returned.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, but I make it a point to handle that sort of thing in person." He wagged his head. "You'd be astonished at the way some women can use up check books! Must waste five or six blanks for every one they use right. Can't understand why their husbands don't teach them better!"

The thought came to Peter Jessop that marriage might have enlightened Mr. Glynn as to this baffling mystery. He moved uneasily in his chair, thinking of Lollie; her check book, always conveniently at hand, served her in many ingenious ways besides that for which it was designed. A blank check made an admirable shopping list, for instance; it served splendidly for memoranda; you could write a notice for a servant or a milkman on its back or even employ it, if you had forgotten to buy writing paper, for your more informal correspondence.

"You're absolutely right," he said. "Never struck me before that a blank check ought to be treated with respect, but ——"

"Respect? Why, it ought to get reverence!" Glynn pounded his table. "It ought to be just about sacred! Think of what it stands for! Think of all the slow, painful evolution it represents! All the centuries of labored barter, the slow, costly processes it's abolished! Why, Jessop, a check's the living symbol of civilization, when you come right down to it—the greatest of all human inventions!"

"Absolutely." Peter Jessop loosened his collar. It seemed to him that the formidable, bank-president quality below Dan Glynn's friendly countenance was more than ever in evidence. Glynn came abruptly back to the previous question.

"Well, we'll look into this and let you know as soon as we can. The committee'll have to act on it, of course. That reminds me—you'd better open an account here, just as a matter of form. Mart Dowson always asks about that when we're considering a new loan, and ——"

"Dowson?" Again Peter Jessop fingered his collar. "Is he—I didn't know he was on your loan committee."

"Oh, yes. Been on it from the start," said Glynn briskly. "Mighty valuable man, too—best business head in Weymouth. Bit obstinate, sometimes, but mighty apt to be right. Dyer'll open your account for you."

He shook hands cordially enough, but Peter Jessop felt a certain brusqueness in the termination of the interview. He was hardly aware of young Dyer's friendliness. Martin Dowson! That settled it, probably. He justified himself for the sharpness of their last exchange of words. Dowson had been downright impudent to Lollie and the thing couldn't have been allowed to pass without rebuke. Very likely she'd been mistaken about those disputed items on the bill, but that didn't excuse the fellow for taking any such tone with her. Still, of all the luck! He pocketed the new check book absently and went out to his car, oppressed by the conviction that Dowson would oppose that loan with all his might; he was just the sort to hug a grudge forever and take a spiteful pleasure in hitting back. It might be better to close with the Consolidated right away, instead of waiting. They'd probably withdraw their offer if they got wind of how things stood.

He brightened a little when he found Sam Fraser waiting for him at the office. The same infectious cheerfulness that made Sam such a whale of a salesman always registered on his employer. Peter Jessop greeted him almost gayly.

"Where'd you drop from? I thought you'd be in Baltimore today."

Fraser grinned with a certain constraint. "Wanted to have a heart-to-heart with you, Pete. Wouldn't feel right about quitting without talking it over."

"Quitting!" Peter Jessop sat down wearily. That would settle it. If he lost Sam Fraser and all the business that would certainly go with him ——

"You know how I'd hate to do it, but I honestly don't see how I can turn this chance down. The Consolidated want me to take over their New York office and I just haven't got the heart to tell you what they're offering. I feel like a pup about it, though."

Jessop shook his head. "That's all right, Sam. I don't blame you. I'd been figuring on asking you to step into the firm, but I suppose that'd hardly interest you now."

Fraser hesitated. "It interests me, all right. I've been bucking those people so long I'd never feel as if I belonged with them, but—I tell you, Pete, we're on the slide unless we can dope out something. I'm out there fighting for the scraps under the table—that's what it comes to. All we're getting is the old stuff that anybody can offer; we've got to bid for it till the price simply bleeds. If we had a specialty of some sort, something I could use for a talking-point—that self-blotting line of the Consolidated's isn't really worth a whoop, but they use it to get inside with and then snitch the standard business away from us."

"I know." Jessop spread his hands. "I've been on the lookout for something right along, but nothing seems to turn up. I guess there isn't much room for novelty in the bank-supply business."

A stenographer laid a sheaf of letters on top the day's accumulation, and Jessop's eye moved apprehensively toward the clock. He resisted a silly impulse to tell Sam Fraser all about everything. Fraser might be on the other side of the fence by next week.

"Look here, Sam, I've got to clear up that desk before five, but I want to talk to you. You'd better stay overnight. Mrs. Jessop'll be glad to have you."

Fraser hesitated. "I had a sort of date with Risdon in New York for tonight," he said doubtfully. "Guess I can telephone him, though." He brightened. "How's Mrs. Jessop, Pete?"

"Oh, fine." It was curious how even talking about Lollie could cheer a fellow up, he reflected. Sam Fraser slid off his chair.

"Might run up and see her for a minute," he said briskly. "If she says it's all right I'll just take you up on that proposition."

"That's settled, then," said Jessop. Lollie liked Sam a lot. He plunged into his work with a feeling of escape from pursuing thoughts. As he drove home, however, depression settled dully on his spirit. He passed Dowson's store with a queer feeling that the plate-glass windows were crowing over him, and a remote sense of grievance against Lollie dared to trespass, for an instant, on his troubled mind. If only she hadn't had that fuss with Dowson—he set a stern foot on the disgraceful thought. It had been Dowson's fault, every bit of it. Dowson was a business man; he ought to be ashamed of himself for quarreling with any customer, let alone the unthinkable enormity of quarreling with Lollie! Penitence for that instant of divided loyalty gave him a guilty stab under the touch of Lollie's fingers; he was mysteriously sorry for poor Sam Fraser, condemned to witness that welcome, and it seemed to him, as he met Fraser's glance over Lollie's shoulder, that for an instant Sam was sorry for himself.

Now and then, during dinner and the jolly evening of three-handed hearts, he found himself wondering at his persistent sense of well-being. It took pretty close attention on his part and Sam's to make sure of Lollie's winning, so that there wasn't much time for introspection; he remembered only at intervals that Landreth had called his loans, that Dowson was on the committee at the Weymouth National, that Sam Fraser, making merry on the other side of the table, was presently going to help the Consolidated smash him. Even when he succeeded in remembering all these things they still failed, somehow, to depress him decently. It wasn't possible to be sensibly downhearted in Lollie's company—you had to be a real business man, like Martin Dowson, to accomplish that.

No real business man would have told her about it, either, after the lights were out and Lollie, with that uncanny instinct that always mystified him, had abruptly charged him with being worried. He realized that there must be something lacking in him, or he'd have laughed her out of the idea, instead of blurting out the whole story to a little humming-bird person who couldn't possibly understand more than one word in three. It was cowardly, too, worrying Lollie when she needn't know anything about it for weeks, even if worst came to worst. He despised himself for the comfort he took in the mere telling, for the healing consolation he found in Lollie's blindly passionate partisanship. There was a mysterious relaxation of the strain, so that he had begun to drift pleasantly toward sleep by the time the story was half told. Lollie's indignant whispers, hissing with their own heat, came to him through a thickening fog of drowsiness.

"He'll see!"

"Who?" Jessop was dimly sorry for somebody.

"That old Perry Landreth! He'll be sorry! I always hated him anyway."

"Frog," said Peter sleepily.

"Toad!" said Lollie. "That's what he is—a fat, white toad! I'll fix him!"

Peter Jessop lost the words in an agreeable wave of drowsy, amused assent. In the morning, tiptoeing toward the door so that Lollie wouldn't wake, he fancied that some hint of that vindictive whisper still lingered in her sleeping face. He grinned as he closed the door after him; it was funny to think of Lollie as Perry Landreth's nemesis, but it left a pleasant little glow in Jessop's mind, all the same, as he went

(Continued on Page 111)

SERVEL

Trade Marks
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Illustrated is Model L-5.
Makes 40 ice-cubes. Sheet-cork insulation.
May be purchased out of your household budget.

Food bosses her life no longer!

IT DID—once. Always this necessity of using the eatables before they spoiled. Getting them in—preparing them—serving them. Grocer—butcher—ice-man. Round and round.

But now, she bosses the food-and-meals program. She can. Hers is one of tens of thousands of homes which have installed Servel Electric Refrigeration.

What a difference Servel makes! Especially these hot August days. The chain that ties women to meals is broken. Food can be laid in days ahead; Servel preserves that garden freshness, that juicy tenderness. All preparation can be done in the cool of the morning, 3 meals at a time; Servel preserves all food till used. Dishes can even be "cooked" with cold; cold platters, chilled salads, frozen desserts are the height of summer catering.

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And now a Two-Ton Truck bearing Graham Brothers name—

And at an exceptionally low price made possible only by huge production.

Powered by Dodge Brothers dependable engine.

Providing exceptional sturdiness in proportion to total weight.

Graham Brothers Truck and Dodge Brothers Commercial Car capacities now meet over 90 per cent of all hauling requirements.

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BROTHERS TRUCKS

"Toll, please"

IT'S a dreary road—the road that leads up from the Valley of the Washtub and over the hill of the Ironing Board. A dreary road and a drab one. And the worst of it is the toll-gate, demanding its weekly toll of youth, of beauty and life. "Toll, please!"

But why travel the toll-road of Washtub and Ironing Board? Just beyond it is a "free road." Motor parties skim over its smooth surface. Picnickers laugh and shout in the cool glens. Golf courses, tennis courts, swimming pools beckon; and on many a shady porch, a bridge table is set. A free road of leisure, happiness—Youth!

It's so easy, too, to transfer to this free road. Just call a modern laundry in your city and say farewell to washday—to the nerve-racking strain of supervision, to the reddened hands and aching shoulders that come from doing the work yourself. The laundry calls for your clothes, washes everything fresh and clean, irons anything or everything as you desire, and returns your bundle promptly.

The worst day of the week becomes a holiday. Time for rest and leisure—for the thousand and one things you've wanted to do, the things that make life worth living.

A whole month of "vacation" weather is left. During this month, let the laundry be your laundress. A wide variety of washday services is offered, one for every family's needs and every family's budget. Choose one of these services—see how much time it gives you for yourself and for your family.

No more "messy Mondays" in your home—no washday worries of any kind! Then, at the end of the month, if you want to go back to home-washing methods—but you won't want to go back!

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"LAUNDRY service has meant much to me. I now have many free hours to assist my husband in the various ways expected of a doctor's wife in a medium sized town. And I also have ample time to be a companion to my children, while formerly these leisure hours were spent in overseeing the washing and ironing."

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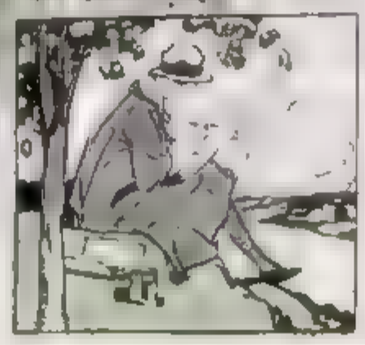

"I SEND my washing to the laundry, and with the time saved I follow more interesting, intriguing work. I love art, and in this free time I sketch and paint. And because I'm not drudging all day long, I have the pep and strength to attend social functions in the evening with my husband."

Mrs. N. W. Straubaugh
Chevy Chase, Md

"IF IT weren't for the assistance I get from the laundry, I couldn't make the kind of home that keeps my husband and family happy. And I have time for long trips in our car—time to go out with my husband among our friends—to go to the theater and to enjoy the latest fiction."

Mrs. A. Bowen
Chester, Del.

(Continued from Page 106)

down to meet Sam Fraser at the breakfast table.

Fraser was unhappy. There were lines in his face and his eye was troubled as it met Jessop's glance.

"Couldn't seem to sleep," he said. "Kept worrying. Darn it, Pete, I feel like a rat."

"Forget it," said Jessop cheerfully. Fraser shook his head above his untasted grapefruit. He slanted an uneasy gaze across the table.

"I suppose you told Mrs. Jessop about it," he ventured. "I ——"

"Went to sleep before I got around to it, I guess," said Jessop. Fraser brightened.

"That's good. Meant to ask you not to mention it to her just yet. Might be some way of sticking with you, and I'd hate to have her think ——"

"I know." Jessop nodded. "I won't say anything till I have to, Sam."

Somehow the circumstance lent him confidence. There wasn't any room for doubt of Sam's friendship, anyway. He'd stay if he possibly could, and his staying would help a whole lot. Probably the Weymouth National would jump at the chance of taking over those loans too; it was good business, and they were good business men, over there—too hard-headed to let trivial personal considerations influence their judgment. A morning optimism cheered him. He drove Sam to the station in a hopeful mood that visibly communicated itself to Fraser. There were two good-sized orders in the mail and a big check that he'd almost stopped expecting. By the time he came home to lunch he was in a humor to tease Lollie, very mildly of course, about her last night's vow of vengeance on Perry Landreth. She moved her head in her funny little semicircular nod.

"Oh, I attended to that the very first thing this morning."

Jessop's jaw sagged. "How, Lollie?"

"I went straight down to his old bank and drew out every cent of my money and took it right across the street to Mr. Glynn." She repeated the vindictive movement of her head. "I always liked him, anyway, and he was so nice, Peter—he waited on me himself and gave me the nicest check book! It folds up so it fits in my purse."

"That's—that's fine." Peter Jessop's mind was driven unwillingly forward to inevitable consequences. Glynn, with his cranky notion about the sacredness of even blank checks! The first time Lollie went in after another of those cunning little check books—he seemed to hear the exasperation in Glynn's voice: "You'd think their husbands would teach 'em!" And even good business men mightn't be absolutely fair judges if you exasperated 'em enough. Jessop came to a sudden decision.

"Look here, Lollie. You can help me a lot if you want to."

"If I want to! I like that!" Jessop tried not to notice how pretty she looked when she was pretending to be angry.

"Well, you can help me a lot if you'll remember that Dan Glynn's a crank about wasting blank checks. The bank keeps track of how many you use and it makes him awfully peeved if people waste them. Of course it's silly, but the way I'm fixed even a little thing like that might prejudice him so that he wouldn't let us have the loan. Do you see, Lollie?"

"How funny!" Lollie's eyes crinkled. Jessop moved uneasily in his chair.

"Yes, but he doesn't think so. It's important, Lollie. You'll be awfully careful, won't you?"

"Oh, absolutely." She spoke with a certain flippancy that troubled Peter, but he held his tongue. Lollie hated to have you rub things in; it made her feel as if you thought she wasn't clever. His uneasiness deepened when, after lunch, he fumbled for a match to light his cigarette, and Lollie, suddenly reminded that she'd forgotten to order matches, penitently twisted a spill and lighted it at the hearth. Peter's expression evidently puzzled her.

"It's all right, Peter. This isn't one of Mr. Glynn's. I tore it out of that old Middlesex book."

Her look and tone clearly implied that here was further retaliation upon Perry Landreth. In spite of himself, Peter Jessop chuckled.

On his way back to the plant he met Dan Glynn in the post office and the banker, visibly friendlier than yesterday, mentioned the transfer of Lollie's account with unmistakable satisfaction.

"Won't amount to much," said Jessop.

"That doesn't matter." Glynn wagged his head. "We like to feel that we know something about the household finances of our customers. Gives us more confidence, in a way." He clapped Jessop's shoulder. "Hope we can take care of you, Pete."

Jessop was considerably heartened by the tone, in spite of a lingering anxiety about Lollie's share in the transaction. If Glynn was on his side there was a good chance that the committee would act favorably on the loans, even if Dowson wasn't too friendly. He took occasion, however, to stop at the grocery and make a few discreet purchases, taking pains to be sure that Dowson, glowering over his books in the grilled office, saw him. Lollie'd been doing most of her buying lately, at Galloway's; it would be just as well to change back for the present, anyway. Even such trifles might make a difference.

He mentioned it, with a touch of diffidence, at dinner. Lollie made a pouty little grimace, but she promised readily enough, the flicker of the dimple in her cheek implying to Peter's experienced eye that she privately regarded the precaution as another comical instance of masculine absurdity. Afterward, while he was still fumbling for some diplomatic approach to the topic of blank checks, she introduced it herself, triumphantly exhibiting the new folding book.

"See! I haven't used a single one!"

Relieved and pleased, Peter Jessop was, perhaps, a bit extravagant in his praise. It was always fun to flatter Lollie, even when you had to invent an excuse for it, and this time she really deserved it.

"I do help you, don't I, Peter?"

"You bet!" said Peter Jessop fervently.

III

SAM FRASER shook his head with the dogged look of a man who has wholly persuaded himself to the performance of an unpleasant duty.

"I hate to do it, Pete, but I've just got to. I've held it off as long as I can, and it's either fish or cut bait now. I simply can't afford to turn down the chance."

"I'm not blaming you," said Jessop. He tried to sound cheerful about it. "I've been hoping it would work out the other way, but ——"

"If I could see even an outside chance ahead of us here, I'd stick till the cows came home." Again Sam wagged his head. "But—but you haven't got anything I can really—really sell, Pete. I'm out there glad-handing for friendship orders, that's what it comes to! There's nothing in that for me—or for you either, in the long run. If you only had something, anything, that all the rest of 'em couldn't peddle."

The buzz of the telephone interrupted him. Jessop's spirits sank a little lower at the ominous sound of Dan Glynn's voice over the wire.

"We'll be holding a meeting of the committee in a few minutes. It might be a good idea for you to come up for a while; there'll probably be some questions that you can answer."

"Be right over." Jessop rang off. "Got to go to the bank, Sam. Won't be long, I guess. We can talk it out when I get back."

Fraser rose, glancing at his watch. "I'd better catch that ten-fifty. We've said it all, haven't we? No use going all over it again."

Jessop hesitated. "Oh, wait over anyway. Stay for lunch. If you're quitting we probably shan't be seeing you very often and ——" He paused again. "Mrs. Jessop won't like it if I let you go like this."

Fraser's determination wavered visibly; the tightness of his lips relaxed a little.

"Well, I ——"

"Come along as far as the bank. You can go on up to the house and I'll meet you there as soon as I get through. Loll—Mrs. Jessop's expecting you."

"Well, I—all right, Pete." Fraser manifestly yielded against his judgment; it was even more apparent, however, that he did so without regret. During the short drive to the bank he became perceptibly less businesslike.

"I hate this, Pete. I know I've got to do it, but I feel like a rat about it."

"No sense to that," said Jessop. "You've done more than I had any right to expect. No hard feelings here, Sam."

"None here either, believe me!" Fraser shook hands almost sentimentally as they parted in front of the bank. Jessop watched him for a moment, and turned toward the bank with a vague, illogical gleam of hope that Sam might yet change his mind. There wasn't any reason to expect it, but—he crossed the lobby almost briskly, oddly confident.

The atmosphere of the directors' room, however, instantly lowered his spirit. Glynn's face was disconcertingly sober; Mallory, the cashier, greeted him with a kindliness in which he felt an unmistakable quality of compassion; old Mr. Olney's watery eyes blinked at him without any sign of favor. As for Dowson, stiffly upright in the stately chair, there wasn't any room for doubt of his hostility. He hardly bent his short, thick neck, and his mouth turned downward at the corners with a plain suggestion of malicious relish.

"Ludlow'll be here in a minute," said Glynn. "We'd better wait for him, I guess."

Jessop nodded. He seemed to know that they were all against him in advance. Something had settled the case as it hung in the balance. He identified Dowson, intuitively, as the focus of their disfavor, and, with a sudden certainty of conviction, understood that somewhere behind that complacent malignancy of Dowson's was some word or deed or default of Lollie's.

Wearily, uselessly, he tried to resist the knowledge. For just an instant, as it forced itself upon him, he was almost impatient toward Lollie's image in his mind; almost—almost blamed her. Didn't he have enough worries and troubles without—he drew back, guilt stricken, from the realization that, for a pulse beat, he had nearly thought of Lollie as one of his afflictions, instead of—instead of, just Lollie!

He was still in the clutch of just self-rebuke when Dowson slid the paper across the table to him. He stared at it inattentively—a bill, made out on Dowson's billhead, a bill for groceries sold to Mr. Peter Jessop. The sight of Lollie's handwriting across the bottom of it was like a lash on his conscience.

"Might as well give me a regular check for this, while we're waiting."

Peter Jessop looked up quickly at the tone. Dowson's voice was patronizing, amused, yes, even condescending. Jessop's hands tightened. That was it, eh? They'd all seen this pathetic little device of Lollie's, had they? They'd stood around here grinning at it, at her, at Peter Jessop because—Glynn's phrase came back to him—because he hadn't taught her better! He felt his throat swell as he looked down at the bill, at the inscription Lollie's big crimson plume had written below Dowson's stodgy figures.

Weymouth National Bank. Please put this in Mr. Dowson's account and take it out of mine. LAURA TOLLIVER JESSOP.

Peter Jessop straightened slowly. He had utterly forgotten why these men were here and what they had the power to do to him and to his life. They weren't bank directors, holding the right of high justice over him; they were just four men who'd had the insufferable insolence to—to laugh at Lollie!

"Well," he said quietly, "what about it?"

(Continued on Page 113)

The same bevel edge—the same rigidity as an old fashioned razor!

BECAUSE we give Ever-Ready a keener edge, it gives you smoother, quicker, more joyous shaves.

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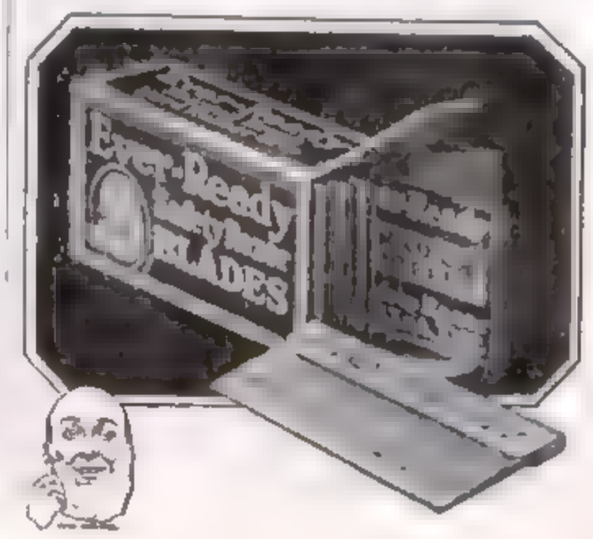

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Grant that there must be *something* unusual about the Franklin for it to have established so many road records all over the United States. Take the wheel—and be prepared for the revelation.

A rough stretch—don't clutch the wheel, don't slow up. A sudden turn—don't slam on the brakes, just touch the wheel. A steep hill no need for a running start, no gear-shifting. Away at the top—engine *fresh!*

A car ahead—Brake!—easy stopping, no skidding. The traffic line opens up—away you go—instant pick-up, constant control. A detour mud, sand, an endless stony hill in low gear—don't worry, nothing can make the Franklin overheat!

After an hour, note the mileage—it will astonish you. After a day, note your own freshness—it will delight you. Franklin goes farther and faster because neither engine nor driver gets tired.

The engineering principles behind these facts are interesting. Any Franklin dealer will be glad to explain them to you, and give you the actual proof of their effectiveness. Finer performance, uncompromised quality and style leadership have made the Series 11 Sedan at $2790 the most popular car Franklin ever produced.

All Franklin prices include full equipment, even to spare tire, tube, cover and lock. Only tax and transportation are extra. Your old car can be applied in trade, and budget payment plan arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

FRANKLIN

SEDAN — NEW PRICE — $2790.

(Continued from Page 111)

Something must have warned even Dowson not to grin. He twisted his head uneasily in the square collar.

"Why, nothing, Mr. Jessop, except that I thought you might as well give me your check—as long as we're here, you know. I —"

"What's the matter with this one?" demanded Peter Jessop. "It's a perfectly good order on the bank, isn't it?" He swung challengingly toward Dan Glynn. "I told Mrs. Jessop how you felt about wasting blank checks and she's been taking a lot of trouble to keep from using one."

Glynn drew the paper toward him, his face relaxing. "H'm. Pretty smart," he said. Somehow there wasn't any offense, now, in his grin. "No reason against it either. Perfectly valid order." He slid it back to Dowson. "Put it through like any check, Mart."

"Mean to tell me you'll pay it?" Dowson stared. "Mean to say it's the same as a check?"

"Why isn't it?" said Jessop aggressively. "Why isn't it better than a check, when you get right down to facts? Think it over. Checks can be raised and forged, can't they? How's anybody going to tamper with this? Nobody except you can get a penny on it, and you have to collect it through your account here. The money never stirs out of the bank's control!"

Glynn slapped the table. "That's so! You've put your finger on it, Jessop. It's not negotiable, and ——"

"That's not half of it!" Light broke in suddenly on Peter Jessop. He laughed unsteadily as his triumphant glance traveled from one face to the next. Shrewd, up-to-date business men, eh? Laughing at Lollie because —— "Why, Dan, I can print billheads for every one of your customers for half what you're paying right now for your checks! Print this order form right on the bottom of each bill, so that all the debtor has to do is sign his name and hand the bill to you!"

He snatched at a sheet of paper and scrawled a hurried sketch, the others gathering about him, intent and sober.

"Look; we make the billhead check-width, like this; perforate along here so that the bottom strip is regular check size and shape. When Dowson makes out his bill he fills in the amount; all the customer does is sign!" He laughed again. "See what it means? All the nuisance of writing out forty-odd little checks every month, addressing forty-odd envelopes, comes down to forty signatures and one stamp to send the whole bunch of bills straight to the bank! And every time anybody does that, how many expensive blank checks does it save you?"

Glynn rubbed his chin. "We'd receipt the bills and return 'em, I suppose. H'm. Some extra clerical work to advise the different payees, but ——"

"Not a bit!" Jessop's mind was ahead of him. "You handle the order form exactly like a check and it goes back to the depositor with his other canceled vouchers. That's his receipt, isn't it? Well, then, you stamp the upper part as credited and hand it over to the payee as his record! Where's your extra labor there?"

"Lot of firms deposit over at the Middlesex, though," objected Mallory. "We'd have to clear ——"

"Would you? How long?" Peter Jessop chuckled. "If you're the only bank in town that can give this service, how many merchants can afford not to carry an account here? Think they'll be able to get their customers to put up with the bother of making out checks, after they find out how much easier and quicker and safer and cheaper this system is? Why, you can line up every last one of 'em, Mallory. Free billheads ——"

"Nothing to stop the Middlesex from doing the same thing," said Mallory.

"Oh, isn't there? I'd like to see 'em try it! They'll have the sweetest little infringement suit you ever saw, about fifteen minutes after I catch 'em trying to use this scheme. That combination of invoice and bank order's patentable or I'll eat it, and I'm going to sell it for all it's worth!" Jessop's laugh was a little steadier this time. "I'll leave it to you, Dan, whether it won't be worth a lot more if I only license one bank in a town!"

Glynn forgot his presidential dignity long enough to express himself in a low, prolonged whistle. Dowson glanced respectfully at Jessop.

"How soon can I get some of those invoices?" he demanded. "I'd like to use 'em on next month's bills. One thing you didn't mention, Mr. Jessop: I'll get my collections in a whole lot quicker this way. Be surprised to know how many people let their bills run just because they're too lazy to write out a check." He glowered reminiscently.

"Try to rush some through for you," said Peter Jessop graciously. He glanced at his watch. "I'm afraid I'd better not wait for Mr. Ludlow. If you'll just ask me any questions you care to —— I'd better be going. I've got an appointment with—with Mrs. Jessop."

He thrust his chin a little forward on the final words, as if to give them an effect of challenge. Glynn's eye put the matter to a silent vote.

"Guess there aren't any questions," he announced significantly. His face and voice changed. "No need to keep Mrs. Jessop waiting."

Over Lollie's shoulder, a few minutes later, Jessop called gayly to Sam Fraser, standing before the snapping fire in the living room:

"We've got it, Sam! You won't have to quit, after all! We ——"

Sam's features twisted to an expression of cautioning supplication, smoothing, as Lollie whirled toward him, to bewildered innocence and injury.

"Quit? Me?" he demanded. "Say, who ever gave you that crazy notion?"

Peter Jessop's glance rested on Lollie. He chuckled softly. "It does sound crazy," he agreed, "in here!"

PUBLIC DEBTS AND PRIVATE LOANS

(Continued from Page 5)

Americans believe it because they do not know any better. Europe to them is a spectacle without background. They cannot compare it with what it was before for lack of knowledge. They have only just discovered it. Their explorations are postwar adventures. They compare it therefore with their own country, and wherein the comparison is unfavorable, they bear witness to the postwar wretchedness of Europe. Many Americans already know more about poverty in Europe than about poverty at home. They look for it there. Also they forget that poverty there and poverty here are not the same thing, nor the same kind of thing, and that the difference begins with people.

If it is France, the American changes a few dollars for a handful of francs and says: "Money! Imagine it! This is their money! Fancy our expecting them to pay us their war debt! Fancy people living on a few francs a day!" Whereupon they contribute a thousand or more francs to Marshal Joffre's Save-the-Franc Fund and get their names in the Paris edition of the Herald-Tribune, thereby confusing ambiguous sentimentality with bad economics, besides hopelessly confusing the French, who are almost persuaded that if it were not for a wicked man named Borah from Idaho and another still wickeder one named Reed from Meezouree the Americans would forgive France her war debt to the United States Treasury and deserve their Lafayette.

A Perpetual Investment System

Others, millions of others, simply take it for granted that Europe is desperately impoverished, having heard little or nothing to the contrary in these seven postwar years. During the war we passed suddenly under the suggestion that it was our destiny and our duty to save Europe. Whether it was from herself or from Germany we were to save her was not all the time clear. It turned out to be from herself, for no sooner was the Armistice signed than it became equally our destiny and our duty to save Germany and Austria and all those at large in Europe, innocent and guilty, who needed to be saved from the consequences of their war making. We came in this way to evolve a high, benign feeling as to what we owed Europe. When it was obvious to our good sense that works of relief should discontinue, the feeling did not abate. There was European civilization to be saved. There was economic Europe to be set again on her feet. There was the credit of Europe to be restored. Enormous sums of American capital were required for all these purposes, especially the two last named.

To the European propaganda of plight and need, sincere and insincere, we added much of our own invention, specifically that propaganda in favor of foreign loans which says that in saving Europe we save also our foreign markets. The Europeans cannot buy our goods unless we lend them the money to buy them with; and unless they buy our goods with borrowed money, we shall be ruined by our own surplus. Thus a destiny sentimentally accepted is compounded with a business principle, though neither the destiny nor the principle will bear too much rational scrutiny.

Those who urge the principle speak of a permanent investment of American capital abroad on a progressive scale, including, of course, the reinvestment abroad of the interest rising from investments previously made.

If you ask what this means, it will be thus explained: Europe perhaps never will pay us back what she borrows. That does not happen in fact. It is not the way of international finance. What will happen is that she will credit us with the interest. We shall spend it or reinvest it with her. When the principal comes due she will refund it—that is, give us new bonds in place of the old ones at whatever is the prevailing rate of interest. Moreover, it is not desirable that we should actually receive back what we lend. It cannot be paid back in money or in gold. She would have to pay us, if at all, in goods. Well, the goods in which she might pay us are competitive with American manufactures, and if we begin to receive payment in these goods we should have to idle our own machinery, which of course would be disastrous.

If you say "Yes, but if it goes on like this for a long time, as it seems likely to do, a billion a year now, rising perhaps to three or four billions a year, what will the sequel be? Is there not the danger that ultimately we shall hold a blanket mortgage on Europe? They might find themselves at last under an intolerable sense of debt. Then what would happen?"—if you say this, the answer is:

"Suppose we lose it—every dollar of it. Meanwhile we shall have had an outlet for the surplus product of our mass-method industry, and we need that to keep our machines running at ideal capacity."

This is economic theory carried to the point of absurdity. A country cannot prosper by lending away its goods forever, merely for the excitement of keeping its machines going at high speed.

Debt Without Obligation

The sane alternative is that these enormous sums of American capital will assist Europe to exploit her own neglected resources, especially the resource of an unlimited consuming power latent in her own people, in a manner to multiply her wealth so prodigiously that no amount of indebtedness to the United States could really matter.

This is quite feasible in principle. The hindrances are imaginary. All that Europe needs to make it possible is a new economic mentality in place of the feudal theory she has been working with. She has not yet found the new way. She is groping. Meanwhile she behaves, and we behave, as if America were a source of fabulous wealth, ours to lend and hers to borrow, in a perfectly heedless manner. There is the danger.

We have two gilded doors facing Europe. Over one is the sign, Treasury of the United States. Over the other is the sign, Wall Street. Out of the first one Europe has had more than $10,000,000,000. Out of the other she has had already $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000 more and is continuing to take at a rate rising to $1,000,000,000 a year.

The two doors are not competitive. It is otherwise. The anxiety of the United States Treasury is to get some of its $10,000,000,000 back; the anxiety of Wall Street is to increase American investments abroad. There is an understanding between them. The understanding is that a European country desiring to exchange its I O U at the Wall Street door for more American dollars shall visit the Treasury first. If it comes to Wall Street first it receives the hint to straighten up its account at the Treasury door before floating new loans. Naturally, this creates a delicate situation. Fortunately for the facial aspect, the European borrower is not obliged to send the same men on both errands. To the Treasury door it sends diplomats; to Wall Street, if the diplomats have succeeded, it sends bankers.

At the Treasury door the diplomats present themselves, saying: "We cannot pay what we owe. It is too much. We are impoverished by the war, as you know. Our people are in misery. We think we ought not to be expected to pay our war debts at all. It was your war, too, and if you had found that out sooner we should all be better off. But since you insist, and since the Wall Street door is closed to us until we have made some arrangement here, we are willing to pay what we can afford."

Then the haggling begins. Tomes of statistics and reams of typed rhetoric are produced to prove, first, that the debtor is ruined; secondly, that this ruin is permanent; thirdly, that the money, although it was borrowed, is not owed; fourthly, that whether it is owed or not, it is morally no debt; fifthly, that although the money was borrowed and was therefore owed, and although it was a debt and could be paid, still we could not afford to collect it, or receive it back, for if we did it would ruin us; historical instances of such weird calamity cited in the appendix.

Best of all, the Greeks. During the war the United States and Great Britain agreed each to lend Greece $48,000,000 as ally and associate in the war against Germany. When the United States Treasury had loaned her $15,000,000 she went over to the enemy. So much for that. Then when the war was over and the time came, the American Government sent a note to all debtors alike to remind them it would be desirable to make some arrangement in respect of their 5 per cent promissory notes lying there unmentioned in the dust of the United States Treasury. There was no demand upon them to pay. That would be unreasonable. What the American Government suggested was that the debtors should fund their notes—that is, convert 5 per cent promissory notes, reading payable on demand, into long-term bonds payable

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over a series of years at some nominal rate of interest.

Greece received one of these notes, and came with it in her hand to the Debt Funding Commission.

"The American Government owes us $33,000,000," said Greece. "Give us what you owe us and then we shall talk of paying you back."

"How is that?" asked the members of the Debt Funding Commission.

The Greeks explained: "You promised to lend us $48,000,000. You loaned us only $15,000,000. Therefore you owe us $33,000,000, and we want it."

When the members of the Debt Funding Commission were done kicking themselves for want of anything else it was diplomatically permissible to do, the Greeks departed with an injured air, saying they would appear before the Hague Tribunal with a formal claim against the United States for the sum of $33,000,000 which they did not borrow. They have not done so yet, but they may.

However, in the better case it occurs that after a great deal of diplomatic wrangling between the debtor country and the American Debt Funding Commission at the Treasury door, a series of figures will be found. So much and no more can the debtor afford to pay annually over a period of sixty-two years.

Why sixty-two years? Because the longer the period, the easier for the debtor. In a financial sense it is a preposterous period. No nation can accurately forecast its capacity for payment to any such point in time. Anything may happen. It may become exceedingly prosperous. In that case we should not get any more. The settlement limits the creditor. Or there might be another war. In that case we should get less than nothing. This is by no means a fanciful hazard. Europe has not had sixty-two consecutive years of peace since the Middle Ages. But these settlements are not supposed to be governed by strict financial considerations. They are settlements of convenience, proceedings in amicable bankruptcy.

From One Pocket to Another

The period, anyhow, is sixty-two years and the amount is what the debtor can afford to pay. Then a new difficulty appears. The sixty-two annual payments, beginning small and rising with time according to the estimate of the debtor's capacity to pay, are added together, and the total is less than the principal of the debt with interest—with interest calculated at the rate the United States Government itself is paying on the Liberty Bonds from the sale of which it got the money it loaned to this debtor. What shall be done? How shall a settlement like this be defined without suggesting repudiation or cancellation?

Looking at the figures, the American Debt Funding Commission says: "Here is not enough to pay both principal and interest, and yet it is all you can afford to pay. The principal is the main thing, isn't it? For obvious reasons, for the sake of your future credit, you will wish to be able to say hereafter that you have paid the principal in full. Very well, we will do it in this way: From the annual payments we will first set aside what is necessary to represent repayment of the principal in full without interest. What is left, if anything, we will call interest, whatever it is, and let it go at that."

To this the debtor agrees naturally. So the interest is treated as an arithmetical fragment. It is whatever it happens to be. It may be nominal or nil in the first few years, rising thereafter to 3 or 3.5 per cent, whereas all the time the United States Government is paying up to 4.25 per cent on the money it borrowed from the American people to lend on the promissory notes of these foreign countries.

It is pure device to say that the return of one's principal after sixty-two years, without interest, at a nominal rate of interest, or at any rate of interest less than the full cost and value of the money, is a payment of debt in full. You may say you are forgiving the interest; in fact you are forgiving a part of the debt. It may be calculated very simply that in these war-debt settlements the United States has forgiven the principal entire, taking only interest for sixty-two years and then wiping off the account. If you add up the annual payments we are to receive for sixty-two years, you will see that the total does not equal 4.25 per cent on the Liberty Bonds from which the money came in the first place. Which is to say, on $10,000,000,000 of the American public debt, representing war loans abroad, the United States Treasury annually pays out in interest—interest alone—more than it receives back from the debtors under these settlements. The difference is anywhere from $100,000,000 to $250,000,000 a year, variable according to the year you happen to take, an earlier or a later one. That is the loss in interest alone. The principal is besides. Ultimately the United States Government itself will have to redeem all those Liberty Bonds.

The debtor country is not impressed with this calculation. It says: "But this interest you are talking about is not lost. True, it is interest on that part of your public debt which represents loans to us, but it is money you pay yourselves, from one pocket to another."

So it is. The people tax themselves to pay themselves back. Invariably, however, the foreign country, in estimating what it can pay, sets up as the first exhibit the enormous internal war debt with which its people are burdened. That is the same thing.

They are taxing themselves to pay one another back. If it does not matter to us, because it is money from one pocket to another, neither should it matter to them. What it all comes to, however you figure it, is that in each case we forgive as much of the debt as is necessary.

Yet each time the diplomats go home with one of these settlements there is an ugly row. They are always in danger of losing their diplomatic heads. Often they are called traitors. The propaganda that was for a cancellation of war debts turns immediately to a chant of hate. The well-known Shylock stuff.

This is not altogether what it seems. It is a complex of postwar mentality, with a curious interior mechanism. One who studies it may be convinced that very little of it is spontaneous, beginning with the people. Essentially, it is political. The people themselves do not know. In the midst of a violent attack upon the French settlement, the Paris press was suddenly disgusted at having to face the fact, which someone had had the hardihood to expose, that the present cash value of that settlement was less than half the face value of the debt. We had forgiven the other half, and the people did not know it.

The Debtor's Convenient Bogy

By "the present cash value" is meant that sum in cash that might be obtained in exchange for an agreement to pay certain annual sums over a period of years. For example, if France should go to a syndicate of bankers and ask "How much will you give in cash for a piece of paper on which we have written a promise to make sixty-two annual payments, as under the debt agreement signed by our Monsieur Bérenger at Washington?" the syndicate of bankers, provided first they believed France was able to make these payments, would say: "Two billion dollars. No more." That is the present cash value of those annuities. But the French debt to the United States Treasury is more than $4,000,000,000.

The governments know all this; they are financially wise. But they are torn in two ways, which is to be explained. In every case the government is anxious for the debt settlements to be ratified by the parliament, because then it will be in good credit again with Wall Street. It is already negotiating there for new loans. It has sent there a prospectus showing how sound and solvent and prosperous it is and what a perfect debtor it will be. At the same time it is afraid of its own people and thinks it cannot tell them the truth.

Fear of one another and fear of their own people are the two demons that haunt European governments. What is the truth they dare not tell?

For seven years, under terror of Bolshevism, they have been subsidizing people with legislation more and more socialistic in character and feeding the rich to the poor until the rich have become cynical and cunning, and the poor have been confirmed in the fallacy that division is a function of the state. Everywhere there have been great additions to the means of production, production in itself has increased, but political division has tended steadily to exceed the increase.

There is evil on that road, turmoil and collision, and at the end of it the certainty of dénouement, harder and harder to postpone, even with the aid of American loans. It is a race between political divisions and private production.

The governments cannot turn back. As their dilemmas increase, as it becomes more and more difficult to satisfy the demands of the people for greater division, they resort to an ancient artifice of Old World statecraft—they point to an enemy on the horizon. They set up the effigy of a foreign monster and accuse him impassionedly.

Again the American image.

If America were not taking toll of Europe's labor, exacting tribute from her misery, leading her headlong and helpless into bondage, even though as by golden chains, all manner of other things would be

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One of Many New Bank Buildings Rising in the City of London

(Continued on Page 116)

(Illustrated)

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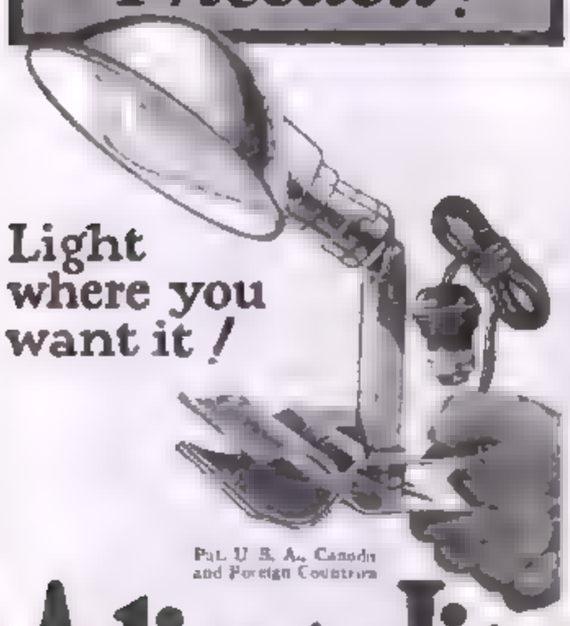

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(Continued from Page 114)

happily different. Alas, alas! What else can the government do? It must find the pound of flesh for this Shylock nation—take it from the people.

And the people believe this. All the more they do because the suggestion acts upon a mentality that is new in Europe. This too must be remembered. Hitherto the people of Europe were the lenders, not the borrowers, in this world. Their outlook was that of the creditor. Now suddenly it is changed. They are debtors. They have to pay, as others have had to pay them, and it is still very strange.

In the evolution of the debtor mentality are three phases.

The first is: "I was in desperate need when I borrowed; therefore my creditor must have taken advantage of me to drive a hard bargain."

The second is: "My creditor is rich and I am poor. How cruel he is to press me!"

The third is: "My creditor, who is so rich, flaunts his wealth before me in an insolent, vulgar manner. Did he come by it honestly? No. He is a profiteer."

Such reactions are human. We understand them. We have been debtors, too, and have known hard thoughts toward foreign bondholders. We never went so far with them as to think of not paying a national obligation, although, to our chagrin, certain states did repudiate bonds held by private investors abroad.

What will be memorable in this case is that the European governments, for self-saving political reasons, have moved their people to think of the United States as a merciless, oppressive creditor, with a resulting spectacle unique in the world and utterly fantastic. Putting themselves through bankruptcy at the Treasury door, telling the people the settlements they were forced to make there are usurious and bloodletting, and at the same time floating new loans in Wall Street on a scale unparalleled in the history of international finance.

Great Britain was the first to settle at the Treasury. Her motives were three. First, a fine traditional regard for credit and debit, balanced; second, she was herself and still is a great creditor nation, and the integrity of international debt was to be upheld by example; third, wishing to continue in the rôle of creditor nation, it was imperative that she should restore the pound sterling to a gold basis, and this she could not do until she had funded her debt to the United States Treasury; also for this purpose she would require an enormous gold credit in Wall Street.

The Seat of Debt Propaganda

As she was the richest of our debtors and the best able to pay, we forgave only one-fifth of the debt in her case. We exchanged her 5 per cent promissory notes, payable on demand, for sixty-two-year bonds bearing interest at 3 and 3.5 per cent and thought the matter settled. Financially, it was; politically, it was not. Never for a moment since has the propaganda for a cancellation of the debt discontinued. If it lags, the popular press seizes an opportune moment to start it all over again, telling the people how they ache and shiver to increase the wealth of the United States, vowing they will not desist from these representations until the oppression is lifted.

That, you say, is journalism. Yes; but it does not begin there.

On March twenty-fifth last the subject of war debts was debated in the House of Commons. Mr. Snowden, formerly Chancellor of the British Exchequer, denounced France and Italy, neither of which had yet settled with Great Britain, for thinking Great Britain rich and themselves poor. He particularly denounced the French for saying that really, instead of France owing a war debt to Great Britain, it was the other way around, since Great Britain had notoriously profiteered in the war trade. Then Mr. Snowden himself proceeded to bring the same charge against the United States.

"Just over three years ago," he said, "the United States, to whom we were in debt for loans contracted by us but not for ourselves"—the notorious Balfour inversion of fact that has been officially denied by the United States Treasury—"addressed to the British Government a rather abrupt communication, dunning this government for the payment of its debt. We made a funding arrangement with the United States. We are paying America £33,000,000 a year and it will rise to £38,000,000 a year. The amount the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to find for the payment of the American debt represents ninepence in the pound on the income and will do so for the next sixty years. . . . The United States is a friendly country and I do not want to say anything that can be regarded as either disrespectful or disagreeable, but I want to put the facts. America came into the war two and a half years after its outbreak and during that time she was busily and very profitably engaged in making war munitions for the Allies. For two and a half years she remained outside the war and profited greatly and vastly enriched herself."

An Interesting British View

To which Mr. Winston Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer in the present British Government—an office corresponding to that of the American Secretary of the Treasury—replied as follows, according to the report of the debate printed in the London Times:

Mr. Churchill said he did not complain of the tone and temper in which Mr. Snowden had couched his critical remarks. He had indulged, it was true, in some strictures on some friendly foreign countries in which he, Mr. Churchill, might in a private capacity have some feelings of agreement, but with which it was impossible for him to associate himself while occupying his present office. . . . Great Britain had undertaken to pay what the United States so insistently and incessantly demanded. That involved Great Britain in a charge of £33,000,000 at the present time, rising in eight years to £38,000,000. That was to say, putting it broadly, the British Chancellor of Exchequer and his successors in a long line had to pay about £100,000 a day for more than three generations to the United States. To pass that immense sum continuously across a frontier, across an ocean, across the exchange, was one of the most stupendous tasks and burdens ever undertaken by any country in the whole financial history of the world.

Speaking of the general future of the debts, he said it was a very remarkable fact that at the present moment the amount that the United States was receiving from Europe under arrangements which had already been made was approximately equal to the whole amount of reparations which Germany was paying. But the distribution of the receipts from Germany and the payments to the United States were very different. The bulk of the receipts from Germany went to France, which at present was making no payments on account of her war debts; and the bulk of the payments to the United States were made by Great Britain, largely out of her own resources. But the day was coming, at no great distance, when this situation would undergo an obvious modification. When France and Italy had funded their debts, both to Great Britain and the United States, and when other minor powers had funded their debts, it was clear that the United States would be receiving, directly and indirectly, on her own account from reparations, from Italian sources balanced against reparations, from British sources, from French sources through British hands, and from Italian sources through British hands, by far the larger part, at least 60 per cent, of the total probable reparations of Germany. It seemed to him that an extraordinary situation would be developed; that by all these chains and lines and channels, the pressure of debt extraction would draw reparations from the devastated and war-stricken countries of Europe and that they would pass in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic to that wealthy and prosperous and great republic. He believed that these facts would not pass out of the minds of any responsible persons either in the United States or in Europe.

There you have it at the source.

Great Britain's payments to the United States begin at $160,000,000 a year and rise in time to $182,000,000. These are not stupendous sums. They are only large. From the figures of the British Board of Trade it appears that the "new overseas issues in London market" in the year 1923 were $622,000,000; in the year 1924 they were $592,000,000; in the year 1925 they were $425,000,000. Overseas issues in London market represent loans of capital by Great Britain to other countries, and these loans, you will see, average to be more than three times as large as Great Britain's payments to the United States at the same time. This is merely to keep one's sense of proportion.

Then the British Chancellor of the Exchequer turns to the subject of Europe's war debts to the United States treated as one whole. This he would do. It is British policy.

From the first, Great Britain has officially led the European propaganda for war-debt cancellation, and still does. He draws this harrowing picture:

America in the rôle of debt extractor, drawing to itself reparations from the war-stricken countries of Europe; German reparations passing in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic to that wealthy, prosperous and great republic. And he believes these facts will not pass out of the minds of responsible persons.

Here are the real facts:

Item: The United States Treasury settles with Great Britain for eighty cents on the dollar, and then Wall Street puts at the disposal of the Bank of England $300,000,000 of gold, without which Great Britain would have been unable to restore the pound sterling to a gold basis. Also since 1920 Wall Street has loaned nearly $100,000,000 to members of the British Empire, exclusive of Canada.

Item: The United States Treasury settles with Poland for eighty cents on the dollar, and Wall Street immediately lends her $35,000,000, in addition to an earlier post-war loan of $20,000,000.

Item: The United States Treasury settles with Belgium for forty-five cents on the dollar, and Wall Street, on Belgium's official promise to settle, lends her beforehand $50,000,000, having already loaned her, since 1920, $160,000,000.

Item: The United States Treasury settles with Italy for twenty-five cents on the dollar, and immediately Wall Street lends her $100,000,000, and that is enough to make her payments to the United States Treasury for eleven years.

Manufacturing the Debtor's Credit

Item: The French Republic, though for more than a year without credit in Wall Street owing to her failure to make a settlement with the United States Treasury, has, nevertheless, since 1920 floated loans in Wall Street to the amount of $300,000,000; and it is understood that when her parliament has ratified the Bérenger debt agreement, which is a settlement at fifty cents on the dollar and calls for annual payments of only $30,000,000 to the United States Treasury to begin with, then she can resume her borrowing in Wall Street. And besides the $300,000,000 borrowed by the French Republic in Wall Street since 1920, French municipalities and provinces on their own credit have borrowed $76,000,000.

The work of the American Debt Funding Commission has come to a period. Funding agreements have been signed with all the debtor countries, save Russia, Armenia and Greece.

We have no official relations with Russia, there is no Armenian government, and the Greeks offer to bet us $33,000,000 that we shall never get anything from them.

So now we know what will be coming back—if all the debtors perform their undertakings. The gross payments to the United States Treasury under all these settlements—if that with France is ratified—will be about $225,000,000 annually for the first few years, rising in later years to a maximum of, say, $350,000,000. And at the same time American investors, through Wall Street, are lending new capital to Europe in sums running from $750,000,000 to $1,000,000,000 a year.

It is expected that we shall go on doing it, on a rising scale. We are prepared to go

(Continued on Page 118)

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(Continued from Page 116)

on doing it. We shall leave it there, principal and interest; as the bonds come due they will be refunded. This, we have learned, is the way of international finance.

Thus it appears, and it is so, that as war debts are settled at the United States Treasury, they are for all practical purposes canceled automatically. The Wall Street door flies open. We lend them the money to pay with, and a great deal more.

There is no stream of reparations from the war-stricken countries of Europe to this republic. The stream is the other way. They borrow three dollars in Wall Street, leave one at the United States Treasury and take away two.

The reparation money collected from Germany is American money roundabout. We loaned $110,000,000 to Germany under the Dawes Plan. This was followed by a flood of American capital into Germany. The amount cannot be accurately determined. Besides the public offerings of German state and municipal bonds and the bonds of German corporations, large invisible sums were loaned through banks and by investment trusts. The British Government's own observers in Berlin have estimated it all together at more than $1,000,000,000. The American commercial attaché has reported it as $900,000,000. And but for these enormous American loans Germany would not, or could not, have been paying reparations at all.

As between the United States and Europe, the true position is that we have never asked our war debtors to pay their debts. All that has been said to them was this:

"As a result of our wartime transactions there is an account against you at the United States Treasury. Please come and make some formal arrangement which will enable us to balance our books, in order that we may go on lending you money in a regular manner. We cannot go on putting our money into your hands while at the same time you are saying a debt may not be a debt."

Exerting Force Through Wall Street

Proof that such is a correct representation of our thought and not a rhetorical expression of it is found in the policy of the American Debt Funding Commission. It stood ready to accept any reasonable settlement, based upon the economic condition of the debtor; and when the sum so arrived at was less than full payment, as invariably was the case, it found a way to write off the loss in terms of interest, so that the debtor, for the sake of his credit at home and in Wall Street, might say the principal was paid in full.

A principle was involved. Here is a country that has never once thought, could not conceive of using force or the threat of force to collect a foreign debt, public or private. Everyone knows that though Europe should owe us half our property, and had refused to acknowledge the debt, still you could not find in the whole country 1,000,000 votes for making war about it. Therefore what secures an American loan abroad? Nothing beyond the moral attitude of the debtor. And that is what we have been insisting upon—merely a correct and responsible attitude toward debt.

This the European governments have known all the time. Their political exigencies have obliged them to ignore or deny it before their people. Never would they have accepted cancellation of their war debts to the United States Treasury—they would not accept cancellation of them tomorrow—if that should mean closing the Wall Street door to further European loans. And it was not until the American Government put its hand on the Wall Street door, threatening to close it, that the procession of debtors to the United States Treasury began.

American Money in Everything

It is for the American to ponder what they do with the capital they take away. The flood of it breaks, scatters and disappears, like the Gulf Stream. You cannot earmark money. Some Americans have thought of stipulating that our loans shall not be used for military purposes. That would be of no point whatever. Even if American money be used specifically for other purposes, the equivalent of their own money is thereby released for military purposes. They might as well use American money directly for their armies and navies, as in fact they do.

There is hardly anything you can touch in Europe that hasn't American money in it. There is American money in the Italian lira, in the French franc, in the Belgian franc, in the German reichsmark—loans made by Wall Street for the purpose, in financial dialect, of stabilizing the currencies. There is $100,000,000 of American money in the French franc. It is in their light, their water, their pavements, their street cars and railroads, their docks and quays and canals, their state industries. It is in German ships, German harbors, German stadiums, German loans to Russia in aid of trade, German subsidies to private industry. They use it to pay doles to the unemployed, to produce monumental public works for the sake of employment, to pay and receive reparations. They use it in revolving funds—$20,000,000 loaned to Czecho-Slovakia for that indistinct purpose. They use it, as Belgium did, to pay off their own war bonds among their own people. It is also in their churches.

The only idea shaped in the war that came out to be true was the idea of America as at last the land of the golden fleece.

Are the loans good?

That hangs by the attitude of the borrowers. This is still in some fundamental aspects unsatisfactory; also in many instances it has been reckless. When a municipality that has just repudiated its bonds borrows money again at 8 and 9 per cent and pays it out in doles to the unemployed or uses it to build hydroelectric works it doesn't need, or to mend its streets, you must form your own conclusions. There will be losses naturally. People who go in suddenly for foreign investments on a vast scale, without experience, will make mistakes. The English did, though they went into it slowly and from a motive of necessity.

But if you take the trouble to know more about Europe than she knows about herself, which is no great effort, you may see that her problems are not what she thinks they are. They are not physical. They are political and emotional. Her chiefest ills are mental.

The possibilities of multiplying wealth and exchanging it among themselves and with one another in a progressive manner are unlimited. Yet there seems to be a fatality of self-frustration among them.

The power of labor over industry has been greatly extended, and labor is without creative ideas touching the dynamics of production. The power of governments over the products of industry, to divide them, has been greatly extended, and governments similarly are without creative ideas touching the dynamics of production. They somehow get the modern notion that prosperity requires more goods to be consumed; they get even so far as the thought that the quantity of goods available to be consumed must be increased by intensive collaboration between capital and labor. How to bring this to pass they do not see; they are unable to distinguish between capital and capitalism or between labor and laborism.

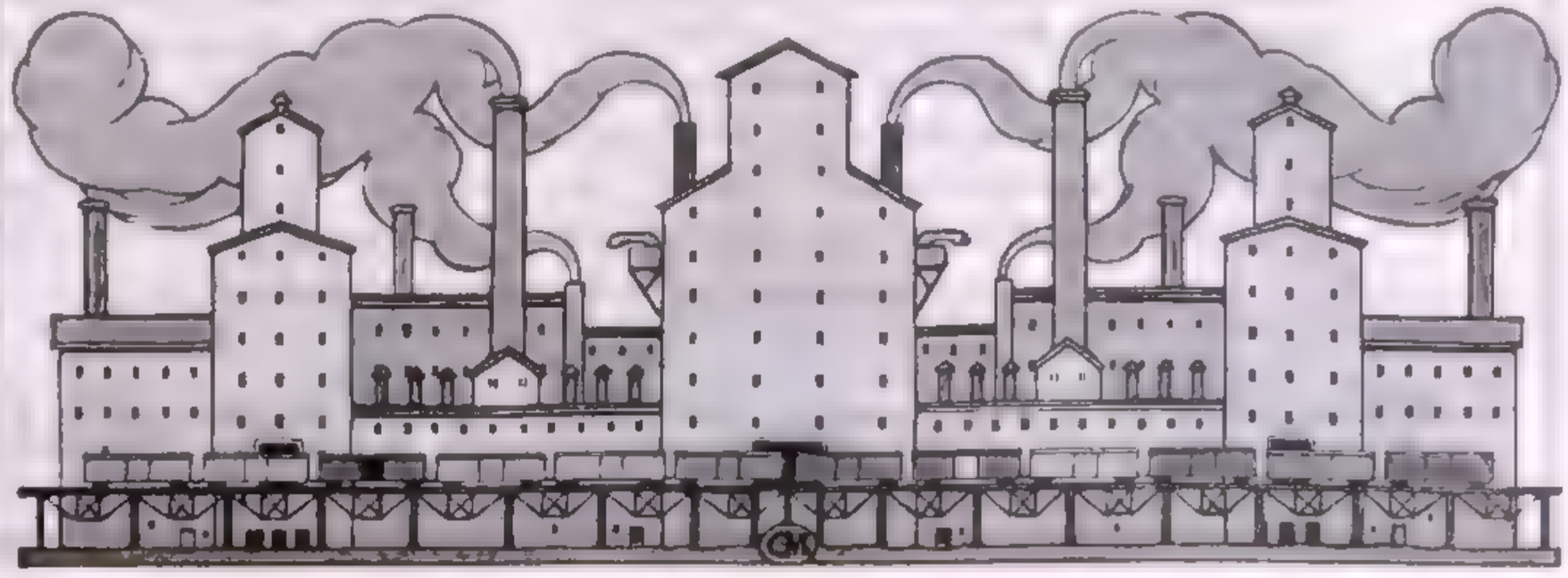
Reasoning Hind End Foremost

They want to be as rich as they suppose Americans to be; yet they are unwilling to live and work at the American speed. Capital regards the labor-saving machine as a multiplier of profit; labor insists that it shall be treated as a means of reducing effort. Both miss the point, which is that what we name a labor-saving machine is for the purpose primarily of achieving production in less time.

If you tell them Americans work harder and faster, they will not believe it. To prove you wrong they will take you, as in England, to see what they have done with the mass method of making motor cars. They have adopted the American trick of assembling the car by a chain operation, the car rising as it passes between two lanes of men, each with a specific addition to make upon its structure. The men in this British chain work fast enough when they work, and work very well, but when and as they please they stop to smoke cigarettes, even with the boss looking on.

They send missions to the United States to seek out the secret of high wages. They have got the idea that high wages make prosperity. You hear it everywhere. This only shows that they are thinking upside down. What they should seek in the United States is the secret of low wages—meaning by "wages" that proportion of the individual's output necessary to keep him in comfort and well-being, with a motor car of his own.

In that sense, which is the true sense, American wages are the lowest in the world. This is our secret. If Europe can borrow it, as she is free to do, it will be worth much more to her than easy access to American capital. It will make her as rich as we are.



Matches, muscles and switches

When night came on, twenty years ago, motorists turned on the gas, struck a match and lighted their lamps. Then they "cranked" the engine and proceeded on their bumpy way with dependable Prest-O-Lite Gas making safe the rough, gloomy road.

Today the motorist turns a switch and presses a button, and the giant power of a sturdy Prest-O-Lite Battery starts the engine and floods the road with light.

While at home another equally dependable, long-lived Prest-O-Lite Battery brings the wonder of radio.

Twenty years of service to motorists, twenty years of manufacturing experience. That is what is back of Prest-O-Lite. That is why Prest-O-Lite Batteries are standard equipment today on an ever-increasing list of America's finest cars. That is why the Prest-O-Lite sign on a service station means something.

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Whether you are buying a battery for your car or for your radio set, it is no longer necessary to take a chance with an unknown make. Prest-O-Lite Automobile Batteries can be bought from $15.50 up—and Radio Batteries from $4.75 up.

The oldest service to motorists

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STORAGE BATTERIES FOR
MOTOR-CARS AND RADIO

Want sparkling teeth? Gums like coral?

Here's simple new way to gain them

Please accept full 10-day tube free. Note the great difference in the color of your teeth when dingy film is removed as dentists widely urge. Note the gum firmness.

THERE is now a way to restore "off-color" teeth to clear and sparkling whiteness. A way that firms tender gums and brings them healthy coral tint. Very often one's whole appearance is thus changed amazingly.

Modern dental science has found teeth rarely are naturally clouded or "off color." But simply clouded by a dingy film coat that ordinary cleaning methods do not successfully remove.

Send coupon and full 10-day tube of this new method will be sent you. World's dental authorities now are widely urging it. It may quickly work a transformation in your smile.

What film is—Dulls teeth, invites gum disorders

Dental science now traces scores of tooth and gum troubles to a film that forms on teeth.

Run your tongue across your teeth and you will feel it—a slippery, viscous coating.

That film absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And that is why your teeth look "off color," dingy and unattractive.

It clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It lays your gums open to bacterial attack and your teeth open to decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are a chief cause of pyorrhea.

Mere brushing won't clear it off

Many methods of cleansing won't fight film successfully. Feel for it now with your tongue. See if your present cleansing method is failing in its duty.

Now *new* methods are being used. A dentifrice called Pepsodent—different in formula, action and effect from any other known.

Largely on dental advice, the world has turned to this method.

Clears film off—Firms the Gums

It accomplishes two important things at once: Removes that film, then firms the gums.

A few days' use will prove its power beyond all doubt.

Send the coupon. Clip it now before you forget.

FREE Pepsodent

Mail this for 10-Day Tube

The New-Day Quality Dentifrice Endorsed by World's Dental Authorities

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Only one tube to a family 2167

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1

The Pepsodent Co., Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W., Australia

ON INSPIRATION'S TRAIL

(Continued from Page 15)

white-aproned parties that presided over meat departments seldom permitted the purchase of a steak or roast without throwing in a pound or so of liver for the cat. It was by means of this custom that bait was supplied, at the expense of Fox, the alleged hound dog that accompanied me on all rambles afield. But even this proved unavailing, and lack of success led me to study wood lore.

It occurred to me that my philosophy—the larger the hole, the larger the prey—upon which I had been operating was of doubtful value, and it had also come to me that any hole, no matter how promising, if blocked with cobwebs or dead leaves, was apt to be uninhabited. While meditating upon such matters I espied a small hole in the butt of a tree and observed that the orifice, scarcely larger in diameter than a baseball, was well worn and that much hair adhered to its edges.

The following evening, on approaching the trap, my fascinated gaze riveted on a moving object at the foot of the tree. Fox anticipated me, however, and bore down upon the scene with exultant clamor, disregarding my frenzied commands, and slew the luckless rabbit. I had never before considered a rabbit as a tree-dwelling creature, so this, my first catch, also added a shred of knowledge to my slender store. Later I learned that cottontails frequently resort to hollow trees and ascend the cavities to good heights.

Swinging the cottontail from my shoulder, leading Fox with one hand and carrying the sling shot in the other, I returned to town covered with rabbit hair, blood and glory—the triumphant huntsman.

The crisp days of autumn touched the hardwood hills with a magic wand, painting the face of all Nature with a riot of blazing color. Hackberries, wild grapes and papaws ripened under the touch of frost and I feasted thereon. The hulls of the walnuts turned soft and yellow, then black, and my attention veered to gathering them, pounding the outer hull away and returning with sacks laden only with the nuts, to be spread in the sun and dried. Occasional finds of hickory or hazel nuts fell to my lot. Retaining such as my mother deemed necessary for family use, I peddled the remaining two bushels or so to neighbors and garnered the sum of fifty cents, immediately investing it in another steel trap and a large implement known as a barlow knife.

Getting Wood Lore But No Game

The autumn woods were full of interest. Local birds congregated in flocks preparatory to migrating into the south. Redwing blackbirds wheeled in smoky clouds above the cat-tails of the marshes and round the feedlots. Even though the two traps yielded no more fur than had the one, there were several sources of never-failing sport. Fox was the most optimistic rabbit harrier within my experience. Not once did he make a catch, but his enthusiasm never waned. Many times a day, bawling lustily, he chased cottontails within range of my sling shot, but it registered no hits. Frequent coveys of quail flushed from underfoot with a disconcerting roar of wings.

Most thrilling of all were the strings of ducks and geese that winged down from the north, following the course of the river and lighting in the ponds and sloughs. These mysterious migrants fascinated me, but there was no way in which I could bring one of them to bag. Winter travels led me farther afield to set my traps three and four miles from town, but the total catch consisted merely of several rabbits and one big red fox squirrel. Nevertheless, I learned a bit of wood lore and could now distinguish between the tracks of rabbit, skunk, opossum and raccoon.

Violets were blooming in the sunlit openings, buds swelling on the trees, and the grass greening at the roots before my traps were pulled. Then, true to the best traditions in such tales as had been perused, instead of bringing the two traps home, I cached them in the cavity popularly known to myself as Evarts' Cave, along with several candle stubs used for exploring similar caverns, matches, salt and a few other necessities.

The trapping season over, my attention was claimed by the birds that returned with the warm days of spring. One bright morning I discovered two nests in the same small isolated clump of stunted osage-orange trees. A pair of brown thrashers resented the intrusion and scolded valiantly as I examined the four eggs in the first nest. These objects had a background of pale whitish green, so liberally dusted with minute spots as to appear brown at first glance.

A Hunter's Classification

The three eggs in the adjacent catbird's home were of a glossy dark-green shade without spot or blemish. This marked difference, and the later discovery of the two pure white eggs of a mourning dove, led me to speculate as to the possible coloration and patterns of the eggs of other birds; so I sought their nests. Then the different materials and methods used in the fashioning of the nests themselves afforded theme for speculation.

Thus it happened that when my bird-egg collection was started, instead of being the usual affair of single eggs contained in a box cross spaced to display them upon tufts of cotton, a nest of each variety containing a full set of eggs was collected. This system necessitated a dozen times the space, so my mother had one end of my room shelved to a height of five feet. No books of reference were available, so I frequently encountered birds whose names were unknown to me, and it was also impossible to determine which birds constructed hanging nests in the tallest trees and which ones fashioned homes in the rank grass of the meadows except through personal observation and careful spying upon their domestic life.

Bit by bit I learned their ways. Instead of classifying birds in family groups as known to science, they became grouped in my mind according to nesting habits. For example, such birds as woodpeckers, flickers, screech owls, purple martins, house wrens, the sparrow hawk, chickadees, bluebirds, the great crested flycatcher and others were classified in my thoughts as the birds that nested in the cavities of trees. Later, subclassifications occurred.

House wrens sometimes resorted to rural mail boxes, bird houses built for the purpose, nooks under the eaves of buildings and crevices in the stone bridges that dotted the landscape before the concrete era; the purple martin colonized in lofty bird houses and the cornices of business buildings, but did not use sites too near the ground, while the wrens seldom nested at any considerable height above it. Bluebirds inclined to cavities in orchard trees, deserted woodpeckers' holes and even rural mail boxes in the vicinity of human habitation, while the chickadees usually sought the secluded depths of the forest in which to nest and rear their young.

Always there were exceptions, as when tree-nesting birds nested on the ground, or the reverse of that statement, and so on. In fact, knowledge of any subject, acquired locally by personal observation, or even that gathered in different localities by the combined observation of several persons, is apt to prove spotted and incomplete when applied to conditions obtaining in still another locality.

When I found the first nest of a red-eyed vireo it was to discover also the much larger egg of a cowbird in the tiny swinging nest. This sloth among birds does not build a

(Continued on Page 122)

The shadow of the Fireaxe

....is on every inflammable roof

AN inflammable roof invites the destruction of the very property it is supposed to protect. It makes every chance spark a threat of disaster.

Why risk this hazard? Why put a temporary and inflammable material on the most vulnerable part of a building when permanent firesafe roofings of asbestos give a far greater protection at an even lower cost per year?

For remember asbestos is an indestructible rock fibre. Hence Johns-Manville Asbestos Roofings are practically everlasting as well as firesafe. Such endurance means a real economy as well as protection.

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Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Ebonstone roofing No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $5,000-$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles—appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000-$25,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 70 rigid asbestos shingles or colorblende—appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough texture colorblende — five tone, brown with or without red or grey accidentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—extended areas of temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

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ONE OF THE LARGEST, YET ONE OF THE MOST HOMELIKE HOTELS IN THE WORLD

FAMOUS FEATURES

CLUB breakfasts at 45, 65 and 75 cents in the *Celtic Restaurant*. The "All You Can Eat for $1.00" Luncheon in the *College Inn*. The $1.25 Table d'Hote Dinner in the *Old Town Coffee Room*. A floor for tall guests. A floor exclusively for women. A housekeeper and clerk on each floor.

New HOTEL SHERMAN

CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 120)

nest and care for its own young. Incubation and feeding are imposed upon other birds, usually smaller, or at least less pugnacious.

Learning that the swift glued its nest to the interior of stacks and chimneys that were fireless for the summer, I haunted the tops of buildings until a nest and set of eggs were acquired. The other extreme was that of the birds that dwelt underground. Colonies of bank swallows bored tiny tunnels in the face of sheer sand banks along the river, while the kingfisher constructed large tunnels that sometimes attained a depth of five to seven feet. I can still recall the elation resulting from strenuous excavating operations that netted the eggs of a crested kingfisher; and later, in a dog town, the eggs of a burrowing owl, the last of the three birds of my early acquaintance that nested underground.

My shelves contained a variety ranging from the two tiny white eggs of the ruby-throated humming bird in a nest the size of a half dollar to the huge structure of sticks containing the four black-and-lilac-splotched green eggs of the crow. The nests were fashioned of every variety of material—sticks, leaves, rootlets, straw, grasses, lichen, horsehair, scraps of rag and paper, twine, bark, mud and moss. Some were lined with down from the breasts of the parent birds, some with feathers shed by other varieties and by domestic fowls, others with cotton from the cottonwoods, some with glistening thistledown or the silvery floss of milkweed.

Prior to my ninth birthday, a friend of the family presented me with a single-shot .22 rifle. Acceptance was denied to me on the grounds of youth, but with the promise that I could have the weapon when I had earned two dollars with which to pay the low valuation the owner placed upon it, when my family insisted upon substituting such appraisal and purchase in place of his initial offer of presentation. There would be no help forthcoming, for the arrangement had been made for the express purpose of delaying my possession of a firearm; and in view of my somewhat languid interest in cash-producing effort, it was to be supposed that the delay would become indefinite.

Working at Play

I garnered a few baskets of dandelion, dock and lamb's-quarters greens and peddled them. Fishing for perch, bullheads, channel cats and mud cats came in for a share of my interest, and on occasion I sold a day's catch for prices ranging from ten cents to a quarter. Frog legs were in great demand and frogs were relatively plentiful along the streams and in the marshes. Whenever I was so fortunate as to snag one, a local restaurant took it off my hands and gave me a dime in exchange. From the nature of these pursuits it may be surmised that I was better equipped as a forager than for industry. The rifle became mine just after my ninth birthday. Then the frogs became easy prey and paid for my ammunition.

During the next two winters the trap line, now amplified by several other traps, yielded an occasional pelt of civet, opossum, skunk and muskrat, and I had acquired a cheap single-barreled shotgun. There was a staple market of five cents for rabbits in any quantities, ten cents for squirrels, and twenty to forty cents apiece for different varieties of ducks.

Factory-loaded shells were somewhat too costly for my finances, and I collected a quantity of empty paper shells, purchased primers, powder, shot and wads, and reloaded my own ammunition, usually having several hundred shells ready at the start of each hunting season.

During my twelfth year another boy and myself acquired a partnership rowboat. That was a glorious summer, as we were permitted to put up a camp on the river several miles from town, and there we camped for almost two months, fishing with set lines several hundred feet long and occasionally making good catches of fish, and hunting frogs along the banks of the Kaw and its tributaries.

It must have been at about this time I discovered that the land of promise lies ever just ahead, always just around the bend or over the next divide, with which thought my first story in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST was prefaced. In any event, the distant spots seemed to hold more promise than those near at hand—distant in those days meaning to me the limits imposed by a day's travel afoot; and when the trapping season came in once more I frequently strayed so far afield as to find myself too weary to return, and stayed overnight in the woods, kindling a fire and making use of Fox for a pillow.

It was my fond belief that Fox was a hound. Looking back, it now seems quite certain that this confidence was perhaps three-quarters misplaced. There were in the vicinity certain men who owned trained foxhounds, and knowing my fondness for such pursuits, they permitted me to accompany them on night hunts. The blood tingled to the deep baying of the hounds as they followed a hot trail over the hills while we plunged through the woods to keep within earshot of the music; then came the thrill of exultation when the eager bellowing notes changed suddenly to the short steady barks announcing that the quarry had been treed.

Hound Dog With Bunny Complex

I had great hopes of Fox, feeling certain that he would become a first-class coon dog through the medium of running with these experienced hounds. On the occasion of my first night hunt behind the dogs I joined their owners, uninvited, as they entered a stretch of woodland along a creek that skirted the town. They welcomed me cordially, but seemed somewhat mystified as to subsequent proceedings up ahead of us. An eager voice suddenly filled the creek bottom—a voice they did not recognize, but which it was no trouble for me to identify as that of Fox in hot pursuit of a bunny. Each time Fox poured in behind a cottontail the other dogs rallied to his squalling outcry, bayed a few times and quit him disgustedly.

Presently a deep bawl, repeated at thirty-second intervals, announced that a hound was working out a varmint track of some kind. Occasionally another hound chimed in. Eventually they were strung out and baying lustily on a hot track. Then Fox turned absolutely delirious, squalling here and there through the chase, barking ecstatically at the other dogs and running cottontails in feverish circles. Apparently the other dogs decided that each of these sudden clamorous departures from the main course of the chase was the view halloo and followed him with hungry mouthings, only to quit him for a space while they circled again to pick up the trail they had left at his false alarm.

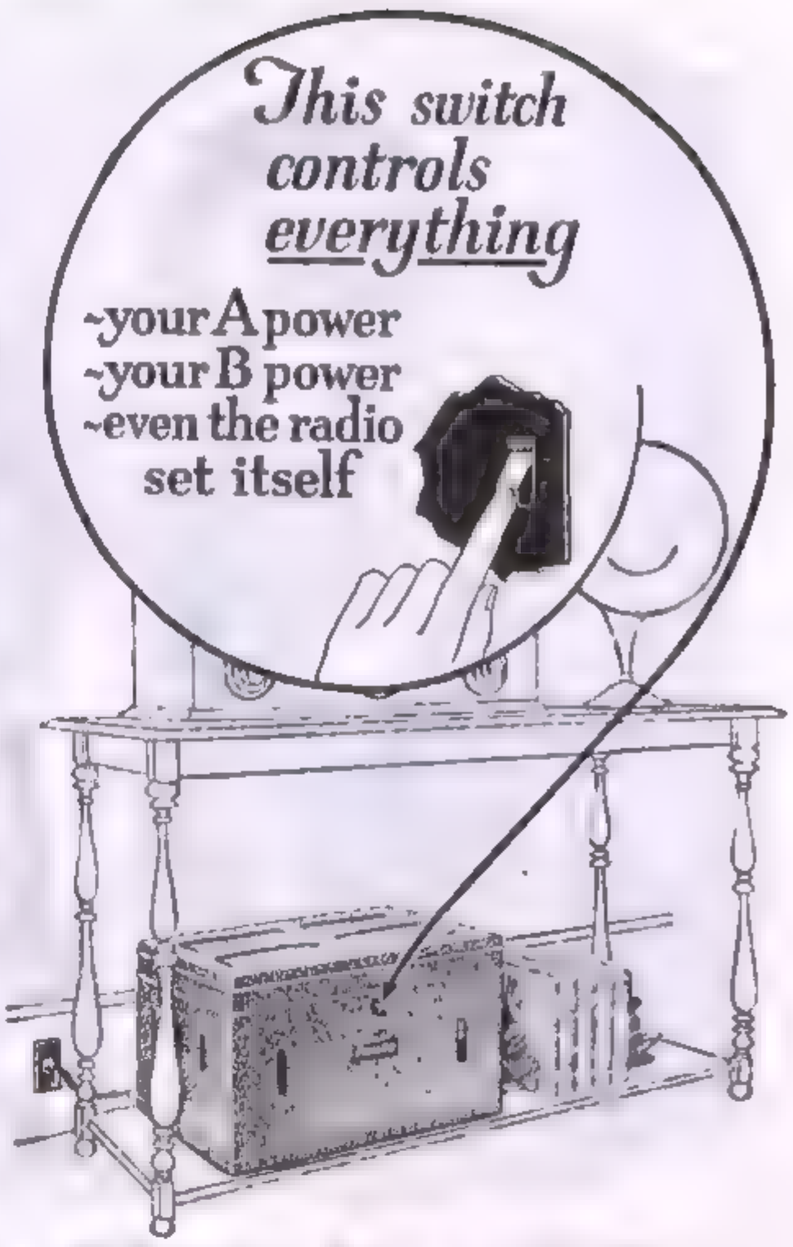
Many were the profane comments uttered by my companions. Fox succeeded in utterly wrecking that first chase. The dogs lost whatever it was. After a long silence, a clamor broke out a half mile away at the head of an incoming timbered draw, where, after a short spurt, the dogs treed an opossum in a tangle of wild grapevines attached to an elm tree. Fox was there with the rest, careening facetiously about among the eager dogs at the foot of the tree. Thereafter Fox was taboo on night hunts, but whenever I departed without him his protests made the neighbors miserable for blocks around.

It was during one of these nights behind the dogs that I first learned that a mink could climb a tree. The dogs treed one of these water-loving animals in an oak tree a good half mile from a stream. I know of three instances of tree-climbing mink. A friend of mine once shot one out of a tree on the banks of the Arkansas River, believing it to be a squirrel when he fired.

(Continued on Page 124)

LOOK!

Run Any Radio *from your* Electric Current



It's a fact! It makes no difference what kind or what make radio set you have, PHILCO Socket Powers will give you *both* A and B radio power from your electric light current, no matter what kind of electric current you have. Here is your opportunity to do away with dry-cells and the ordinary "A" storage battery.

One switch controls everything. Snap it "ON," and from your house current you get a strong, steady flow of A and B power. Snap it "OFF," and your radio is silent.

No Wonder Philco Socket Powers are Famous

No more recharging to do; no more dry batteries to replace; no hum; no distortion. Your electric lighting current will now operate your radio set smoothly and perfectly.

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Yes, any one of the many thousands of Philco dealers will make you a very liberal trade-in allowance for your old "A" storage battery on the purchase of a brand-new Philco AB Socket Power.

It makes no difference what make of "A" storage battery you now have; it makes no difference how old or worn out it may be; you will get from the Philco dealer a surprisingly liberal allowance.

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No matter where you live, there is an authorized PHILCO dealer near you who will deliver a brand-new Philco Socket Power to your home on the day and hour you desire. He will connect it to your radio set *at no additional cost to you.*

The Philco dealer in your community guarantees you complete satisfaction. You can safely buy from any authorized Philco dealer anywhere.

Yours on Easy Payments

You can now buy PHILCO AB Socket Powers on *Easy Payment Terms* from any Philco dealer in your town. You merely make a small first payment—balance in easy monthly installments.

Go to your Electrical Dealer, Department Store, Electric Light Company, Music Dealer or Battery Service Station; tell them you read this advertisement and you want the PHILCO RADIO SOCKET POWER.

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Visit the Philco dealer, or if you prefer, mail the coupon below to us and we will give you full details and prompt service direct from the factory. We will send you full information on our national offer of Easy Payments and Trade-In Allowance for your old storage battery.

This coupon is not an order. It does not place you under the slightest obligation. It is merely a request for the full details and free descriptive literature. *Mail the coupon today.*

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A strong, steady flow of power from your electric current through the Philco Socket Power. Positively improves reception.

No more fuss. No more bother. Even the installation is done by experts FREE. And from then on the snap of one switch controls everything.

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Radio A and B Power without the least hum; without the least distortion. That is another reason for the tremendous popularity of the Philco Socket Power.

Remember, the Philco Socket Power supplies perfect radio power for *any make or any kind* of radio, whether home-built or manufactured.

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The Razor That Sharpens Itself

(Continued from Page 122)

Later in the winter we visited for a month in a different part of the state, and my traps, now numbering perhaps a dozen, were part of the baggage. The chosen trap-line route was some seven miles long, looping back to town by a different way. Game was plentiful along its course and a fair sprinkling of rabbits, quail and ducks fell to my shotgun. Several badgers, many coyotes and two wolves were sighted during my rambles. The trap line yielded two mink and a good catch of muskrat, civet and skunk.

The proceeds of the entire winter's catch was invested in a pump gun which rendered good service for twenty years. Between then and my fifteenth year a .22 repeating rifle and a lever-action .32–40 carbine had been added to the arsenal, and a trip to Colorado afforded opportunity to cruise the high hills with gun, blanket, a pot and a frying pan, a little bacon, salt, flour and baking powder, with a fish line wound round my hat. Then I saw my first beaver sign and first bear track, shot at my first deer and was so badly afflicted with buck fever that, although I could toss walnuts into the air and break them with a rifle nine times out of ten, it was impossible to plant a bullet in an unsuspecting buck deer at a range of fifteen yards.

After this one humiliating instance I shot as steadily at big game as at lesser prey, and the next eight or ten head fired at over the course of the next few years were killed in their tracks. Having known the charm of the hardwood hills in autumn, the subtle drawing power of limitless prairies, the game coverts and salt marshes of the sand-hill country, I now felt for the first time the irresistible appeal of the mighty ranges, exerting a spell that calls me to this day.

In every well-regulated article dealing with how one succeeds or fails at anything—in building a business, a barn, a career or story—it seems imperative that there be a turning point, some crucial period of uncertainty and travail, after which comes the vision, and the clear road lies ahead. Something, one knows not what, seems to happen. Everyone even remotely interested in my case was agreed that it was high time for something to happen to me.

The Prodigal Steps Out

Frequent absences from school had resulted in equally frequent visits to the room presided over by the principal, and I had ornamented those premises so much in the guise of an example of what boys should not do that when my own time came to progress into that final grade of school the work proved to be mere routine, since I had listened to it over and over again during the past five or six years and was therefore graduated with higher honors than usual and with a sigh of relief all round. By the time the second year of high school and my fifteenth birthday rolled round together, it proved to be the turning point in my life in a great many ways. My affairs took a sudden sharp turn for the worse.

Perhaps it was the fact that the absence of my mother, who had married and was off on a year-long tour of the world, afforded opportunity—or perhaps merely because I had learned so little in school that by reasoning in reverse it seemed that I had already acquired all the wisdom that could be taught me—that occasioned my deserting high school with the first flight of ducks in the fall.

A bit later, looking back, it was apparent to me that my medicine had been bad; but there was nothing much to be done about it except to stay with it until such time as the prodigal should effect a casual return with evidence of great material success. So some four years thereafter I effected a casual return. Only, the minor detail of material success was lacking. The idea, conceived some three years and eleven months before, that my medicine had been bad, had deepened into a firm conviction with the years.

It seemed to me then, and the thought still persists, that possibly the greatest benefits my friends had derived from going through college was in the associations and friendships they had formed at that time. Since then, when they have attended reunions, it has come to me that if there should occur a reunion of those with whom I had associated during the same period the townsfolk would turn in a general alarm and call out the militia.

The immediate purpose of my departure from school was to establish a duck-hunting camp. The preceding fall I had shot hundreds of ducks, but this proved a poor flight year and but few birds came down from the north over our fly way. Fur sign, however, was plentiful, and one afternoon we put out our traps, an even dozen, all within a half mile of camp, in sure-fire muskrat sets that had been located while shooting ducks. We sat late before the camp fire, discussing future prospects, and decided to make a winter of it, moving to new localities as we trapped out the thickest of the fur.

Free Transportation

My companion had never seen a trap set, and some time after midnight he suggested that we take the boat and run the traps. With a lantern in the boat, we started over the line—to bag the largest percentage of catches in my trapping career. The twelve traps yielded ten muskrats and one raccoon, and in the morning held a single muskrat, making the catch 100 per cent for the night. No other catches of that magnitude were made, but we did reap considerable fur. The pelts of twenty skunks were garnered before we broke camp at this spot and dropped off downstream in search of new territory. Meanwhile another two dozen traps had been added to the equipment.

The last camp of the season was located at the junction of a large creek and the river, both of which were profitably trapped, being especially productive of civet and opossum; and on one memorable morning we bagged two big boar mink within a hundred yards of the tent. The weather was cold, with an occasional flurry of snow, and it was decided to make one more move before ice rendered travel by boat impossible. We pulled the traps and struck camp, packed for an early get-away, folded the tent across our bed roll—and snow fell to a depth of eighteen inches before dawn. The streams were partially frozen over and would be completely closed to navigation before we could reach a new camp site.

My companion decided to quit trapping forthwith. With our guns and the two best blankets, each containing a huge bale of furs, we set out for the railroad on foot. The slender outfit had been cached until such time as it could be retrieved by boat, but within the week I left those parts, having signed on with a surveyor's party, and have never seen my old trapping camp since that day.

The country in which most of the surveying was done was in Indian Territory, which had not yet been annexed by the state of Oklahoma. Oil was being brought in round Bartlesville and Tulsa. Copan was no more than a tent town and the jail at Ochelata was a one-room affair built by spiking two-by-fours flatwise one upon another.

I was never in it, but was one of an envious group that watched an officer breaking sundry bottles of liquid against it.

Being Indian country, it was a penitentiary offense to sell whisky in the territory, and of natural consequence whisky running was a recognized occupation. Where liquor might be purchased, how many quarts one had succeeded in smuggling through on the last trip from the outside, and so on, all took precedence over the weather as a means of opening, continuing and closing a conversation. It may be recalled that such topics again came into

(Continued on Page 126)

"I'm sure of a perfect drive now—always out of the rough and on the fairway."
"How's that?"
"Kelly-Springfield tires."

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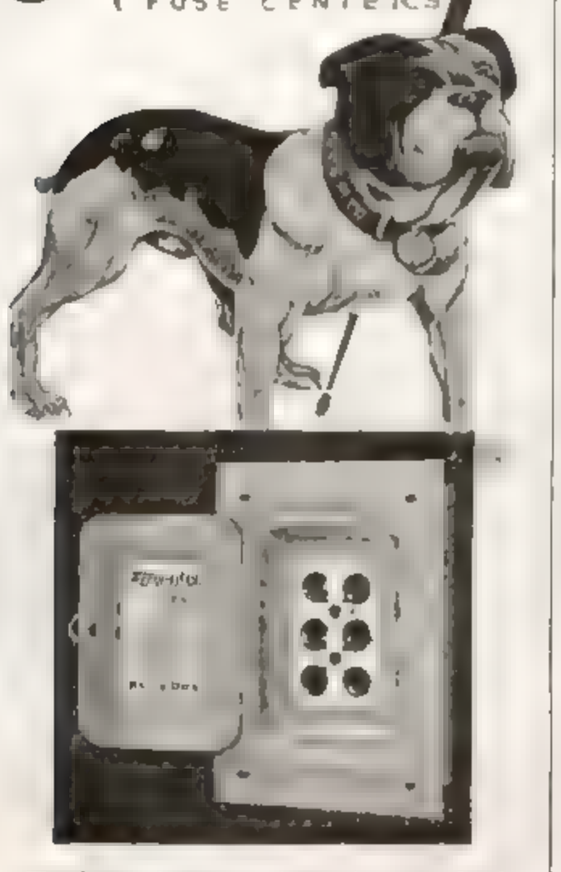

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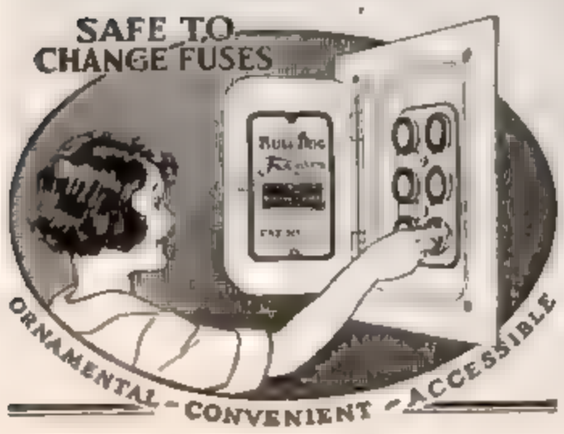

(Continued from Page 124)

vogue as polite chatter after national prohibition went into effect.

Then, as now, various liquid subterfuges were resorted to. Such bilious fluids as Jamaica ginger and lemon extract were in great favor. An unlabeled beverage in high standing was known as Choctaw beer, probably because a few shots of it made a white man imagine that he was a Choctaw brave in full war paint, anxious to sock the tomahawk into the war post and gobble at the whole wide world.

For some six or eight months I was faithful custodian of a twelve-pound sledge hammer, for which I received a recompense of thirty dollars a month, board and free transportation, which last consisted largely of my chauffeuring a hand car from one point to another where surveying operations were to be put into effect. Frequently, while thus engaged in having free transportation furnished to me, I pondered upon the validity of that clause in my contract. Perhaps it was such abstract speculation that caused the development of a certain iconoclastic turn of mind and the faculty of applying my own literal interpretation to many of the time-honored platitudes upon which people then pinned great faith, both in matters of human relations and along lines of alleged natural history.

Rediscovering Old Paths

Another year, with Herman Zinn, a companion of my own age, I set forth in a wagon to gypsy round the country. We worked through the harvest, then with a threshing crew and at various other sorts of farm work en route and spent a pleasant and moderately profitable few months in our traveling home before the trapping season came round once more.

By the time of my return at the age of nineteen I had tracked round over much of the West, working and hunting in the mountains of several states; and, among other things, had acquired a varied store of information about the ways of various wild creatures and the workings of Nature.

It was that sort of thing round which my youthful interests chiefly centered. That observations made in youth from sheer interest are apt to be so vivid as to be easily recalled in later life is an established fact. Just recently I received word that a number of persons had been asked to submit the names of their favorite birds to be voted on by the school children of Kansas, the vote to determine the adoption of one for the state bird.

My first thought was that the bird, instead of being my favorite, should be as representative of the state as is the sunflower, its floral symbol. Instantly the meadow lark occurred to me as the logical choice.

From the flat prairies of the western extremity to the meadows among the hardwood hills that grace the eastern end of the state, there would not be a mile but what resident and tourist alike could view meadow larks upon the fence posts with the same consistency with which fields of nodding golden sunflowers met the eye.

Within two minutes after receiving the request my choice was consigned to the mail. That the observation of present-day school children coincided with my own early observations was attested by the fact that out of a large number of birds passed upon, the overwhelming majority of the votes was cast for the meadow lark and it was adopted as the state bird of Kansas.

This vote, in a measure, also reveals the scarcity of an original idea. The obvious is obvious to most, the obscure is obvious to many, and even a similar train of abstract reasoning is set in motion in the minds of different individuals by the same rare and little-understood phenomena. Many a time while pondering along some line a solution has occurred to me with startling clarity, and I have indulged in self-congratulation upon an original discovery, only to learn subsequently that the thought had already been evolved by others.

It was with all the thrill of original discovery that I settled upon the fact that the animal world is ruled by three great primary impulses—fear, the caution to retain life; hunger, the urge for food to maintain life; and the mating impulse to reproduce and perpetuate life; that every animal act is traceable to one or another of this all-powerful trio—only to discover that the same conclusion had been reached by others at an earlier date.

It was apparent to me that there was a delicate balance maintained in Nature; that every creature and every plant, worthless as it might seem, had a definite place in that pattern if only one sought for the answer. The astounding appetite of birds held the insect hordes in check, without which the latter would devour all vegetation from the face of the earth, which in return would result not only in the annihilation of the vegetarian tribes of animals, and the meat eaters that preyed upon them, but the surface soil, built up throughout long centuries, and without which no vegetation could exist, would be left open to the eroding action of wind and water and would be scoured away.

Yet if all the insects should be swept from existence it would produce equally disastrous results. Because of the large part played by insects in the fertilization of plants by carrying pollen, the removal of such agency would upset the vegetable world. Bird life would largely disappear. The various ways in which plants extend their range—creeping rootlets that send up new shoots, winged seeds that float afar on the breezes, the burs and other clinging seeds that adhere to the coats of animals to travel long distances before being dropped in fertile soil, others carried by birds to distant parts, washed by water—all are a part of this cunning balance.

Nature's chief means of maintaining the adjustment is by regulation through food supply. Where insects are abundant, there come the birds to prey upon them. Where vegetarian animals roam in great numbers, there come the meat eaters to hold the increase in check. When forage conditions are overtaxed to the detriment of the range by overbrowsing or overgrazing, poisonous plants spring up to rid the range of surplus animals. Eventually I came to view Nature as one vast appetite and was charmed with my discovery.

Later, though, it seemed a bit less charming. I watched toads catching innumerable flies by the lightning extension of their tongues, marked the ceaseless hunt of birds for insects and came to realize the enormous quantity of insect food required to maintain life in the body of a small bird for a single day. On various occasions I saw snakes swallow frogs, ground squirrels and fledgling birds, and saw hawks strike down birds and pluck innumerable rodents from the meadows. Hundreds of thousands of insects were sacrificed to maintain life in the body of a frog or bird, hundreds of birds and frogs must die to keep the spark of life throbbing in the body of a snake, an owl or a mink, and so on, up to the largest and most savage killers.

Nature's Feedlot

And what of these powerful ones, without greater enemies to slay them in their turn? Was this the end of the chain, I wondered. Not at all. When laid low by old age, accident or disease, their vast frames furnished food for millions of insects. It wasn't a chain, but a circle. I had learned that while it is life that gives life, it is only death that maintains life; so there it was, the interminable circle of life through death—Nature as one vast appetite, and with all her creatures forever on the meat trail.

When one spends much time alone in the open, wandering across sagebrush plains and spacious prairies, following some creek through the wooded seclusion of the hardwood hills or reclining on some lofty eminence of snow-capped mountain ranges, he has ample time for observation and speculation along such lines of Nature as may intrigue his interest.

His thoughts are his only companions, and of natural consequence he is more apt to browse among them and renew acquaintance with long-submerged recollections. On and off, I put in considerable time alone.

Occasionally one encounters some phenomenon the explanation of which he should be able to solve, yet its solution eludes him. Something of interest, but lacking an adequate explanation, once lodged in the mind, operates after the fashion of a grain of sand lodged in the eye—more or less of an irritant until the cause is removed. Observing some animal habit, the knowledge of the fact itself proved insufficient to satisfy my curiosity until the reason for it also was solved, after which both cause and effect could be filed away, the irritation thus relieved.

In this way I began to speculate upon animal mental processes, animal psychology, and this proved most interesting of all. Ere now I had discovered that much popularly accepted natural history was actually unnatural history; that porcupines did not shoot their quills, that the hoop snake that inflated itself and rolled downhill, tail in mouth, to assault its victim, and the fragments of a victimized joint snake that crawled together and reassembled themselves into a living whole, were nonexistent myths; that the eyes of wild animals and wild women did not shine at night except when reflecting a direct ray of artificial light; that a snake can be killed so dead that it dies before sundown, popular superstition to the contrary notwithstanding; and I was satisfied that the ground hog and his shadow were no longer on the pay roll of the Weather Bureau.

Following Their Noses

This same skepticism extended to the prevalent belief that all animal acts not readily interpretable to man were occasioned by animal instinct. I was convinced that much that was ascribed to instinct would prove traceable to messages that reached animals over the paths of their physical senses. On scores of occasions I had seen dogs, by power of scent alone, following a trail left hours before as easily as a man would follow a track by sight in fresh snow; bird dogs wheeling into the wind to freeze in a point at concealed quarry.

On one occasion I watched with my glasses a half dozen mule deer located some three hundred yards quarteringly down wind and could determine the exact instant when a veering current of wind carried my scent to them. A doe lifted her head in startled fashion and in another second they were off. Stray ribbons of scent, playing upon the sensitive noses of the animal world, carry a pattern of information, every vagrant breeze laden with its message, as accurately as a man's eyes register the details of a landscape—more effectively, in fact, as friend or foe might be in the immediate vicinity yet concealed from view, while brush, trees or even intervening waves of ground are powerless to conceal such presence from sensitive nostrils if the wind is right.

The average man, even the average hunter, is prone to attribute to animals the same faculty that he possesses, and therefore to endeavor to keep out of his quarry's view instead of taking into consideration the direction of the wind. Then, when his intended prey flies before he attains within gunshot, he believes that its instinct has warned it of approaching danger. If an onion should be thrust within a few inches of that same hunter's nose he would experience no inconvenience in determining that an onion and not a tuberose was somewhere close at hand. The nose of a bear or coyote, three hundred yards down wind, will determine just as accurately whether it is a man or some other creature that approaches.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Evarts. The next will appear in an early issue

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(Partial List)

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WHEN MANKIND WAS YOUNG

(Continued from Page 9)

awed, head-shaved little urchin, in the house of books, the temple school for future scribes.

There he had met Ma-hesa, a six-year-old infant like himself, the son of a scribe who served the quasi-independent governor of a province in Upper Egypt and who wished to create for himself eventual relations of reinsurance with the rapidly growing centralized power of the Pharaoh, more and more identified with the rise of the worship of Ra, even to the extent that Mer-eb, the eldest son of Khufu, had become High Priest in the great temple at An.

On the first day they had fought like two little furies—Ma-hesa having spoken scornfully of the men of Lower Egypt, conquered centuries back by the hosts of Upper Egypt, and for all time to rank as the inferior twin of the dual kingdom. Thereafter they had been sworn friends. Together they had learned first to read and then to draw, neatly and artistically, the pictured hieroglyphics; together they had mastered the mysteries of the much more difficult conventionalized hieratic script; together they had become proficient in the quasimagic properties of numbers.

Together also, and recently, they had undergone that immemorial rite which passed them from boyhood into manhood; had been initiated into the first of the seven lesser degrees of the unrevealable mysteries of Osiris. Together they had stood, neither naked nor clothed, a cable tow about their necks, their heads covered with a hood which deprived them of vision, each conducted by a strangely travestied guardian—An-er-f was his ritual title—to an apparently blank wall, where armed wardens had halted them with spear points against their breasts.

Together, prompted by their guides, they had asked for passage, and been sternly refused unless they could give the magic password. Together, again prompted, they had spoken that password—Ra-grirt—the door of stone. And the dissimulated door of stone—a slab in the mystic form of an equilateral triangle—had opened for them. Together they had been led, blind and groping, down the steeply descending passage which symbolized the descent of the soul into the underworld after death. Together they had at last come to the terrible place of fire; had been forced, in a paroxysm of sight-denied horror, to pass through its scorching flames; had been delivered thence by magic words whispered to them for their repetition. Together,' sightless, anguished, faint, shaken with terror, they had been led up from that ordeal, to be halted by yet another warden demanding yet another password.

Together they had been led, blindly, trembling, bewildered, ready to drop, on the point of shrieking, though their parched mouths could not shriek, through endless difficult and devious ways; had been redeemed—each time with a specific password—from the awful seven wardens of the passages. Together, left foot first—even as Ra had stepped upon the serpent Apep—they had been led seven times around a room they could not see. Together, still hooded, the point of a knife pricking their breasts, they had sworn the fearful oath. Together, asked what they most desired, they had—being prompted—tremulously answered, "Light!"

Immediately their hoods had been removed from them, and they had found themselves confronted by a man masked as the jackal god Anubis, and standing between an inward-facing double rank of strangely garbed men, each in a peculiar attitude. The personification of Anubis had solemnly reminded them of their oath, had taught them to make the mysterious sign which symbolized the penalty of that oath, had instructed them in the hand grip by which they might recognize fellow initiates. Explained to them also had been the hidden mystery of the familiar twin, sacred, quadruple-capitaled pillars of Osiris, the Tet and Tettu, between which they saw they stood. The one signified "in strength" and the other "to establish," and together "to establish eternally"; for were they not the pillars set up by Horus and Set when they raised the heavens from the earth and established them thus for ever?

Finally they had undergone the culmination of the rite, had successively—while the other was kept absent—been forced alarmingly into a stone sarcophagus in a simulation of violent death which mimed the death of Osiris; which mimed, indeed, a far more ancient murder, and then, after the efforts of mere men had failed, had been raised thence, reborn, with the lion grip of Anubis.

They were henceforth brothers in a brotherhood which transcended the tie of blood. Many more degrees were yet in front of them—the ten higher degrees after the seven lesser—and they would be old men when, if ever, the secrets of the highest were revealed to them. They were still at the stage when they were uncomprehending seekers after that which was lost—that central symbol of the Osirian myth which mystically figured immortal life.

Derived originally from a primeval savage past, the ritual of those degrees was to be handed on for thousands of years; taught to the ancient Greeks and becoming the Eleusinian Mysteries with Dionysus in the place of Osiris; taught to the ancient Persians with Mithra as the slain one and brought thence by war-scarred legionaries to ancient Rome. It would survive upon Mount Lebanon and be learned by those crusader Knights Templars whose extermination it was eventually to cause.

It was—in some manner which at once sets anthropologists to violent quarrel—to be carried across the Pacific, and be practiced in full ceremony by the mysterious ancient people of Yucatan. China has cherished it without sensible variation, and its symbols are found on the images of Hindu gods. In the wilds of Africa the astonished traveler who is himself initiate recognizes the sign and grip, and the Australian aborigines, when they make their boys into young men, set up the twin poles of the north and south, force the terrified neophyte on to the bed of fire, and constitute, as the Egyptians constituted, the mystic living arch.

These things are mysteries within mysteries, and no man can—even if he would—give satisfying explanation. But Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa, walking embraced under the sycamore trees of An, five thousand years and more ago, felt themselves the more closely united because of that mystic fraternity which bound them. They had secret names, known only to each other. So long as they lived, whenever the one of them should signal his distress the other would reply. And when they died their souls would pass along the same road, delivered from similar successive perils by similar magic passwords, and one day surely meet again in the shadow land of Khentamenti where Osiris, the resurrected one, reigned forever.

Now, however, they talked of immediate and practical matters. For many days there had been great excitement within the sacred city of An. In the royal city of the Pharaoh, a few miles south and built between the river and the desert plateau whereon the great tomb had been slowly growing for so many years, was preparing one of the adventurous expeditions which at intervals left the land of Egypt for the discovery and exploration of unknown parts.

These were not the great military expeditions led by even the earliest Pharaohs themselves, that raided the black barbarians of the southern frontier or punished the wild men who molested the copper miners in the mountains of Sinai. They were comparatively small bodies, captained by one of the numerous sons of the Pharaoh, or by one of the provincial nobles, equally claiming divine birth, and rarely did they return. They journeyed either to the northeastward via Syria, or leaving the Nile midway in the valley of Egypt, they traveled eastward through that great gully between the mountains which from primeval times had been and still is the natural highway to the Red Sea. There they took boat and crossed either to the Divine Land, which is Arabia, or voyaged daringly southward to that semifabled land of Punt, which is Somaliland, or thereabouts.

They sought not war nor conquest but spices and aromatic gums—precious for the preparation of the mummies, already an essential if the *ka* of the dead was not to be a mere shade dangerously hungering for someone's body—and for the ore of that copper which was at once the universal tool metal and the currency of Egypt. But chiefly they sought the magic Givers of Life—red coral, of the color of life-giving blood; the green malachite, to be smeared under the eye for the preservation of sight, which perhaps long ago had led to the first use of the copper of which it is the carbonate, and above all for the gleaming indestructible yellow gold, known to them now as the sacred metal of Ra himself, but already for an incomputable period the most eagerly desired of all substances.

Far, far back in paleolithic times the cowrie shells of the Indian Ocean had been traded as the most potent of amulets across the desert, down the valley of the Nile and all around the Mediterranean; for were they not obviously, by their very shape, manifestations of the Great Mother, first of divinities, and therefore indubitable Givers of Life, specific to reënforce the precarious vital principle in man? Long, long ago the savage wanderers over the desert between the Nile and the Red Sea had begun to model in the plastic yellow metal, then strewn loose and unappreciated over their hunting grounds, similitudes of those shells—still to be found in pathetic ancient graves—which were so eagerly desired by the traders, and for which the demand was greater than the supply. In the course of time these imitations, conveniently light, sun-colored, and remarkably changeless and enduring, not only came to be more valued than the original but to the substance had gradually been transferred the magical quality of the form. Thus, fortuitously, did gold begin its still triumphant tyranny over the destinies of man. Already when Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa walked in the sycamore groves of An, for thousands of years the divine metal had been feverishly sought for that its magical properties, in all manner of articles, might reënforce the magico-divine power of the kings in whom was concentrated the life of the land. Already—though not for thousands of years was it to be degraded to currency—the lure of it exercised, as ever since it has exercised, the irresistible dominance which has sent men wandering to the ends of the earth.

These things were too familiar to Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa to find a place in their thoughts. It was the expedition itself which gripped their interest, which was the recurrent theme of their conversation. They spoke to console each other in a bitter disappointment—a disappointment bitter and overwhelming as only youth can experience disappointment. For, as was always the case, a selected few of the priests of Ra were to accompany the adventurers—fully initiate priests who, should the voyagers remain in some remote and barbarous land, welcomed as gods and founding there a colony or a kingdom, as often they did, would preserve the worship of the great Ra; junior temple scribes, who by their sacred character might receive and account for the divine yellow metal it was hoped to find.

Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa had both, in boyish enthusiasm, applied to be of these last—wondrous were the stories told of the strange lands beyond the narrow valley of Egypt!—and had both been refused. In this Neshemt-dadat suspected the hand of his uncle Ptahnimait, childless himself and ambitious of great things for his nephew in the administration of the Pharaoh; and Ma-hesa was aware that a runner had come with a letter from his father to the chief scribe of the temple. It was intolerable tyranny.

What did they care for the dull safety of a routine career, even though, judiciously assisted by high patronage, it might terminate as Lord of the Pharaoh's House of Silver or Guardian of the Wigs to the Pharaoh himself? Were there not marvelous incense islands to be discovered in the mysterious Great Green—islands that were guarded by monstrous serpents inlaid with gold, which spoke with human voices and acknowledged the divine majesty of the distant Pharaoh? Were there not —— But it was intolerable to them even to imagine these things as they wandered in the deserted sycamore grove on that day when all the city had gone down to the Nile shore to bid farewell to the departing priests of Ra. The whole of life stretched plainly profitless before them, their indestructible friendship its only alleviation.

From the distance came the blast of a horn, the beat of a drum. The happy chosen ones were embarking! Although they had sworn to themselves to ignore that intolerable departure, they ran almost involuntarily to the mud wall which bounded the temple grounds, looked over. There along the shore filled with multitudes of people they could see the high-sterned ships of the Pharaoh, each with its sail still down; could see them being entered by the white-robed priests, by a local detachment of the Pharaoh's hereditary soldiers, their copper spear points gleaming in the sun, their great hide shields covering their bodies. They could hear the murmur of many voices, the shouts of men, the lamentations of women. Thus they, too, might have embarked—heroes admired of all, dedicated to who knew what of marvelous adventure! They watched, fascinated, until the gangplanks were drawn up, until the single square sail was raised in ship after ship, and ship after ship slid from the shore, went scudding up the broad wave-rippled river before the fresh north wind. They gripped hands at that spectacle they could scarcely see for irresistibly rising tears. One day, nevertheless —— They had no need to utter the vow. One day, assuredly, they would set forth thus together.

Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa propelled their reed canoe along the sedgy channels of the papyrus swamps where the water was once more rising in the annual flood. Two such inundations had swelled and subsided since that day they had watched the priests of Ra embarking for that adventurous quest whence no word had ever returned. They were still scribes in the great temple of the city of An—scribes now in that upper school where the squaring and laying of great stones, the making of inclined planes, the properties of levers, the specific numbers of men required to haul such and such a specific weight, the measuring of earth surfaces, were thoroughly taught to them by grave and incredibly wise elders, awesome initiates of the higher degrees. Not at this inundation time, but at the next, they would be passed as proficient, would go forth to stand over the workmen still laboring, year after year, at the great tomb of the Pharaoh.

Now, however, they had been given a joyous leave of absence from the temple, and Neshemt-dadat had brought Ma-hesa home with him to his native village for the festivities when the dams should be broken and the Nile water allowed to pour over the sun-baked fields. Not yet for some days

(Continued on Page 133)

POWER

Think of your crank case as a reservoir of power. Thousands of tests on the Wasson Motor Check have proved that power is the outward sign of perfect lubrication. It is the simplest, most telling test of any motor oil.

You cannot mistake power when you have it. You can be sure you have the right oil for your motor when you are developing full power.

Recorded tests on every type of motor—over 60,000 in all—establish the fact that Havoline builds up power and holds it. It has earned the title of "power-oil" through 23 years of consistent performance.

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Oil is more than oil —it is *power*

For full power—

a clean crank-case regularly drained and replenished with Havoline Oil; a thorough and frequent lubrication of all moving parts with Havoline oils and greases.

You can generally find Havoline where modern crank-case service is given. It is sold from bulk and in 1 and 5 gal. cans. Also furnished for home garage use in 30 and 50 gal. drums. Write for name of nearest dealer.

Indian Refining Company
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Non-Breakable Barrels

Yes, the Parker Duofold Pen was tossed from an aeroplane at dizzy height to test our new material "Permanite," and landed 3,000 feet below—*unharmed*

Parker Duofold

With Lucky Curve Feed and 25-Year Point

Dropped 3,000 feet!

For a year we kept secret the fact that Parker Duofold is made of "Permanite" until a series of grueling tests proved it *will not break*

For a year we've been making Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils of a new non-breakable material—lustrous, beautiful, light in weight—called Parker "Permanite." Meantime a few other makers advertised similar materials, but Parker said nothing. For we knew such products had to be skillfully cured, else they might break, shrink and fade.

Hence we were not content to entrust our cure to outsiders. We installed our own kilns to insure a double cure. And we called our double-cured product "Parker Permanite" to distinguish it from inferior grades.

That was a year ago. Since then all Parker Duofold Pens and Pencils have been made of "Permanite." And our method of curing has proved to excel by far.

We've tested the "Permanite" barrels under the wheels of buses, on cement floors, from the tops of high buildings—even from aeroplanes. *And no guarantee against breakage that any maker can offer is half so conclusive as these actual tests that the Parker Duofold has withstood.*

We do not assert that "Permanite" is indestructible—that cannot be said even of steel. But "Permanite" will not break, though you drop the new Parker Duofold Pen or Pencil a hundred times. And it won't lose its lustre and color, or shrink and come loose.

This combination—the "Parker Permanite" Barrel and the Parker Duofold Point—makes the greatest writing instrument the world has ever seen—barrel non-breakable; point guaranteed for 25 years, not only for mechanical perfection, but for *wear!*

Even the Fine and Extra Fine Points are guaranteed, the same as the Medium, Broad, Stub and Oblique.

Choose your Parker Duofold point, choose your Parker Duofold grip—Over-size, Junior or slender Lady Duofold. And choose your color, too—rich Black and Gold; or Black-tipped Lacquer-red—handsome to carry, hard to mislay.

Good pen counters wouldn't be without this classic pen, or the Parker Duofold Pencils to match.

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Red and Black Color Combination Reg. Trade Mark U. S. Pat. Office

The Leak-Proof Test

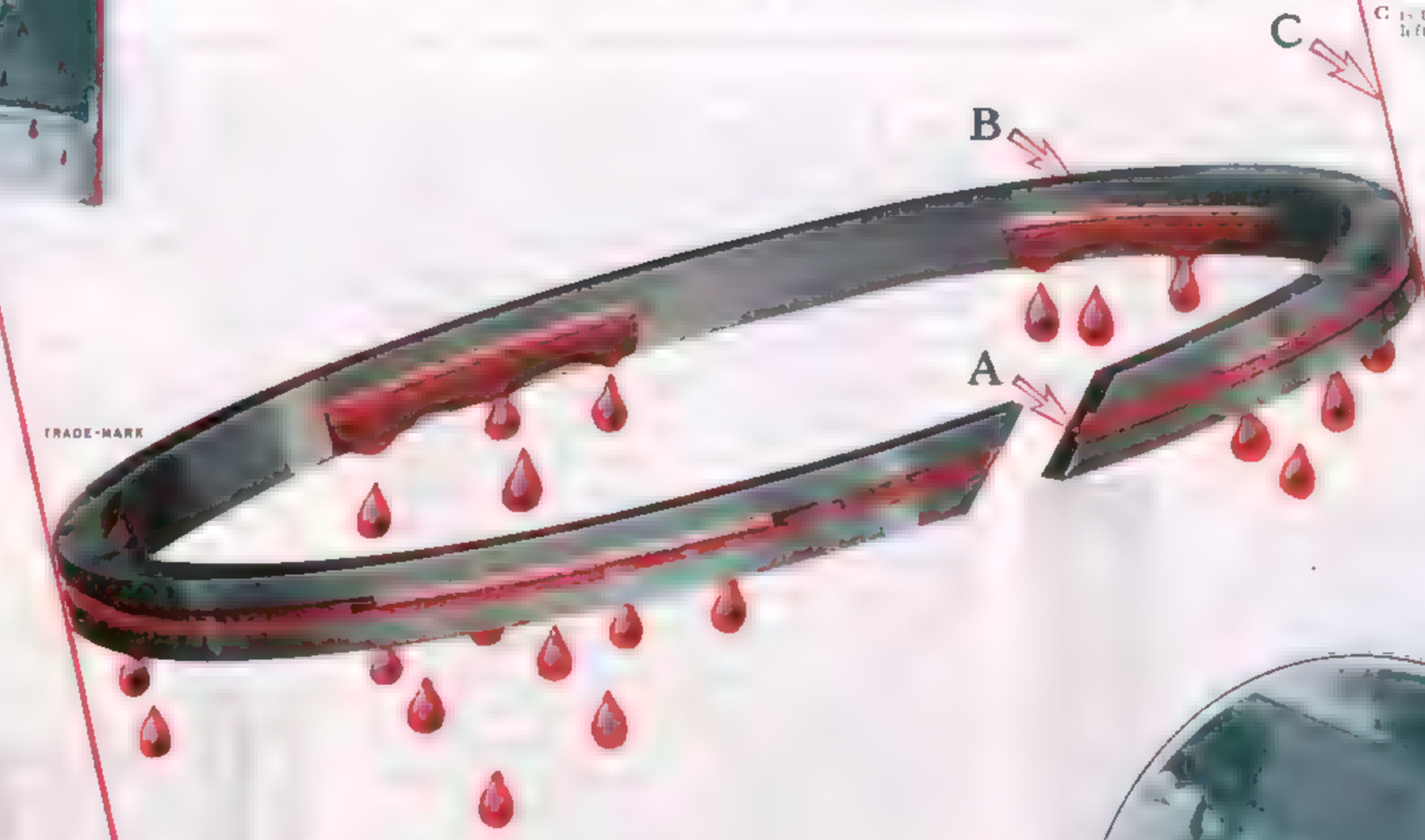
Try it in a glass of clear water. Empty your pen. Screw the cap tightly, then press the button. Not a bubble. (Then make the same test with other pens.)

Pens and Pencils

STANDARD EQUIPMENT IN 140 CARS, TRUCKS AND BUSES

How It Works

The red shows the path of the oil—up the cylinder wall and into the continuous oil-reservoir groove on the face of the ring, through the oil-draining slots in the ring, and then back into the crankcase, through holes drilled in the piston behind the ring.



The "Perfect Circle" Principle

A is the continuous oil-reservoir groove which holds the oil shown in red and distributes it over the cylinder walls in just the right amount for perfect lubrication.

B points to the scientifically located slots which drain the surplus oil and carry the surplus back to the crankcase.

C is the total film of oil which is left on the cylinder walls.

Pat. Mar. 29, 1910
May 3, 1922

Don't Drive an *Oil*-Hog!

MILLIONS OF CARS today use too much oil. They pour forth smoke; they foul plugs and valves; they keep their owners buying oil . . . oil . . . ***oil!*** ~~~ PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* rings *stop* this excessive oil-consumption. They seldom fail to give 1000 or more miles to the gallon of oil. And at the same time they spread a protective film of oil over the cylinder walls of your motor, lengthening the life of cylinders, pistons and rings. ~~~ All this is done simply and scientifically, without any scraping action. The PERFECT CIRCLE principle combines a continuous oil-reservoir groove with slots—*a patented combination which no other ring can have.* The oil-reservoir groove delivers the film of oil to the cylinders—the slots carry the surplus back to the crankcase. ~~~ Installed by good dealers everywhere. If you prefer, we will send you the names of the dealers near you who make a specialty of installing PERFECT CIRCLES. Just sign your name in lower margin, tear off and mail today.

Oil-Regulating Type	Compression Type*
60c and up	30c and up

*For best results, always use PERFECT CIRCLE Compression rings in combination with the PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring

Ask for the Certificates

A green identification certificate is packed with each PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* piston ring. As one oil-regulating ring is used on each piston, you should receive from your repairman one certificate for each cylinder of your car. Ask for them.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY, HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA
Export Sales Department, 549 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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Oil-Regulating Piston Rings

P-25

Tell me the names of the nearest PERFECT CIRCLE dealers. My name and address are written below.
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(Continued from Page 128)

would the local priests give the signal for that eagerly anticipated event. Not yet, even, was chosen the bride of Hapi, the Nile god—a deity later to be universally represented as a fat man with feminine breasts, but here locally, in this semisavage village still imbued with totemic traditions, as elsewhere in that primitive time, worshiped in the guise of a bull, whom men confused easily with one of the many manifestations of Osiris.

Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa had therefore enjoyed the leisure of the first day in that sport at all times so beloved of the Egyptians—exercising their skill with the boomerang against the innumerable wild fowl that whirred up from their feeding grounds in the great swamps. The Sekti bark of Ra was now bearing the god swiftly downward toward the western land where the spirits of the dead went also—five thousand years and more before the Great War revived it the Egyptians currently used the delicate euphemism "to go west" with precisely the same meaning—and the two young men were returning, their canoe piled with the game they had slain, themselves happily singing a festive choral song of the young scribes at the temple school; a song, indeed, that was frowned on by the elders. Very happy they were, for what greater happiness is there than to be young and in close communion with one's tried and trusted friend?

They moored the canoe at the end of the channel, and carrying their limply heavy birds, went up the narrow track which led into the main path from the village to the Nile. Just as they reached that junction—the sinking sun god was a flaming splendor behind an adjacent group of palms, and very soon they would have to make their evening worship—they halted involuntarily. A girl's voice came to them on the still air; a voice that sang with thrilling sweetness in the minor key of traditional folk music the song of the fowler maid in love:

"The wild-goose wails
It is caught by the worm.
Thy love makes me tremble;
I cannot loose the snare."

The two friends stood motionless, fascinated, listening, looking for that singer whom they could not see. Was this Hathor herself, the goddess of love, who sang with that thrilling purity of voice, that magically heart-touching sincerity of accent? Men said she wandered sometimes at evening in the wild places, seeking a human lover, who would nevermore return. The next moment a vision of girlish beauty came up the path from the river, bearing upon her head a jar of Nile water. Hathor? She continued to sing, not perceiving them:

"What will my mother say when I stand
shamed before her?
Other days I return laden with my spoil.
But today I have set no snare,
For thy love has taken possession of me."

Was this indeed Hathor, disguised as a village maiden, this girl of the exquisitely beautiful countenance illumined by the rays of the setting sun, her large kohl-elongated eyes darkly lustrous, her figure slim and straight in the single white garment that hung from her bosom to her bare feet? Neshemt-dadat could think of no such maid in his village, whispered that he knew her not, in answer to Ma-hesa's whispered question.

She saw them, ceased singing, stopped and smiled miraculously.

"Welcome back to the village art thou, Neshemt-dadat—and thy friend is also welcome." Her tone was sweetly modest, her voice a thrill to the blood. Neshemt-dadat stared at her, superstitiously gripped in that one-sided recognition. Hathor of course knew the names of all men. She smiled again at him. "Thou hast forgotten me? I am Nefert, daughter of Qagabu."

Neshemt-dadat remembered, in a rush of recollection mingled with incredulity. Nefert, the little girl who long ago had been his childish playmate! It was years since last he had been home to his village and then she had been still a child, not to be noticed in his new dignity as a youthful but authentic priest of Ra. He had a sudden infant memory of her as he had strutted proudly before her on the day his uncle Ptahnimait had come to take him to the house of books; an unclad little figure staring at him in naïve wide-eyed admiration, her crude homemade doll dangling from her hand. And this was Nefert! The blood surged in his ears. His heart throbbed almost painfully. He felt a strange, uncomfortable vacuity in his breast. Nefert, or indeed an incarnation of Hathor, taking the familiar name for his allurement, bewitching young men to sudden madness with that perfection of form and face, with the thrilling quality of that voice?

It was Ma-hesa who stepped forward and spoke—Ma-hesa of the ready wit, the often-proved quick courage—just as, with another smile, suddenly diffident, she moved forward on her way.

"For whom wast thou singing thy song, Nefert the well-named?" he said, in a tone new to the ears of Neshemt-dadat.

Over her shoulder, and still balancing the water jar upon her head with one uplifted arm, she looked round at him.

"For no man, O friend of Neshemt-dadat!" she answered gravely. "Not yet is there man for whom I sing."

The next moment she had disappeared round a turn of the path.

The two young men remained for an instant motionless, staring after her. Neshemt-dadat had a vivid vision of himself calling upon her father and mother, asking in proper ceremony that she might be his bride—defiant of the rich marriage that Ptahnimait was notoriously eager to arrange for him in the city. That vision was abruptly shattered. Ma-hesa sprang from his side, darted along the path. In a sudden disconcerting shock, Neshemt-dadat heard his voice crying: "Thou permittest that I accompany thee, Nefert?" Heard that magic voice of hers in softly acquiescent reply.

He stood as though he could never move again, his limbs deprived of faculty, a heavy stone in his breast, more utterly and wretchedly lonely than ever in all his life. Ma-hesa, his more than brother, had abandoned him, leaving him for pursuit of that girl for whom he himself was craving in a strangely sudden not yet comprehensible transformation of all his being. And surely that pursuit would be successful. What girl in the city of An could resist the honeyed words; the smiling audacity of Ma-hesa? Often they had laughed together over those triumphs. But this was Nefert! Nefert! And Nefert was utterly different.

The sun sank below the horizon, but Neshemt-dadat, the priest of Ra, forgot to make his evening prayer. A strange god had smitten him.

The next few days were days of misery for Neshemt-dadat. There was no breach indeed with his friend Ma-hesa. Were they not sworn brothers? Neshemt-dadat could only acquiesce, wretchedly, in that priority with Nefert, the beautiful, which Ma-hesa had seized, hiding desperately the consuming flame of his own desire. For Ma-hesa's pursuit was indeed being successful. Who could resist him? Not Nefert, many wooers though she had—wooers who now stood and muttered sulkily together, resentful of this fascinating stranger.

Through those next days when the flood of the great river rose hour by hour, and all the population—men, women and children—worked feverishly to repair and strengthen the old dams that threatened to burst first on this man's land and then on that, Ma-hesa and Nefert ran side by side, with happy faces, from one point of danger to another. And Neshemt-dadat, following them with jealous slowness, unable to bear the certainty of their perfect understanding, came upon them laboring together like delighted children, Nefert laughing whole-heartedly at Ma-hesa standing waist deep in the water and grotesquely smeared with mud as he shoveled and beat at the menaced banks. Tomorrow now, or at most on the next day, the gates of the dams would be opened and the water allowed to pour over the fields.

On the third night, as Neshemt-dadat and Ma-hesa lay in the darkness of the house, Ma-hesa whispered to him that he had arranged with Nefert to visit her parents when the approaching all-important ceremony was over—it was unthinkable before then—and demand her for his wife. His intriguing father, distant in that province of Upper Egypt, might rage as he liked—there was always a living for a good scribe. And poor Neshemt-dadat nearly choked, thanking Ra that his face could not be seen, as he assented in bitterly difficult loyalty to his friend.

They were awakened by the excited cries of the villagers running from house to house. The word had come from the priest. It was the great day. All day long there would be feastings, and then, thrillingly, cruelly, at the end of it the bride of the Nile would be chosen by the tragically magic lot; the bride which this year must be provided from their village. Were that human bride—whose gayly decked effigy is even today flung into the stream—not provided for the mighty river the inundation would surely be without fertility.

Tonight, while Pharaonic authority shut its eyes, the furtive, evil-looking old priest of the forbidden bull worship of Hapi would emerge from his hiding-place, would make selection among the maidens. If Nefert were chosen! The thought traversed Neshemt-dadat, in that first moment of waking, like the sharp passage of an arrow; the suddenly perceived possibility vivid to him in a spasm of vindictively imaginative delight. He no longer loved her. He found himself hating her for her conquest of Ma-hesa, hating her, in an uprush from the depths of him, for her humiliating choice of another than himself.

In a murderous elemental African passion of jealousy he preferred her dead rather that the possession of another. Were she annihilated in bridal with the victim-craving river, Ma-hesa and he would return happily to the city of An, friends still! The thought became an obsession as he rose and performed his ablutions for the day. He trembled with it, unable to exchange a word with Ma-hesa, babbling maddeningly already of the perfections of the girl who loved him. How to make it a certainty? Suppose he escaped stealthily, made secret worship—he, a priest of Ra—at the abandoned shrine of Hapi, promising many gifts if Nefert should be chosen? Surely that desertion of his own god would be welcomed, would be efficacious! He was recklessly conscious of the wickedness involved; a wickedness at which he shivered. It was as if an evil spirit had entered into him. He would do it! He could not reply a word to the joyous Ma-hesa, avoided his eyes.

The opportunity occurred. He slipped cautiously away from the revelers in the village—already joined by those from other villages, and intoxicated with songs and copious draughts of barley beer—made his way toward the derelict shrine of Hapi, at the edge of the papyrus swamp, slunk furtively along the overgrown path through the rustling reeds. Suddenly he checked, in an alarm that seemed to paralyze his guilty heart, slipped noiselessly into concealment. Someone was approaching him. A spy of the Pharaoh? Through the tall stems he saw a young man coming quickly along the path from the shrine, and breathed again. He recognized him as one of the villagers, another indeed of the rejected wooers of Nefert.

The danger over, he resumed his stealthy progress, arrived at last before the dilapidated mud hut that was the humble local residence of the bull-formed Hapi, the Nile god. Forbidden under pain of death though was that primitive worship—in a premature and long-remembered monotheistic iconoclasm of the Pharaoh which anticipated by some two thousand years

(Continued on Page 135)

health wins again!

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OFFICES, STORES, HOTELS, HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS, CLUBS, APARTMENTS, HOMES

BRIGHTER, cleaner, more sanitary floors, at lower first cost and with much less upkeep—quick, easy work that requires no special skill or experience—these are the advantages you gain by using the Johnson Wax treatment.

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After a Johnson Wax treatment they glow with a hard, lustrous brilliance that defies wear for the longest time, that is easier to keep clean, that tends to keep germ-laden dust down out of the air—and does away with costly, bothersome refinishing.

All you do is to spread on a thin coat of Johnson's Polishing Wax with a Lamb's-wool Mop. This cleans, sanitates and waxes. Then run the Johnson Electric Polisher over the floor and let ELECTRICITY do all the work—many times better and quicker than old-fashioned hand methods.

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For $2.00 a day you can rent a Johnson Electric Floor Polisher from your Neighborhood Store or from your Painter. Telephone NOW and make an appointment. Or buy one outright for $42.50 (in Canada $48.50). With each Polisher are given FREE a half-gallon ($2.40) of Johnson's Liquid Wax and a $1.50 Lamb's-wool Wax Mop. Your local merchant can supply you—or we will send one express prepaid.

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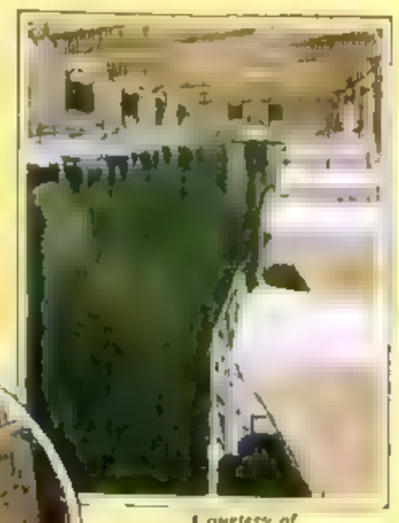

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JOHNSON'S WAX
Electric floor Polisher

(Continued from Page 133)

that of his successor, Amenhotep IV—yet there were indications of visitors to the place. Here and there the papyrus was broken down, and there were footprints on the dusty path.

An awesome, eerie silence encompassed this desecrated shrine, impregnated with the superstitious dread, the intense prayers, the agony of sacrifice, of successive generations during perhaps thousands of years. It oppressed the very soul of Neshemt-dadat as he crept toward it. But that malignant evil spirit of his resolve whispered to him, urged him forward, overcoming his instinctive hesitation, made suddenly vivid to him the beauty of Nefert—the magic maddening beauty that had come between him and his friend Ma-hesa.

He crawled into the dark and noisomely smelling hut, prostrated himself and prayed; bidding Hapi witness that he, a priest of the all-conquering Ra, was come to do him worship; begging that in return the boon he craved should be vouchsafed him; promising that he would ever afterward be a faithful votary of the god, protecting him from the wrath of Ra.

He took from his loin cloth the cakes he had abstracted from the village feast; laid them before the mud pedestal whereon stood a crudely carved figure of a bull; prayed again, prayed that the choice of the god might fall on Nefert, whom he particularized. And as he prayed he suddenly became conscious that he was not alone in the shrine. He glanced up, perceived a pair of eyes glittering in the gloom, perceived squatting on the mud floor—the ancient, emaciated, sinister figure of the hunted priest of Hapi. He went up to him, repeated his request, took from his neck the precious amulet, presented it to him, promising many gifts. The old man griped at the amulet with skinny fingers, grinned hideously, so that Neshemt-dadat shuddered, mumbled incomprehensibly. Neshemt-dadat hastened out of the hut, his guilt heavy upon him. On his homeward path a bull came crashing through the reeds, crossed in front of him. Was it the god himself, manifesting that his prayer had been heard?

The rest of that day passed like a fevered dream to Neshemt-dadat. He believed he sang and danced and drank and ate with the others in that village orgy; he knew that he saw Ma-hesa and Nefert sitting embraced, saw them through a fiercely vindictive exultation, as though he were someone else; was conscious of an immense effort to behave and talk normally. The day seemed endless. But at last, when the sun was sinking, amid an immense outcry he saw emerging from the papyrus swamp the priest of Hapi, travestied in the head and skin of a bull, in his hand a wand shaped and twisted like a serpent. The hour of the ordeal had arrived. In an uproar of shouts and feminine shrieks the maidens formed themselves into the fatal ring, the uncanny personification of Hapi in the center, a great throng of men and older women inclosing all. Neshemt-dadat could not bring himself to witness the rite. He stood apart from the throng, shivering like a man with the marsh fever, his tongue dry in his dry mouth, listening—listening—in the sudden silence where was audible only the awesome voice of the priest.

Only when suddenly that throng surged outward in a vociferous tumult where someone was struggling violently, where a woman shrieked, could he find a voice. He snatched at the first of the men who ran from it in the mad rush toward the river, asked gaspingly the name of the victim. The man struck at him; shouted impatiently, "Nefert it is, daughter of Qagabu"; dashed on, eager to be one of the first to get into his boat and on the water. And then, beyond his last doubt, came Nefert herself. He caught a glimpse of her, adorned with bridal wreaths of flowers, hurried irresistibly onward by a mob exultantly intoxicated with its own cruelty. Behind her, in another little mob of men and fighting like a madman, was Ma-hesa—Ma-hesa screaming, foaming at the mouth, wrestling vainly in the grasp of half a dozen. He ran, in an agony of his conscience, to the assistance of his friend, to preserve him from harm, to quiet him.

They were in the boat on the great river, among the flotilla of boats that blackened and disturbed the last sunset reflections on the water; following that larger bark whereon, escorted by wild music, the bride of Hapi was being borne to her tragic wedding. Within their boat Ma-hesa still struggled, screamed incoherent frenzy at those who held him. Neshemt-dadat shouted in his ear, in desperate repetition: "Ma-hesa! Ma-hesa! It is Neshemt-dadat thy friend! Be calm! It is Neshemt-dadat, thy friend! Hear me, Ma-hesa! Hear me!"

But Ma-hesa only glared at him with a contorted face and fought more desperately than ever. The rapid nightfall of Egypt darkened sky and far-stretching water. From the bridal bark ahead of them came suddenly an even wilder outburst of savage music, a great exultant shout. It was the climax. The bride of Hapi had been flung into the embraces of the god. Ma-hesa ceased struggling for a moment as that shout came to their ears, was repeated by the men in their boat. And then, with a disconcertingly unexpected effort of all his strength, he wrenched himself from their grasp. For an instant Neshemt-dadat saw him poised, black against the star-powdered sky, upon the gunwale of the lurching boat. There was one wild heartbreaking cry—"Nefert!"—and then a heavy splash of water that wetted their faces. Ma-hesa was gone.

Neshemt-dadat saw not the night-long festival of the lamp-illuminated boats; saw not the wild revelry of the breaking of the dam in the hour of dawn. He lay, delirious with fever, in the house whither he had been borne by his father Khonû and his mother Netchemet.

Five years had elapsed—five years in which Neshemt-dadat had wedded the wife Ptahnimait had found for him, had lost her before she bore a child, had placed her mummy case in the tomb where he still made offerings. He stood now, in the fierce sun glare, an overseer of the workmen, upon the mighty and not yet finished tomb of the Pharaoh, directing the haggard, naked toilers, their backs red-striped with merciless lashes, who heaved great, neatly squared blocks of white limestone from step to step of the colossal pyramid.

The structure itself was now completed, and from the top downward the smoothly polished outer casing was being fitted with exact precision by those strange foreign masons who had labored there for a generation and whose abnormally un-Egyptian skulls were, more than five thousand years later, to be found at Gizeh for the confusion of anthropologists. Not over them, but over the native, peasant workmen did Neshemt-dadat have authority, as he stood high up on the great pile, his tablet in one hand, his wand of office in the other, his white robe fluttering in the breeze from the north. He was still only one of the comparatively junior superintendents of the great work; elders initiated into the occult secrets of higher mysteries yet hidden from him—senior architect priests of Ra, whom he might only approach with awed respect—dictated and watched over the finer adjustments of the monstrous stones.

For five thousand years to come that mighty mass would excite the curiosity and the imagination of men. Though it would stand, gleaming and intact, through all the thirty centuries of the Egyptian dynasties, there was never an Egyptian peasant who could not give precise details of the incredible treasure therein, guarded by strange and mighty magics. And among the sages, far beyond the valley of the Nile, was cherished a legend of a transcendentally occult esoteric wisdom symbolized therein—"a sign and for a witness unto the Lord of hosts in the land of Egypt," as the prophet Isaiah was to cry.

When the ancient glory of the Pharaohs was departed Herodotus perhaps entered its mysterious passages—curiously unlike those of any other pyramid—through the door, not to be found by the uninstructed, which was a triangular slab of stone, pivoting on its apex, in the smooth casing; but Herodotus was an initiate of the mysteries and learned in Egypt many "things not proper to be revealed." When, fifteen hundred years later, Al Mamun was caliph in Egypt, and wished to possess himself of those fabulous treasures, the very memory of that door would have vanished. So the energetic Al Mamun was perforce constrained to quarry straight into the heart of the mass until he hit upon the passages and, following them, found no treasure, but only an empty lidless sarcophagus in the great chamber, which was perhaps—or, *pace* the Egyptologists, perhaps not—intended for the mummy of the Pharaoh, Khufu. And in the fullness of time there would arrive those who, with awed astonishment, would point out that the gigantic edifice was aligned with absolute precision to the astronomical points of the compass; that it stood almost exactly upon the thirtieth degree of latitude, a precise third of the distance from pole to equator; and would allege that its dimensions were in direct ratio to the diameter of the earth and the distance from the earth to the sun, and many other wonders—surpassed only by those who read in the measurements of its passages a precise prophecy of August 4, 1914, and of November 11, 1918, together with that of another world convulsion due—on the evidence of the very peculiar masonry of the anteroom to the great chamber—to commence on May 20, 1928, and to terminate in 1936.

These things are as they may be. If there were indeed an esoteric purpose in that colossal structure, Neshemt-dadat—an initiate of the mysteries—was perhaps aware of it, and again perhaps not. To him, perhaps, as to the Egyptian peasants who at each inundation were marched to toil upon it, that vast pyramid was intended merely for the tomb of the Pharaoh whose funeral chapel, for the offerings to his *ka*, was even now being built at its foot, and the already deceased members of whose family lay under many smaller pyramids in close proximity.

To him, perhaps, as to the great mass of the Egyptian people, docile to obey the orders of the divine Pharaoh, it was merely an immense work to be executed because authority had so decreed.

Far below him, on the desert plateau approached by the great inclined road of stone from the river valley, he heard a blast of horns, a tumult of distance-thinned cries. He looked down, saw a running together of multitudes of men—saw, coming up the great road, the flashing, ordered spear points, the uplifted standards of a company of the Pharaoh's bodyguard. Immediately the cry spread over the pyramid—"The Pharaoh comes!" The Pharaoh was coming, as not infrequently he did, to view the progress of the great work so dear to his heart. From all sides, men leaped swiftly down from step to step; for

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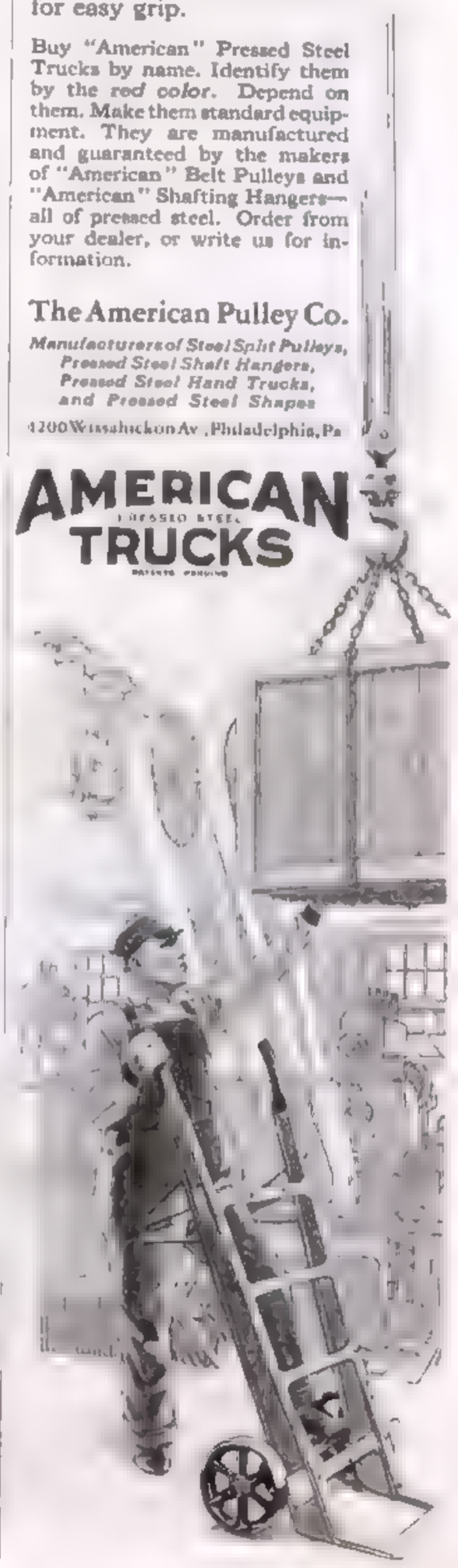

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the Pharaoh was an incarnation of divinity; when he appeared men desisted from a toil it would have been sacrilege to continue, and ran to prostrate themselves. Another of the overseers came scrambling over the great blocks toward Neshemt-dadat, bidding him hasten, and shouting his name.

The next moment, to Neshemt-dadat's astonishment, a man, naked, scarred, wild-faced—surely not an Egyptian—detached himself from a gang of workmen close by, ran toward him, making -did he see aright?—the sign—the sign of the initiate! A foreman dashed after him, flogging savagely at him with his hippopotamus-hide whip. The man stumbled under the blows, pulled himself erect, made again, beyond question, the signal which could not be ignored. Neshemt-dadat sprang toward him, ordered back the foreman, gave the answering sign. The man smiled at him, stretched out his hand, gave the grip, in a foreign accent gave the password. They stood alone on the great pyramid, abandoned by the multitude rushing to prostrate itself before the Pharaoh.

"What needest thou, brother?" asked Neshemt-dadat.

"If thou art indeed Neshemt-dadat," replied the man in his strange accent, "I have a message for thee."

"Give, then," said Neshemt-dadat, stretching out his hand as for a tablet or a roll of papyrus.

The man smiled at him.

"My message is not written," he said. "How should such as I guard written messages? But I have said it over as many times as there are stars in the sky. My brother may be sure that I deliver it faithfully."

"Deliver it then, brother; for the Pharaoh comes and we must hurry," urged Neshemt-dadat impatiently.

"This is the message, brother," replied the man. "The message that I have sought thee over far seas and in a land of wonders to deliver. Listen! To his brother Neshemt-dadat, Ma-hesa sends greeting. With Nefert, his queen, he has reigned even as god in a strange land. Nefert, the queen, has passed to Osiris. Ma-hesa has need of his brother Neshemt-dadat and sends the sign." The messenger made it. "He bids him follow the brother who thus speaks"

Neshemt-dadat uttered an ejaculation of amazement.

"Ma-hesa lives?" he cried incredulously.

"Ma-hesa lives and reigns," responded the messenger, making a gesture of respect even as when one spoke of the absent Pharaoh. "Nefert, his queen, passed to Osiris ten moons ago. Ma-hesa sent me, his brother in the mysteries, whom he initiated, being before a chieftain of my people, to seek his brother Neshemt-dadat in the country of the sacred river at the place of the great building. And behold, I am here!"

Hurriedly, eagerly, scarcely believing his ears, Neshemt-dadat questioned the messenger. He learned how, years before, Ma-hesa and Nefert had arrived in a small bark at that far country which was an island; how they had taught the natives to plant and irrigate the seed of certain wild grasses, whose thus-multiplied seeds were good to eat, being ground and cooked; how they had taught them to search for the yellow metal which was divine; how Ma-hesa had instituted the sacred mysteries among them; how Ma-hesa had sent this native initiate forth to seek his brother Neshemt-dadat, and how, being come into the country, he had been seized by a gangmaster and brought to labor on the great piling-up of stones. Neshemt-dadat listened, bewildered with joy that Ma-hesa still lived, even though Nefert, the beautiful, were dead; amazed at all he heard and forgetting the dread coming of the Pharaoh in that amazement.

He was harshly reminded of it. Suddenly from behind the blocks strewn on the pyramid a number of armed men sprang upon them, dragged them roughly, step by step, down to the desert plateau where a multitude was prostrate in superstitious abasement. Swiftly those soldiers dragged them to where, seated in his golden litter, a figure that blazed with gold, wearing the double crown of Egypt with the sacred snake rearing itself upon his brow, the stern-faced Khufu, the Pharaoh, was surrounded by his captains, his fan bearers, and his officials, all bent in abject attitudes of respect. Among them Neshemt-dadat recognized his uncle Ptahnimait as he and his companion were flung bruisingly prone upon the earth.

"Who are these?" demanded the angry voice of the Pharaoh.

There was a silence. Ptahnimait dared not own that doomed nephew who had sacrilegiously ignored the presence of the divine Pharaoh. Then a voice, from someone who held his face to the ground, cried timidly that they were workers on the pyramid. Neshemt-dadat felt the sentence of death shaping itself; felt its approach like a chill wind upon his soul. Ma-hesa! Nevermore would he see Ma-hesa, who had sent for him from his kingdom!

The swift memory that darted through him brought with it one last desperate hope. He jerked himself half erect before the Pharaoh—did that which no man had ever dared to do—made the signal of distress of the initiate. His companion dared likewise, imitated him.

There was a murmur from the multitude. The soldiers standing over them drew their short bright-copper swords in readiness for the decree.

The Pharaoh glared at them, hesitated, and then slowly raised his divine hand, responded to the sign. They had invoked a mightier even than he—Osiris of the mysteries, who was slain that men might live.

As they flung themselves in abasement upon their faces, they heard his voice, inexorable as the voice of a god, in the judgment that could not be revoked: "Live, and depart from the land!"

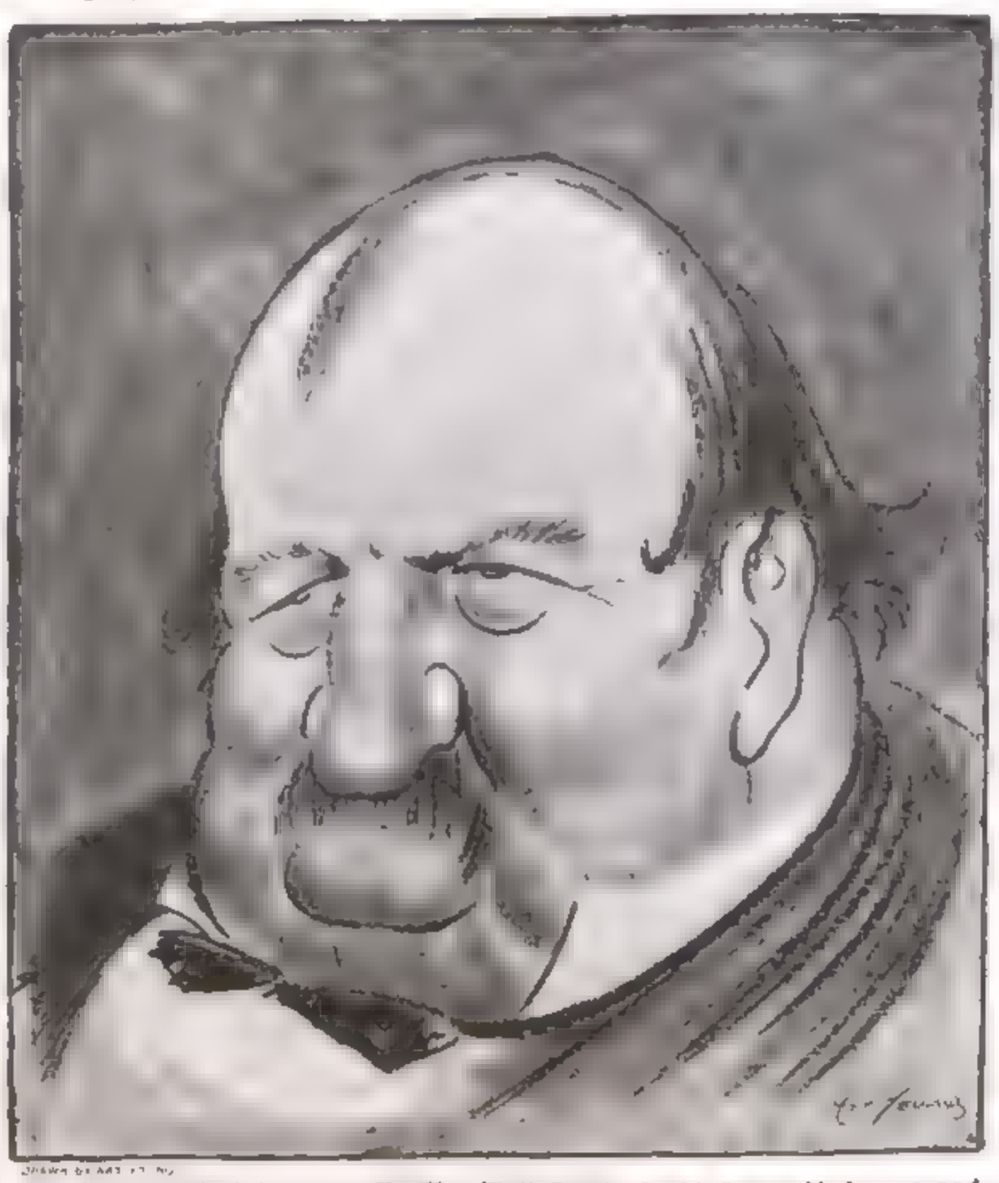
And thus Neshemt-dadat and his companion departed from Ta-Mera, "the land of the inundation," journeying to rejoin Ma-hesa in that distant island kingdom where he and Nefert, the beautiful, had arrived long ago as fugitives. By such fugitives—sacrificial victims who escaped—was perhaps spread, slowly through thousands of years, as spreads the circular ripple on a pond, from successively founded semicivilizations, that mysteriously conveyed Egyptian influence which, patent over so large a portion of the world, so completely baffles our modern anthropologists.

How other shall be explained that succession of divine pairs, Children of the Sun, who in the native traditions appear in place after place across the Indian Ocean, in the spice islands of Indonesia, in island after island across the vast Pacific, and finally, four thousand years after Khufu built the Great Pyramid, as Manco Capac and Mama Occlo Huaco in Peru? Always they were welcomed as divine beings, imparting a civilization hitherto unknown to the savage aborigines; nearly always they were man and woman. The civilizations they founded have vanished, leaving only incomprehensible hieroglyphs, strange works in stone, and effigies mysteriously making the sign of the initiate from Ceylon by Easter Island to Yucatan. The civilization which was perhaps their remote origin unquestionably, however, radiated an immense influence into the Mediterranean, and our own can scarcely compute its debt to it.

Author's Note—The chronologies favored by the Egyptologists differ fearsomely. The one adopted for this story is that of the Official Guide to the Egyptian Collections in the British Museum.

F. B. A.

Types of the Old Home Town



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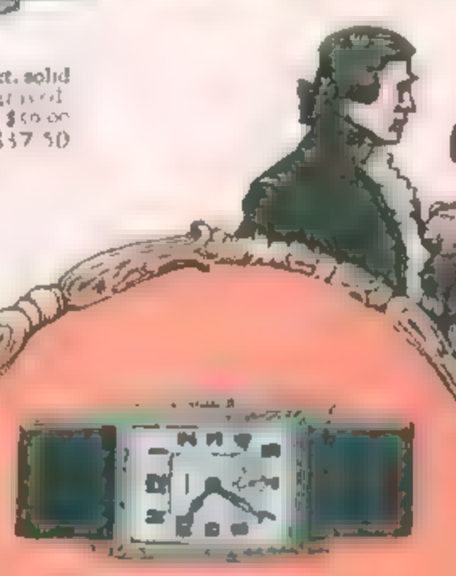

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FINE METAL

(Continued from Page 17)

acquisitive rich. It lacked security, but it did include a phase of independence, with the need of a constant sharp activity of mind. He thought of it as a game he was playing against people who could afford to lose. It didn't really hurt them; it was more like a payment for their arrogance. These were the arguments, the thoughts, with which he met his periods of depression. In the end they always satisfied him, and in the end the dark moments regularly returned. In a way they destroyed the peace of his quiet hours before going out to invariable dinners.

When he was active, Willie Gerald was almost happy. Now he was absorbed in the three Spanish silver platters he had left with M. Simoneau for the process of softening and aging. They should, returned to him, exactly resemble unmarked American silver of a fine type and period. They couldn't be so good, and English, without hall marks. He could sell them as American for a handsome profit; but that would be inconsequential. Uninteresting. It didn't sufficiently engage his imagination or challenge his abilities. And though the profit would be handsome, it must be as well, in the nature of things, small.

In his constant attention to items that might be highly profitable as well as interesting, Willie Gerald discovered in a morning paper that the Sisson collection of American silver was not, after all, to be given as a whole to the Metropolitan Museum. It hadn't even been offered to that institution, in a spirit of civic righteousness, at any reduction from what it might be found to be worth. In short, it was to be sold, without any reserve, at public auction. This, Gerald gathered from his own knowledge of the Sisson family and the undoubted value of the silver, had been decided, in the face of Alfred Sisson's long expressed hope, because of a present shortness of Sisson money. And then, the younger generation—a daughter married in London, a daughter living at Cannes, and Alfred, junior—literally, as they would have expressed it, didn't give a damn for either benevolence or Americana.

Willie Gerald really couldn't blame them; and yet—purely vicarious—he hated to see the collection lost among the largely temporary and merely rich. The truth was it was astonishingly good. Alfred Sisson had had far better silver than many more privileged collectors. It couldn't be said, even, that he was rich; he had been, in place of that, persistent, lucky; and he owned a fine discrimination. He'd seemed to know an enormous lot about silver without any effort or much study. He understood it instinctively; and here he was dead, and his porringers and trifid spoons, his tankards with domed covers, and drinking cans and braziers, about to be dispersed. Gerald knew the collection well.

In the New England division there was, of course, the Paul Revere tea set, almost too spectacular to be persuasive; the John Edwards spoons, made before 1700; the George Hanners fluted teapot—not to be confused with the work of George's son. There was silver from Braintree and Newburyport, and from Taunton and Natick and Ipswich. From New York there was an exceptional tray by Jacob Boelen; a chafing dish, with the TH in rectangle, of Thomas Hamersley; Ahasuerus Hendrickse was represented by a saucepan, John Hutton by a gadrooned cup. There were—for New York—early nutmeg graters, apple corers, salt cellars with legs and without, covered bowls, muffineers, chalices and patch boxes and patens, by Ten Eyck and Jacobus Van der Spiegel, who served as ensign in 1689 against the French at Albany, Johannes and George Ridout, Bartholomew Schaats and Cary Dunn.

The Philadelphia examples, Willie Gerald recalled, were particularly comprehensive—a miraculous pair of strainers by the first Philip Syng—the PS should be inclosed in a square and not in a shield with a leaf—and pieces of the first importance from Daniel Dupuy, the elder and younger both; Halsted and Leacock and Letelier, Joseph Lownes—well, all the desirable makers were present in the Sisson collection, to be identified by their marks and applauded for their beauty.

That was a sale, Gerald told himself, he must positively stay away from; since he simply couldn't trust himself in the presence of so much—at better than high prices—that he passionately admired. Yet the sale was supremely interesting to him for more practical reasons. For one thing, during and immediately after its progress, the attention paid American silver would be vastly enlarged, prices would be splendid and, generally, he'd be completely at home in a current and extravagant fancy. He didn't see, yet, how it would actually benefit him, but he was certain that it must. He might even sell American silver so high above the market that it would compete in terms of profit with his other and more secretive avocation.

He was glad, therefore, to find himself in a box at the Rose Tree Hunt Club races beside Natalie Lewes, since she had returned that spring from a season at Cannes mostly with Girta Sisson; she had been staying with the Sissons, he thought he recalled, when Alfred had died.

"Tell me about Girta," he demanded, when he had an opportunity to hold Natalie Lewes' attention. "She didn't come home for the funeral, I know; but is she going to live in France forever? And what will they all do with their father's beautiful things? Of course he wanted them to go to the Metropolitan Museum."

"He did, and they won't," Natalie replied crisply. "They simply can't afford it. I thought you would know about the silver, you are supposed to—there is to be an auction sale."

"I did read something of the sort," Gerald acknowledged, "in the papers." He was told further that the catalogue was being prepared then. "Mr. Deveran is living at the house making it. I hope they get lots of money, principally from you."

"They won't," he answered in her own manner. "If I'd have any contact at all with silver, it would be in selling and not buying. Luckily, I am poor."

"What do you mean—luckily?" she demanded.

"Why," he returned blandly, "it makes it possible for us to be entirely natural with each other. My attitude toward you, you see, can be exactly what it is with Alfred's silver." At least, she answered, he might get a commission from a really good sale of her. "If you can arrange it." He had already forgotten her, thinking about Morris Deveran. Did anyone, he wondered, know as much of anything as Deveran thought he knew about early silver? Willie Gerald doubted it.

He himself was supposed to be a very competent judge of it, his understanding was widely esteemed; but Morris Deveran treated him no better than a beginner, the talkative possessor of a single chance example. His attitude was actually humorous. Yet—Willie had been fairly familiar with the Sissons—he made up his mind to visit Deveran at his pleasant task of cataloguing.

Once more in New York, he chose the hour of four, afternoon; and, waiting a long while on a high flight of granite steps, he was finally admitted to the presence of Deveran and the silver. Gerald laid his hat and stick, his gloves and an inconspicuous flat package on a table and turned to the softly shining beauty ranged around him.

"I'm keeping a detective in the house," Deveran explained. "Thieves are getting pretty special. I was going to telephone you to come up. Have you ever seen a handle with that piercing?" he added, holding out a porringer for Gerald's inspection." It's useless to ask, for I know you haven't. It is unique. I suppose you'd say anything of the keyhole type was late; and then again you'd be wrong." Ignoring Deveran, Willie Gerald, with a keen delight, fingered the time-burnished surfaces, traced the geometrical patterns of the holes in strainers, followed the sweep of years in the changing shapes of the tea and coffeepots. After a little, he brought up for Morris Deveran's inspection three finely designed worn platters.

"I can't identify these," he admitted. "And it's strange Alfred having them, for there is no mark." Deveran took the platters from him impatiently:

"Strange, not at all! Though I'll admit I don't remember them. Where were they?" Gerald indicated a place on a side table. "He bought them, naturally," the other swept on, "because they were so obviously good. They are Southern—perhaps Annapolis—but I can't be certain of that. Or even Philadelphia. I'm inclined, after all, toward Philadelphia. Lovely platters, and platters are rare. Even people who write about American silver know that. Yes, they are Philadelphian, and probably made by the silversmith for his own use. You see, Gerald—they will fetch a pretty figure. I'll have a special note in the catalogue. I can't understand how I came to overlook them. Sisson was a great collector; and the quietest, the most modest man, I remember."

It seemed to Willie Gerald that Deveran was a great deal like Fairman Lane; it would hurt neither of them, he concluded, if they had more of that quality of modest quiet assigned to Alfred Sisson. However, Gerald was, for him, in a remarkably good humor. Southern, perhaps Annapolis, he repeated. Or even Philadelphia.

He enjoyed, too, the note prepared by Deveran for the three platters in the Sisson catalogue:

"Three rare plates, two eight and one ten inch, without marks, but undoubtedly the product of a Philadelphia silversmith in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. The chastity of their design and mellow texture not only indicate the place and time of their making but stamp them as the product of one of three or four of the most skillful smiths."

Gerald, in the small pleasant room attached to the chamber where he slept, read this on the afternoon of the Sisson sale, during its progress really, since he had held to his resolution to stay away from it. As a result of this firmness he was very uneasy, anxious to have the catalogue, marked with prices, that would be kept for him at the auction gallery. But he could not trust himself there—he might come back with the Paul Revere tea set. And that, as he had realized before, would be too conspicuous a property for comfort.

It happened that his visit to the Sisson collection after Alfred's death had been connected with Deveran rather than with the silver—that, except in its effect on current prices, couldn't benefit him, but Deveran would be very useful. Yes, Willie Gerald might need Deveran's opinion—about Philadelphia silversmiths—at any time.

The next day he went out to Southampton, with the marked Sisson catalogue in his bag, to stay with Cheyney Grant. Cheyney was at once a part of the smart world Willie had, in effect, relinquished, and aside from it; he was interested in populations, a phase of genetics; he had published pamphlets through Harvard University. He was full of the most solemn information on apparently wholly profane subjects, astonishing and depressing statistics; he had a small house and a delightful garden; and in it Willie Gerald came abruptly on Rose Brincker.

(Continued on Page 141)

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(Continued from Page 138)

She admitted at once, with her peculiar directness of manner, that she had asked Cheyney to have them together. "I wanted to see you, Willie, and I'm glad I did. I'm not at all satisfied with the way you look." All this, Willie Gerald realized, would need a very careful reply; above everything, he must not mistake the quality of Rose's interest, take too much for granted. She had warned him that if he persisted in his effort to marry her she would simply stop seeing him. And, well, Rose would.

They sat in an octagonal white summerhouse, facing a small oval lawn and the white-clapboard end of Cheyney's old house. Rose, for her part, looked better, younger and more rested, than when he had last seen her at—yes, it had been at Bar Harbor in the fall, near a year ago. His attitude toward her, toward everything, Gerald thought, was curious: he was entirely peaceful, contented; a feeling at once larger and more formless than objective happiness. It seemed to him that he had been with Rose always, that he would always be with her.

"What is it you don't care for?" he demanded, gazing down his long, comfortably extended body; "I seem to be conventional enough; what you might call an arrangement in gray and white."

"Your expression is different." Her voice was troubled. "Willie, I know this isn't fair, but you'll have to put up with it, and I've got to add that I haven't changed. Don't make me sorry I made Cheyney do this, but you're not as happy looking as you used to be. And yet—what a muddle I've put myself in—I don't altogether dislike it. Have you gone to work? That might account for it."

"Yes and no," he replied. "Yet not anything you'd call work. It's more or less connected with what I used to do. But if there are things you won't talk about, there is one I insist on avoiding. Work. Work, Rose. Just that word, you'll remember, makes me uncomfortable. The only occupation I'll take seriously is sitting in summerhouses—with you. And a highball. I'll add that, to keep you from being apprehensive. It isn't the romance that overcomes me, but the sheer comfort. I like to look at boxwood and you and Scotch whisky." A faint cloud of annoyance gathered over her face. "That is the change," she announced positively. "It's in your spirit. You never used to be so satirical. You give me the effect now of a man who believes in nothing. I mean who didn't believe in life. I never thought you would get so hard."

"Yet, Rose—to be entirely honest—didn't you rather complain, once, about the opposite? I'm certain, looking back, I used to be too pleasant."

"Well, you needn't worry about that now," she reassured him; "if, you ever were, you've lost it. And I don't see why you won't talk about what you do. I came here specially almost for that. I wanted to find out how you were getting along."

"It doesn't concern you," he told her directly.

"You don't have to be so nasty."

"I'm not. It's only that I'm honest, like you."

"I think I'll go in the house," she said. But she didn't stir, and sat staring at her slim and strong and brown fingers. They were, Willie Gerald realized, without any ring. She was dressed not in black but white. Rose had grown thinner. The most desirable, the most aristocratic, woman imaginable!

"I saw Ann Carlin," she proceeded, "and she sent you messages. She said she was furious you didn't let her have those Chippendale chairs, and even Jasper couldn't think why you never came near them." Willie Gerald fell silent, his gaze was narrowed and his thin lips pinched. He was conscious that Rose had glanced at him swiftly. The remarkable, the insane, impulse came up in him to explain to her exactly what he was doing, to tell her and see her shrink away from him—forever. Suddenly he wanted to hurt her, to shock and horrify all her necessary conceptions. He wanted to insult her and, through her, her world—the Carlins and Natalie Lewes and Watrous and Ambler, who had once paid carelessly for his pumps; everyone in the limited self-satisfied sphere of polite society.

He had an overwhelming impulse to cry out that he was selling the stupid rich antiques that were not antique; that he was trading on their ignorance and pretentiousness, on their sheeplike following of whatever was arrogantly held to be smart and desirable. He was letting them hang themselves through their own pride. In imagination he could hear his contemptuous phrases: "They think Duncan Phyfe is a Scotch whisky or a name on a mashie. If they are within a hundred years of a period it's exceptional. And even when they are authorities"—he stopped his silent tirade to recall Morris Deveran's note in the Sisson catalogue. Philadelphia in the first quarter of the eighteenth century!

Rose asked, "What are you thinking about? I'm certain, from your face, it was disagreeable."

"It was," he admitted. "Idiotic. And yet, if I understand you at all, you might be entertained." But that put too great dependence on a sense of humor. Her world was loyal to what it considered its own; it turned a very solid front to any assaults from without. At bottom, its morals, like its scant intellect, were conventional. Willie Gerald wondered if these recognitions had interrupted his love for Rose; but at that moment she stirred and, preparing to leave the summerhouse, came nearer him. Her warm fragrance, her closeness, with her skirt brushing him like the soft touch of fingers, blinded him with emotion.

Yet, in his room at the end of evening, rather than sit lost in contemplation and regret he turned at once to the catalogue of the Sisson sale. He recalled what he had paid in St. Augustine for the eleven unmarked Spanish plates—four hundred and fifty dollars. They had been offered to him for forty-five dollars each, but they were reduced when he took the lot. One, at the late auction, the ten-inch platter, had brought two hundred and ninety dollars; one of the eight-inch platters, a hundred and ninety-five dollars, and the third, two hundred and ten. Six hundred and ninety-five dollars, unidentified. And he had eight left. Willie Gerald told himself that they should be identified. They really must. But beyond question. Direct forging he held to be awkward. It was only permissible in certain unique and intricate situations. He didn't mind a skillful change, but absolute invention, that was different.

At any rate his first course was clear, and he left the platters remaining to him at M. Simoneau's. A younger very much Americanized Frenchman took them, explaining that his father was not well; he grew impatient at Gerald's repeated instructions—yes, yes, he understood perfectly; like the three others; they belonged to the gentleman who had left them all, and he would be back in a week. In a week, then, Willie Gerald returned, and the platters were ready for him, beautifully treated, with the subdued luster of age, the varied marks of long existence subject to the chances of use.

Simoneau's son, however, was less assertive than before. "This is the last work my father will do," he told Gerald. "His lungs are nothing, and we are taking him West. I live in St. Louis." In that case they must be selling their interests in New York, Willie Gerald remarked. Behind the counter, in the dim rear of the shop, were the old traditional tools of the silversmith's art—forging anvil and raising anvils, some small vises and files held in leather loops; there were skillets and a drawing bench and tongs, scales and punches and spoon teasters. The interior could have been moved completely, as an example of the past in silversmithing, to the museum. The planishing anvil and hammer were burnished with years and usage, in themselves handsome; and suddenly Gerald asked if he might buy them. He wanted them in his rooms. When he left, Simoneau's son put a heavy package in the waiting cab.

Once more home, Willie Gerald went over his assorted purchases with a lingering pleasure. A small melting skillet held smaller objects, scraps of broken silver, a finial in green wood, shaped like a pineapple, and the handle of a cup. There was, as well, a punch, and resting it against the wood of his table, he tapped it briskly, in idle curiosity, with the planishing hammer. Gerald gazed at the mark that had resulted and then, with a sharp accession of interest, he examined it more carefully. This didn't satisfy him, and placing the punch on one of the fragments of silver, he tapped it again, more smartly. There was no doubt of the first hinted result—clearly cut into the metal was a CG, in a square with a star.

"It could have been that," he said aloud; "or the heart shield.

"That," he thought, with an apparent irrelevance, "would give Morris Deveran a great deal of pleasure; it would be a great support to his reputation and pride; and useful for me—perhaps." He'd have to proceed carefully in order to include all the elements of his present planning. His thoughts turned to Freda Renant; he wondered if she were in the United States, or again away collecting ornamental objects of use for the Pattens' house at Palm Beach. It was, however, the Pattens Willie was interested in, since they had a new house on East 61st Street as well as in Florida; and the Pattens knew Deveran.

Freda, he discovered, was at Cape May—a quaint place for her—but she would be in the city the early part of the week following. She was meeting the Pattens there before sailing to Belgium for tapestries. She liked him, Willie Gerald recalled. Freda was a girl of entire liberty of action, and he asked her to his small sitting room for cocktails before a dinner they were both going to at the Constitution.

"Tell me this," he proceeded, "how are you getting along with Patten? I really mean are you doing well enough? You know, these people should really recognize their luck. I mean, for example, having you watch out for them." She studied him over her glass.

"You're taking the devil of a lot for granted," she finally replied. "But, after all, with you, there's no reason why you shouldn't. And I'll tell you why—a great many times I've been on the point of coming to you for—for help. Well, perhaps only for advice. But I've been near coming. They do fairly well, in the way you mean, as a matter of fact. But it's too hit or miss. I'd like to have my relationship with them quite regular and better understood. Do you see, I want fewer parties and more money. I'd like to have complete charge of decorating their house in town, for example. At a stated income while it lasted. I could do it, with a little help."

"Of course you could," he agreed; "and you'd have no trouble finding assistance. As soon as it was known you wanted it, there would be a thousand specialists ready to help you—to cut up your profit. I wish I might, where I would be useful; but it is out of the question. My dear Freda, I couldn't be confined, obligated, even to that small extent. What are the Pattens interested in? Do they know?"

She replied that Mr. Deveran had tried to get them to buy the Sisson silver. "Before it went to the auction gallery. He told them that he could arrange a price to cover it all, but when Ellie heard what it might be she kicked. Ellie said she would pay it out here and there cheerfully, but in a lump it made her cold."

"Did they go to the auction?"

"They couldn't, they had to leave unexpectedly for Saratoga to see about a house; and I believe Morris Deveran was so annoyed at them, for the moment, that he didn't bid in a thing on their account. I'm glad of it. In spite of what you think,

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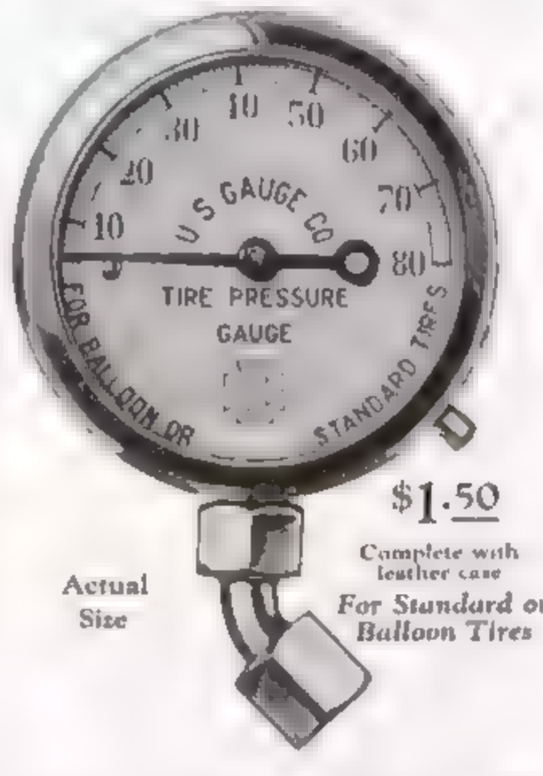

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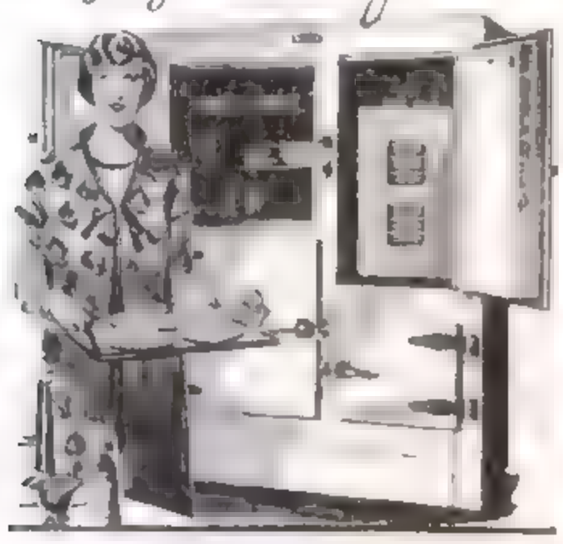

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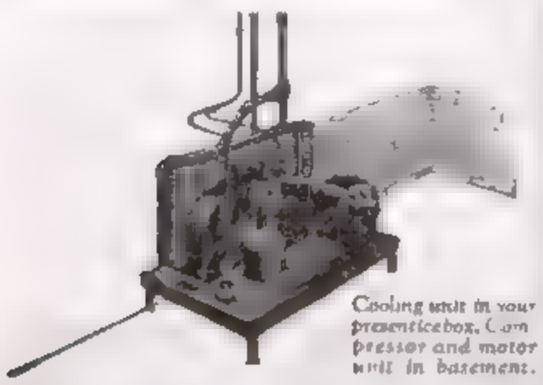

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MEMO

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Willie, it seemed to me the prices were absurd. And I want them to buy Spanish silver—from Freda. I know a lot about that, anyhow. Addison Mizner showed me. And it's possible to get whole services—a thing you can't do with American plate. Yes, I'm delighted Mr. Deveran is like what he is, and I don't want to hear of you selling the Pattens a piece of silver. I simply wanted your advice about a small string of Victorian rooms—hassocks and black walnut and plum-colored draperies."

"Thank the Lord, Freda, you didn't say drapes! But that's all I can say in your favor; and never come to me again about plum-colored hassocks. Though it's about what a friend would do. My good child, I am an authority in early Americana. Early. I stop at 1800. I'm being insulted on my own liquor. And we must get along, I am afraid. I'll see your Pattens the night after tomorrow night; but I won't steal them from you, if that's what is on your mind."

However, Willie Gerald had been mistaken. Mrs. Patten was not to be in for dinner; there were Lemuel Fox, a Carstairs from out of town, Morris Deveran, Willie and Baker Patten; and the conversation, like the company, was purely masculine. It had to do with deer and quail shooting on the West Coast of Florida, the prolonged discussion of a hand Gerald had held and played at bridge, the collapsing market, a comedy to which Lemuel Fox had first taken his daughter and then, to spare his own blushes, he asserted, withdrawn her after the first act.

"She left," he said, "speechless with rage. You know how mad these good-looking young girls can get. Well, that was Alice. Our going was useless anyhow, she told me, because I wouldn't understand half of it."

Patten laughed; he was an extremely good-natured individual, always freshly delighted, it appeared, at the amazing good luck that had attended him.

Practically everyone, Gerald realized, was glad Baker Patten had accumulated, in a comparatively short time, such a really large amount of money—one fortunate operation in Mexican oil had founded him—since he spent it both intelligently and pleasantly. Further than that, he had an inarticulate but native good taste; he owned the ability to get from other people appropriate things for his life and various houses. Baker did this, rather than Ellie, Gerald recognized further. At last, Willie saw, Deveran was inevitably bringing the conversation around to his own personality and subject.

"The Sisson sale," he declared, "did a great deal for actual patriotism. The trouble with the people who are always complaining about the country is that they are ignorant. They don't know anything about it. One look at a Jeremiah Dummer beaker, made in Boston before 1700, ought to show them that we have never been altogether barbarian. Beauty isn't accidental, and it is the mark of an essential civilization. And Stiegel's little perfume flasks. Or the deep turnings in an early Windsor chair. We may not be doing any of exactly that just now, but it's in us. If we recognize it and hold it—yes, and ourselves—together."

Patten agreed with this completely. "We're not as bad as they think we are at The Hague. We're simply in too much of a hurry. We are missing a lot of very nice things. But we'll slow up."

"I have some very nice things in my rooms now," Willie Gerald added. "They won't be missed long—specially not if Deveran sees them."

Morris Deveran impatiently asserted that he wasn't interested in silver that came after 1800.

"At times, Deveran," Gerald told him, "you make me tired. If your manner wasn't you it would be impossible. And, anyhow, I'm not certain it isn't. I'm not interested in nineteenth-century silver any more than you are, and you know it, or ought to. And if I say I have some things that would interest you—why, take that for a fact too."

"Tell me about it, Willie," Patten cheerfully put in. "Deveran has to pretend to be indifferent. That's what it is to be an expert. What have you got that's so good—Alexander Hamilton's silver cigarette lighter?"

Not that, Gerald admitted. "It's rather amusing, since what I have is rather in Deveran's line. In a way he is responsible for my buying them. He gave them their recommendation."

"That's all nonsense, of course," Deveran asserted. "If you do happen to own anything identified by me, and that's valuable, I'll buy it at your own price." Lemuel Fox remarked that, to him, Deveran's willingness had all the aspects of a contract and a bet.

Patten said, "Let Willie send for whatever it is, and if I like it—if I ought to like it, Willie—why, neither of you will be allowed to keep it."

Deveran hastily declared that they would be wasting time—from bridge. "There Gerald is valuable. But I can tell you that the other—the silver—will turn out to be nothing. I can't think of a thing I have seen and liked lately. There is none available now I'm anxious to have."

However, Willie Gerald had gone to the telephone, and shortly afterward a servant put a small package on the table arranged for bridge. Deveran glanced at it sharply. "Some late ecclesiastical plate," he predicted. Gerald, removing the wrappings, was silent. In a moment eight platters were exposed. Deveran leaned forward to pick one up, but Willie Gerald restrained him.

"You know so much," he said, "and you were so cursed disagreeable about it, that you'll have to maintain your reputation. Where did you see platters like those before, where did they come from, and where were they made? Yes, who was the maker?"

"No one in the world could answer that without examining them," Deveran objected.

"My dear Willie," Fox added, "you must let him have one in his hand. That would be only fair." He could examine a plate then, Gerald agreed, but he must not turn it over to see the mark and he mustn't feel the back.

Baker Patten, with a platter, said he didn't care where they came from, or when they came. "I like them immensely, and Deveran, who is a crab, can't have them. I understand, Willie, that you brought them to my apartment for approval. Well, they have it."

As Deveran gazed at the silver plate in his hands a smile came slowly over the lower part of his countenance. He followed the rims, the worn indentations, with sensitive fingers; then, with a sigh, he put it down.

"Eight," he said. "Where did you stumble on them, Gerald? What a piece of blind luck."

Patten grew annoyed. "Oh, hell, Morris, if you're wrong and these are right, say so at once. Willie's correct—you make us all sick."

"You are rather sharp yourself," Deveran returned. "How often have you seen a miracle? . . . Or, Lemuel, you? Never until now, I think. You wouldn't gamble on one, any of you. But these platters are a miracle. There were a million chances to one of their not existing. And for keeping to my agreement, I mean about buying them—don't be utterly ridiculous. Willie Gerald wouldn't let me have them for anything I could begin to afford. And it's no good advising you—I tried that with Alfred Sisson's collection."

"Ellie isn't here now," Patten answered.

"Ellie isn't, but I am," Freda Renant told him, standing in the doorway. "I wouldn't have come up, Baker, if I'd known there were so many of you. But I'm glad I did. You need protection."

Willie Gerald was, and with good reason, he thought, annoyed. It was rotten luck, to have Freda Renant come in just at that moment.

Freda, in a mock serious voice, exclaimed, "Look at that bridge table! Willie, I'll see you outside, please." And then the silver came more fully into her view. She went forward with a look of delighted recognition. "But those," she cried; "where did you get them? If they are yours, Willie, I'll forgive you and admit that your taste has reformed. What nice—what terribly nice Spanish platters."

Morris Deveran laughed.

"Another expert," he said satirically. "My dear young woman, those do not happen to be terribly nice Spanish platters. Not by an ocean. I haven't been allowed to see yet if they are marked or not; but for your information I'll tell you that they are Philadelphia silver, and made very early indeed in the 1700's." He turned a plate over and, after the briefest inspection, spoke in a tone of great satisfaction, "Cesar Ghiselin. They may well be before 1700. If there is an earlier or more celebrated Philadelphia silversmith than he, I don't recall him. Gerald, I'll get you to do nothing about these, for I can find the money for them."

Baker Patten grinned at him. "How much would you need, Morris? I am asking you, because I might find it myself. Sell some securities. Some thousands of dollars, I take it." Freda Renant was gazing intently at the platters, and Gerald saw that she was troubled.

"Freda," he told her, "I have a present for you. It's a Lowestoft bowl, with coat armor; and it is Spanish. Or Mexican," he added. "It's so hard to tell."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

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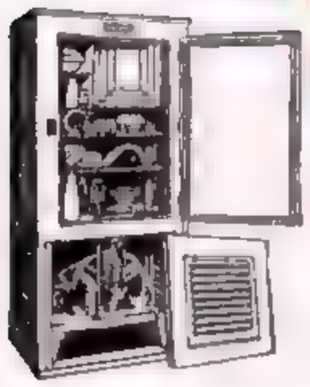

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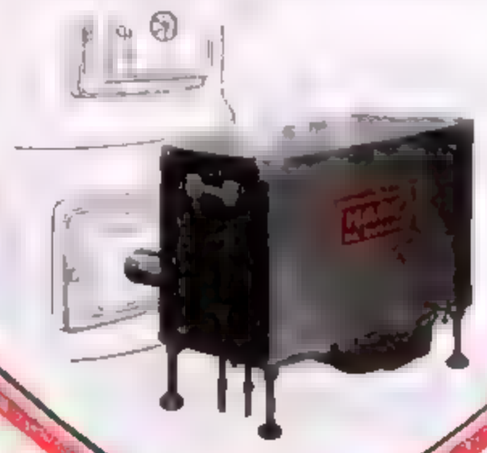

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EXPOSITIONS

(Continued from Page 25

had happened. Then the theaters were out, the street crowds were melting away, there would be nobody left to buy an extra, and nothing but noise was occurring over on the lake front. Finally we gave it up and went home. Coming downtown next morning, I saw by a morning-paper extra that Cleveland had been nominated about four o'clock—so late that this morning-paper extra had only a bulletin about it.

I got to the newspaper office at a quarter to eight, ahead of everybody else, as it happened; only there was Kendrick writing industriously with a thick sheaf of manuscript beside him. We had telephoned him the night before that we were going home; but he had stayed on in the convention to see the show. The last hours were the most dramatic, with Tammany—Bourke Cockran as its oratorical big gun—fighting desperately to prevent Cleveland's nomination.

As the clock hands moved on, Kendrick had perceived that a few bulletins, giving the high spots, would be all the morning papers had time for. So when the convention adjourned at dawn he went to an all-night restaurant and fortified himself with ham and eggs and coffee, then put his pad of copy paper on the table and began writing. As soon as the newspaper office opened he moved over there and continued writing.

When the managing editor came in at eight and found what Kendrick was doing, he had nothing to say about fat; but as a mark of keen personal interest he edited the copy himself and wrote the heads. Our noon edition had something that no other paper had—a full, dramatic report of the closing hours of the convention. Meanwhile Kendrick, having been on the job continuously more than twenty-four hours, went to a hotel to bed.

Commenting on this feat, we noted that Kendrick had been under no obligation to do it. If he had gone home when we did no one would have thought of blaming him. Or if he had stayed to see the show out and then gone to bed, nobody would have thought of blaming him. He saw a chance to make a stroke for the paper and took it. He got no better position for it, and not a penny raise in pay. His immediate and tangible compensation for staying up when he was dead tired and writing three and a half columns in long hand consisted of the following oral statement by the managing editor: "That was a good job." Which was unusual, to be sure, for the managing editor did not believe in inflating young men with praise. If a man's work was unsatisfactory he got fired with promptness. If he wasn't fired he might take it for granted that his work was not unsatisfactory.

Advertisements in Forced Doses

I recall a discussion in the office as to whether Kendrick was a hero or a blockhead—sitting up to write all that when he might as well have been in bed. I was undecided, seeing merits on both sides of the argument. It was not until a good while afterward that the implications of the affair dawned on me. But that incident was in the background of my impression of Kendrick as we sat talking this spring afternoon and he told me he was going to resign.

Not only to resign that particular job, but to retire from the editorial branch of journalism and go into the advertising department. The news shocked me, and while I spoke words of friendly encouragement, in my private opinion it was a fool thing to do. Already he was city editor, ranking next to the managing editor. His salary was thirty-five dollars a week, which looked quite like affluence. In time he might reasonably hope to become managing editor, for the present incumbent of that office was an elderly person of thirty-six. In that case his salary would be $100 a week, which would satisfy anybody but a money-mad miser.

To give up such certainty and such prospects in order to venture on the uncharted sea of advertising struck me as a reckless proceeding. But when he confidentially unfolded further details I was really dismayed. On the advertising side he was to get no salary, but to work merely on commission. Like other newspapers of the highest respectability, we then published short paid advertisements in the news columns, interspersed in the news items. The advertisements were set in smaller type and further distinguished by the sign "Adv." at the end.

Poor Kendrick thought there was a rare opportunity to drum up such advertisements at the World's Fair, where hundreds of exhibitors of all sorts were anxious to draw public attention to their displays. To me it seemed a mad scheme. When the fair opened, however, he said good-by to the editorial rooms; and presently I began to notice quite a lot of World's Fair reading-matter advertisements in the paper. Ere long a sensational report spread through the staff—Bert Kendrick was averaging $100 a week in advertising commissions—as much as the managing editor got!

Dead Pigs as Live Assets

We took base consolation in reflecting that the fair would be over in the fall; then Bert would be looking for a job in the local room. But before the fair closed he had a scheme of getting towns in the West and Southwest to advertise themselves by page write-ups. That kept him out of town, traveling, most of the time. One day he called me up and asked me to take dinner with him at a hotel. At dinner he told me he meant to have a newspaper of his own in some promising city in the West or Southwest; he was keeping an eye out for the right opening.

Later on he dropped in to see me at the newspaper office and exhibited a miraculous piece of paper—nothing less than the proprietor's personal check for $5000. He had found his newspaper, but had not money enough to make the first payment; so he laid the situation before Mr. Lawson, who advanced him $5000 out of hand practically the same thing as rubbing a magic lump and having coin rain down on your head.

Being an excellent business man himself, Mr. Lawson recognized a like quality in Kendrick, and was ready to back him. Since then I have found that a man who knows how to make money seldom has any trouble in borrowing it. Yet it was quite a while before I really understood Kendrick. We young reporters and editorial writers were always hoping to have money—usually with no definite notion as to how we were going to get it. And we were always brushing against mysterious persons who seemed to be endowed with a magic touch. We knew, for example, that around our age Armour was working for a dollar a day or something like that, and now see the oodles of money he had! There were Field, Leiter, Pullman, and so on, who, when young, had no more money than ourselves, and now rolled in it. How in the world did they get it?

We knew various published explanations. All the same, deep down, we rather leaned to the vulgar view that the only way a man starting with nothing could get so much money was to steal it somehow or other unless he discovered a gold mine or oil well. Our general impression, under the surface, was that if a man got that much money he must somehow have taken it away from other people. If he had a million more than when he started, other people must have a million less. Unless, of course, he discovered a gold mine or oil well, in which case he might be richer without anyone else being poorer. I doubt that we really grasped the idea that men were discovering gold mines and oil wells in Chicago every day.

Only after quite a while did I perceive that in Bert Kendrick I had a close-up solution of this money mystery. He might have gone on the rest of his life being city editor or something like that, as most of us, in fact, do go on in whatever path we find under our feet. He not only saw opportunities but had the daring and energy to try them out. That is the simple secret.

When railroads entering Chicago from the West were not connected with those entering from the East, live hogs arriving from the West were driven across town on foot and loaded into East-bound cars. A great many young men, first and last, must have been employed in that humble task. In those crude days traveling accommodations, from the point of view of obese pigs, left much to be desired. Every now and then a fat porker succumbed to the heat, overcrowding and undernourishment of the journey to Chicago. As the carcass could not transport itself across town, it was thrown away.

One young man named Morris remembered that dead hogs yield grease, so he ceased convoying live pigs across town and took to collecting the dead ones. In a couple of kettles under a rude shed he tried the grease out of them, and in course of time had a packing business that rivaled Armour's. Out of a hundred young men engaged in driving hogs from West to East, ninety-nine will throw away the dead ones, if that is the method of disposing of deceased swine which custom prescribes. The hundredth will perceive opportunity in them and have the enterprise to act upon his perception. By and by the ninety-nine will be wondering how he could have got so much money unless he stole it somehow or other. Thinking back to the World's Fair, it was Kendrick and his important sociological significance that came to mind first. Everybody called it the World's Fair, but of course that was not its official title. Congress authorized it, with acts, resolutions and much oratory; so its official title had to be the World's Columbian Exposition which makes such a grand mouthful. For a long while people had been remarking that the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America would fall on October 12, 1892, and ought to be fittingly commemorated. Commemorating it was the public's business, so the exposition wasn't opened until seven months after the date it was supposed to celebrate, and even then it was not finished. When the Sesqui-Centennial at Philadelphia was opened this year, at a long foreknown date, it was far from finished.

Safety in Politeness

The Sesqui-Centennial reminds me of how far I have fallen since 1893 and how much the world has changed, particularly the newspaper world. Philadelphia managed to get up an exposition with no assistance from me; but I played an important part in the Chicago enterprise. It is a rôle, however, which has been on the declining hand for half a century and will probably disappear altogether, like armor and feathered hats for men's wear. Its subsidence is one phase of the change in the newspaper world.

When Chicago was trying to get the Columbian Exposition ready, I was nothing less than the voice of the sovereign people, telling it what to do. Not, so far as I remember, that it ever really did anything that I, in the name of the people, advised or commanded; but I kept on uttering the indubitable will of the public at it just the same.

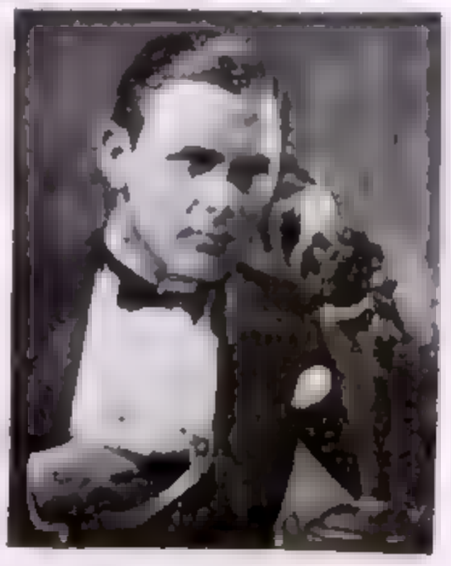
When not immediately engaged in that high oracular office, I was a quite inconsequential and baffled person. At that time as much as at present all inconsequential and baffled persons who worked in large cities had to depend upon frightfully uncomfortable means of transit between their

Are you compelled to give your car this service?

Not if it has Bijur Lubrication! With the Bijur System you never have to put your car on a grease rack. You oil every chassis bearing *daily* from the driver's seat—without even stopping the wheels.

35,000 Packard owners today enjoy Bijur Lubrication. Later on owners of other cars can enjoy it. Cannot be attached—must be built in by the manufacturer.

BIJUR
LUBRICATING CORPORATION
NEW YORK CITY
Originators of Instant Chassis Lubrication



Time to get a new slant on unruly hair

WHY struggle so to keep your unruly hair looking right—when an hour after brushing it's generally out of place again?

Get a new slant on this problem. Try *Stacomb*.

See how it keeps your hair smoothly in place—all day long. Helps prevent dandruff. In jars, tubes and liquid form. All drug stores.

Stacomb

FREE OFFER

Standard Laboratories, Inc.
Dept. A 88, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

Please send me, free, a generous sample of Stacomb. I prefer the kind checked:
Original, cream form ☐ New, liquid form ☐

Name

Address

Something NEW—a Top *Finish*

Now you can really restore all the original beauty and lustre of your automobile top—with *Duro Gloss* Top Finish.

Duro Gloss is a finish, and not just a dressing. It is used in the manufacture of the famous *Duro Gloss* Top Material, which the largest body builders use and praise.

And now this same famous finish is offered to you for refinishing your own top. Just brush it on and it flows out smoothly, leaving no streaks or brush marks. Dries overnight to a beautiful new-top lustre.

Duro Gloss Top Finish will withstand 250 degrees of heat. Sun heat does not affect it, nor does cold. It penetrates the top fabric thoroughly, waterproofing, beautifying and preserving it.

Duro Gloss Finish is sold by leading accessory stores, dealers and trim shops, in convenient sized cans. Or if you prefer, any good trim shop, paint shop or service station will apply it for you. If your dealer does not have *Duro Gloss* yet, send us his name, and we will see that you are supplied.

Duro Gloss Top Material

When you have your top recovered, you will want *Duro Gloss* Top Material. Its uniform high quality insures long top life. And it has the famous *Duro Gloss* Finish, too. All trim shops have *Duro Gloss* Top Material, or can get it for you readily

Duro Gloss Top Patching

For holes and splits of average size, *Duro Gloss* Top Patching is ideal Easy to apply. Sticks so tight it can't be pulled off Ask your dealer

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY - NEW HAVEN, CONN.

The most beautiful tops are made of fabric top material. Note the graceful lines in the car pictured above with top, back and quarters of *Duro Gloss* Top Material. It will pay you to select a car with a *Duro Gloss* top.

TO THE TRADE: Write name and address in margin below, tear off and mail for attractive *Duro Gloss* proposition. Check whether— ☐ Jobber; ☐ Trim Shop; ☐ Car Dealer; ☐ Accessory Store

sleeping places and their working places. The cable cars were as crowded as the trolleys, subways and elevateds are now. Not another being, it seemed, could squeeze in. But another being always did squeeze in—namely, the conductor. I recollect him as predominantly a large, sweaty, untidy being of great strength and perseverance. After the car was duly packed to capacity he plowed through the mass from end to end collecting fares, not minding at all if he jammed your hat over your eyes and thrust a soiled elbow into your mouth as he reached across you to gather the nickels. The cables, running underground, did not go around curves. In approaching a curve the gripman speeded up in order to give the train sufficient momentum to carry it past the curve and pick up the cable on the farther side. When a speeding car struck the curve, all standing passengers piled on top of those seated on the far side, and when it straighted out beyond the curve, they piled on top of those seated on the near side.

Twice daily I was jammed, trampled, suffocated. It was no way to use the oracle of a sovereign people; but, although I could tell the city or nation how to get itself out of any difficulty, I was perfectly helpless to get myself out of that difficulty. Cable cars then stopped on the far side of street intersections. One morning, a bit late, I jumped off on the near side, not having noticed the crossing policeman into whom I caromed. It made him lose some of his equilibrium and all of his temper. As though I had been a mere citizen and taxpayer, he collared me, considering, with a minatory eye, where to hit me with his club.

I apologized hastily, knowing that I had committed a grave crime. In those days irritating a Chicago policeman was a felony, punishable on the spot with a broken head. Not long before that a friend of mine from Nebraska, disgracefully ignorant of city ways, remonstrated with a policeman for kicking a newsboy, and spent the rest of the day in a hospital. However, my policeman's better nature somehow prevailed. Only profanely calling me a fool and giving me a shove, he let me go.

Such, in a general way, was my humble unofficial status. But when seated at a newspaper desk, pencil in hand, the Delphic inspiration descended upon me and I expressed the will of the sovereign people—unless the managing editor or the proprietor ran a blue pencil through it, in which case it became merely the trivial personal opinion of an inconsequential young man, who was jammed in the cable cars and ruffed by a policeman, if the policeman felt so inclined. On our paper the utterances were strictly oracular; we never wanted anything for ourselves but only proclaimed what the public wanted.

The Old Order Changeth

Already then the owner of a flourishing newspaper was delegating the editorial writing to several young men of whose perspicacity, I suspect, he had no great opinion. Since then newspapers have probably changed as much as anything else. From the beginning down nearly to that time, they were very personal. They were known as Storey's paper, Medill's paper, Greeley's paper, Bennett's paper. The personality was expressed principally on the editorial page. That was changing. And at World's Fair time there were decidedly more newspapers. I count up twelve dailies in Chicago then—seven morning and five evening, against two morning and four evening now. That consolidation and elimination of newspapers has been going on all over the country. A great many people have deplored it. But a great many people always deplore anything that is different from what it used to be, without trying to discover whether the difference is a loss or a gain.

Some time before 1893 two enterprising Chicago reporters set up an office called the City Press Association, for the purpose of supplying all local newspapers with the routine news of the town. Their men, for example, covered the police courts, the city hall, the Circuit and Superior Courts, manifolding their reports and sending one copy to each paper. So every paper got the same story in the same words. Our managing editor loathed City Press copy and never used it except in a case of necessity. He wanted everything in his paper different from every other paper. He even regarded the innocent City Press as his personal enemy. Nothing pleased him more than to catch it in an error. He told me—confidentially, since Mr. Lawson was one of the sponsors of the City Press Association—that he hoped it would one day let us in for a thumping libel suit.

For out-of-town news we depended almost wholly on the Associated Press, which the managing editor looked upon as a necessary evil. Partly for that reason he cared comparatively little for out-of-town news. Mr. Lawson was a director of the Associated Press, too, but the managing editor considered it as a hopelessly blockheaded concern. Anything that produced just-alike stuff, the same in every paper, was blockheaded, in his opinion.

Boiler-Plate Insides

Except Associated Press reports, nearly everything that appeared in our paper was written or prepared by its own staff in its own office. A young lady whom we called the exchange editor had a desk to which came many American and English publications. She looked them over and cut out articles for reproduction in our paper, but it would have pained the managing editor if she chose an article that some other paper reprinted.

Everybody on the local staff was not only encouraged but required to write contributions aside from news—little about-town sketches of something supposedly odd, amusing or informing, to make up the filling of the paper. Our very best reporter was assigned to the World's Fair, not to look up news but to write daily a little sketch about anything that took his fancy Sometimes these sketches were printed in the front of the paper along with the day's news.

The serpent was creeping in, however. Not only were there the City Press Association and the Associated Press, but Mr. Lawson subscribed to a series of syndicated dietary articles, one a day, perhaps six inches long, each article containing a model menu for dinner or luncheon. The managing editor regarded these syndicated articles with the greatest malevolence, always tucking them away at the bottom of a page. If that page was overset, as often happened, he joyfully lifted out half of the dietary article, which might leave the model dinner consisting of nothing but olives and soup. If the composing room ever got the dinner mixed up, beginning with pudding and coffee, that would keep him good-natured for a whole hour, which was unusual.

This was simply an instinctive reaction on his part. He wanted everything in his paper different from any other paper. Long before that time weekly newspapers in country towns had taken to filling themselves up with patent insides, or boiler plate, that they bought at a very low rate from a literary factory in Chicago or New York. That was one reason why country-town weekly papers were objects of derision to the metropolitan press. Our managing editor would have snorted at the idea of patent insides for his paper.

Fortunately for his peace of mind he retired from journalism before nearly every newspaper began depending on patent insides for its filling. Nowadays a great deal of the non-news matter that we used to make by hand for our own paper is made in a literary factory, and therefore is identical in hundreds of papers.

Almost all of our filling, being made by hand locally, had a local flavor. Now papers in Massachusetts, Texas and Oregon print the same comic strips, stories, beauty hints, dietary guides and what not. Part

(Continued on Page 148)

SAFETY

The final step in safe motoring is achieved

You demand safety for them as your house; demand safety for them also in your automobile

SHOULD the day ever come when your car is in a collision, you will be thankful if that car is a New Safety Stutz, with safety-glass in every window and windshield.

In no other automobile can you secure, without extra cost to you, this invaluable protection to your family. The New Safety Stutz is the first and only car to adopt safety-glass all around as regular equipment.

The New Safety Stutz is the one automobile designed with safety as the uppermost aim and ideal. And it will come as a revelation to the average motorist to learn how the making of a car scientifically safe adds to its roadability, ease of riding, and performance as well.

The low hanging of the New Safety Stutz, made possible by skillful utilization of the worm-drive, confers an unequalled stability on the car, making overturn almost impossible. At the same time, the low "center of mass" makes the car ride much more steadily under all conditions, and gives an ease and responsiveness to the steering that cannot be described.

The improved braking-system of the New Safety Stutz, developed and built by Timken on a newly-utilized principle, gives a quick safety-stop when needed. It also retards the car so smoothly, with entire absence of swing, swerve, or side-sway, that even abrupt halting does not discomfort the passengers.

The extra-strong and extra-rigid frame, with integral steel running-boards, or "side-bumpers", makes the car both safer and steadier.

Narrow, clear-vision front corner-posts give safer driving and do away with the annoyance of peering from side to side for objects ahead.

The New Safety Stutz is permanently protected against theft by The Fedco System, without cost to the car owner.

A new feature, again without cost to the car owner, is indemnity against loss of use resulting from theft, at the rate of five dollars per day, up to thirty days.

See these New Safety Stutz models, which, in addition to their exclusive safety features, have custom-like smartness of body design and most luxurious interior appointments.

STUTZ MOTOR CAR COMPANY *of* AMERICA, Inc. - - - *Indianapolis*

An exclusive feature is Loss-of-Use Insurance, paying the car owner five dollars per day, up to thirty days, for loss of the car's use through theft. This is without cost to the car owner.

The entire car has Underwriters' Class A rating on both fire and theft.

Eight body styles, including 7-passenger models, designed and constructed under the supervision of Brewster of New York.

All closed bodies automatically ventilated—another exclusive feature.

STUTZ

New

SAFETY STUTZ

The first and only automobile to provide safety-glass all around without extra charge to the buyer

the last rose of summer

CRACKPROOF garden hose

THE durability built into garden hose under the Pioneer Rubber Mills' exclusive manufacturing process takes CRACKPROOF garden hose (SUNPROOF is the same hose with a red cover) out of the "one season" class.

More than 2,000,000 CRACKPROOF users in the United States use their CRACKPROOF garden hose year after year.

It should be in your home.
Your dealer will supply you.

PIONEER RUBBER MILLS
345-353 Sacramento Street
San Francisco, Calif., U. S. A.

One of the largest manufacturers of garden hose in the world

For Just a Few Cents a Week!

$85

THINK of it. Running water under pressure with all its many advantages is now available in the DAYTON "Cub" for the low initial cost of $85.00. Requires but few cents a week operating expense.

Cost need no longer stand between you and comfort, health and happiness that should be yours. The "Cub," a complete automatic water system, with a capacity of 200 gallons per hour, is suitable for year around service in small suburban or country homes—wherever running water under pressure is needed.

Compact, fully equipped, trouble-free and guaranteed. Operates from any electrical current. Get full details now. Just use the coupon below.

THE DAYTON PUMP & MFG. CO.
115 Webster St. Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A.
Makers of the Dayton Centrifugal Measuring Pumps, Electric and Steam Tanks—Also "Hot Dip" Galvanizing

THE CUB
A Bear for Service
AUTOMATIC WATER SYSTEM

Free

Write today for your copy of our attractive booklet "Dependable Water Service." It will be mailed free—without obligation.

(Continued from Page 146)

of your paper on a given day will be just the same, whether it is printed in Minnesota or Florida. Over that part of his paper the editor has comparatively little control. He may patronize one factory rather than another, but in any case he gets the same product that hundreds of other papers are printing.

But this is only what has happened in many other lines. If you step into a grocery in Massachusetts, Texas or Oregon you will see the same goods on the shelves, in the same packages, sold at the same price. In the meat market your hams, bacon, lard, steaks and chops come from the same packing concerns. Across the street in the clothing store you will find the same coats, trousers, hats, shirts and collars, made by the same companies. It is mass production.

Mass production, whether in food or newspaper features, is said—wrongly—to limit local initiative. Your local grocer, if he is not prosperous, will very likely tell you he has no chance to show his speed; he must buy exactly the same goods that his competitors buy, in the same packages, and sometimes must sell them at the same price, so there is no reason why people should patronize one grocery rather than another. But if you look around a bit you will find that people do, very decidedly, patronize one grocery rather than another, and one newspaper rather than another. One grocery flourishes, another in the same block decays. The flourishing store has the same goods in the same packages; but it is cleaner, brighter, the goods are easier to get at, probably some of them are cheaper, the clerks are more attentive. Everywhere you find people preferring one store to another, although the goods on the shelves are just the same.

If it is a flourishing store perhaps it will be one of a group or chain. When the proprietor found that his methods of displaying and selling groceries attracted customers, he opened another store a dozen blocks away and applied the same methods there. The more goods he could sell, the cheaper, as a rule, he could buy and handle them, which gave him a further edge over static competition. His better management multiplied itself, spreading over a state or the nation.

Hand-Made Business

When I was a youngster living in a country town we invariably bought our groceries of Mr. Cusick, who scooped everything out of a barrel or a big canister, weighed it before our eyes, did it up in brown paper and tied it with a string. If it was a liquid, like vinegar, kerosene for the lamps, molasses for the cookies, sirup for the griddle cakes, we brought our own can or jug, which Mr. Cusick filled. He was our friend and neighbor. His family came to our parties; we went to their parties. The idea of buying groceries from anybody else would have been rather shocking—something like going over to the Presbyterian Church, instead of staying in the Methodist Church, where we belonged. We bought the goods, not especially because they were better or cheaper, but because they were Mr. Cusick's goods. As to where he got them, we knew nothing and cared nothing. Our faith was in him.

That was the basis of a great deal of retail trade. Like the newspaper, it was a personal sort of affair. Nowadays Mr. Cusick wins our fealty, not by mingling jovially with us socially and going to church with us but by making it easier and cheaper to buy groceries. According to my observation this is as true of country towns nowadays as it is of cities. If the grocer can devise any way of making it easier and cheaper, then Cusick Groceries, Inc., will begin to sprout in every ward, and in other towns. The superior method extends itself rapidly. We do not know, or care, whether Cusick personally is an upright Christian, kind to his family, a good euchre player and convulsive at negro-dialect stories, or a misanthropic reprobate. His method of selling groceries is all that interests us. If it is a superior method it will find greater opportunity to extend itself now than fifty years ago. As for the grocer personally, if he cares to enjoy the companionship of decent people he must be a decent man, whether he operates one grocery or a hundred.

Our butcher had his own little slaughterhouse at the edge of town—no doubt very insanitary. He bought, killed and dressed the animals whose carcasses were displayed in his shop, with indifferent protection from flies; also made his own sausage and other delicacies. It was a homemade, handmade affair. Now most of the goods in any butcher shop come from a big packing company and are the same in all shops.

Once a Goat, Always a Goat

But the main point is that we get better groceries and meat than we used to. Mr. Cusick's cracker barrel stood hospitably open. A farmer, fresh from unloading a drove of hogs, thrust in his hand and helped himself to crackers. We bought his crumblings. The sugar barrel might stand uncovered while the floor was swept with an old-fashioned, dust-raising broom. On many days our roast of beef came from a superannuated milch cow. It was a common culinary practice to assault a beefsteak with the back of a hatchet for ten minutes before cooking it, in order to make it edible. Now you get as good a beefsteak in Florida, where there is little grazing, as in Texas or Montana. We get better groceries and meat; better newspapers also. The professional syndicate writers turn out better stuff than we amateurs used to.

"Reporters don't have the chance to write that they had in our day," said recently a veteran of World's Fair journalism.

They don't have the chance to write for their own papers that they used to have. Even in rather small cities, as far as my observation goes, a reporter is expected simply to state the news as succinctly as possible. There is even a reportorial fashion of writing in the style of a telegram, cutting out as many words as possible without destroying the sense. Looking over the local news items, whether in a small city or a big city, does not give one an impression that reporters are encouraged to write entertainingly, although some newspapers affect a jazz style which they probably consider entertaining

Whether it is a big-city paper or a small city paper, a great part of its humor, sketches and other features will come from a factory. The very big-city paper will have its own factory, selling the product to lesser publications. But it is largely a mass-production article, like the bacon and breakfast food. The news-gathering staff has nothing to do with it.

All the same, I think reporters who can write get a better opportunity now than they got a generation ago. Their case is like that of the grocer and butcher. It takes more steam to get over the doorsill. To get a place in the race a competitor must have something really out of the ordinary. But if he has something really out of the ordinary he will proceed by motor instead of on foot. The reporter who can write something that many people want to read will soon step into the syndicates, or the magazines, and reach a much bigger market. As I recall it, Finley Peter Dunne's Dooley sketches—among the best he has ever written—appeared regularly on the editorial page of the Chicago Evening Post for a couple of years before they went into mass production. And it was something like the same time before George Ade's humor got beyond the editorial page of the Chicago Record. Now, I think, some syndicate would be after both of them at the end of a month, offering them a national audience and more figures in the pay check than newspaper writers dreamed of at World's Fair time.

Newspaper articles were mostly anonymous a generation ago; only now and then a signature. A reporter had a chance to write, but he got no reputation out of it, except among fellow newspapermen, and rather little money. Now newspapers are spattered with signatures. If writing is really out of the ordinary the writer quickly gets credit for it under his own name and begins to have a trade-marked, good-will value in the national market. In fine, there is better opportunity for the sheep. A goat will be a goat anyhow.

The best newspapers now are decidedly better than the best ones of a generation ago. They give the reader a better idea of the world he lives in. They are decidedly better than the best ones of the much besung and bewept golden age of Greeley, Medill, Bowles and the other saints of American journalism. There is more information in them—much more in quantity and of a better quality. Their center of gravity has shifted away from the editorial page, to which nowadays nobody pays much attention. But that is a public gain.

The golden age of journalism is as much a myth as every other golden age. Greeley, Medill and Bowles published newspapers that were, first, vehicles for the expression of their owners' political opinions. They opposed the extension of slavery into the new Western territories and the breaking up of the Union. That cause won and is now consecrated in public opinion—in the North, at least—as a great moral triumph. Hence a very mistaken notion that in those fortunate days the daily newspaper was a pillar of fire leading the people into the promised land.

But at the same time Storey's personal-opinion Chicago Times, Bennett's personal-opinion New York Herald and a host of other papers were doing all that human ingenuity could suggest to hamstring the new Republican Party and defeat Lincoln. Storey's Chicago Times, I think, had a rather larger circulation than Medill's Chicago Tribune, and probably as much influence. During the Lincoln-Douglas debates it kept a brilliant reporter on Lincoln's trail to ridicule and blackguard him at every turn, with no regard for the truth. If Medill was leading the public right, Storey, with rather larger horse power, was leading it wrong. Always for every right leader there was at least one wrong leader.

A Case for Diogenes

Nobody who looks over the record can dully will regret that the center of gravity has shifted away from the editorial page. Politics then played the larger part in a man's choice of a paper. If he was a Republican he took a Republican paper; if a Democrat, a Democratic paper. In one case he wanted to hear Democrats abused, in the other case, Republicans. And that, pretty largely, was what he got. The Chicago Times, in reporting the Lincoln-Douglas debate at Galesburg, said of Lincoln:

> Before the close of the debate he was the most abject picture of wretchedness we have ever seen. His knees knocked together and the chattering of his teeth could be heard all over the stand. . . . When Senator Douglas concluded, the applause was perfectly furious and overwhelming; he was surrounded by an immense army of people, who accompanied him to his hotel, which was thronged with people to congratulate him on his great success, whilst Lincoln, entirely forgotten, was taken care of by a few friends, who wrapped him in flannels and tried to restore the circulation of blood in his almost inanimate body.

That, presumably, was what the Democratic readers of the Times wanted to hear. There wasn't the least truth in it; but the Times was out to beat Lincoln. Its mission was less to inform the public than to lead it into Mr. Storey's conception of the promised land.

Of course Storey's paper was an extreme case; but newspapers generally, in the party-organ golden age, regarded the success of a ticket at the polls as their highest mission. That did not make for truthful reporting, especially as there never was a time when politics was not at least half bunk. Of course a newspaper's facilities

(Continued on Page 151)

SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Wheeling
CORRUGATING COMPANY

The BUILDING MATERIALS *with a generation of experience assuring a lifetime of service*

Hand-Dipped Tin Roofing

Fireproof—Lightning Proof—Permanent

For a quarter century Wheeling *Hand-Dipped* Roofing Plates have made permanent roofs for every type of building. Made of Ohio Metal (Copper-Alloy), coated with pure tin and lead by the Wheeling *hand-dipping* process, assuring a heavier, longer-wearing protective coating. Each plate is stamped with the Wheeling trademark and weight of coating.

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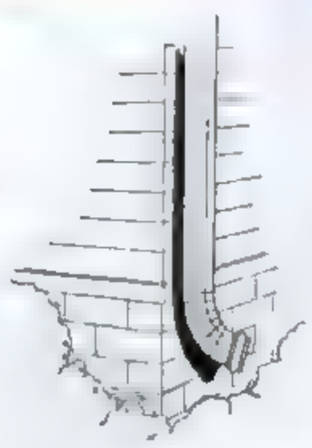

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(Continued from Page 148)

for getting information to its readers were comparatively limited. One of the high spots in Greeley's foreign service consisted of a weekly letter from London, written by Karl Marx, for which the now celebrated writer got five dollars a week, as I recall the figure.

It is true that an unpleasant discovery in journalism has been made since then. It appears that from time immemorial some members of every large human group have been interested in the branch of literature called pornography. Somewhere around World's Fair time I used to see almost daily a swarthy, bush-eyebrowed man who was setting up a new daily paper. Not making much impression on the community's other interests, he appealed to its pornographic interest by printing paid advertisements of brothels. In due time he was indicted, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for it.

Although a failure personally, he pointed the way for some shrewder followers, who have profited by his tactical error. According to that Chicago decision, a publisher may not use his paper to promote the trade of a particular brothel by paid advertisements; but we now see, here and there, that he may use it whole-heartedly to promote the trade of brothels in general. He must not advertise a given one in his classified columns; but he may advertise that interest by the page. No doubt if there is a considerable element of smut in the so-called public mind—that is, among the minds of any average three or five or ten million people—there will be a journalistic response to it. If some trivial and smutty newspapers gain a large circulation, that signifies simply that with the spread of prosperity and primary education more trivial and smutty people are able to read and have small change to spare.

There is more information, and better information, in newspapers now—not to mention the immense growth of magazines, published at a low price, that carry information of a high quality on all sorts of current subjects to every part of the country. The stories and articles about every part of the country that flow to every part are a steady force against separatism. Mass production is a cement of the Union.

In the Benighted Nineties

Newspapers have a greater influence, but it isn't the influence of mere editorial opinion. Readers nowadays buy one paper rather than another because they find more information or entertainment in it—according to their several tastes—and not because it is the organ of their party. In every election a Democrat or a Republican was sure to win. If the Democrat won, papers of that faith inflated their chests and said, "Behold our influence!" But Republican papers that lost the election had nothing to say on that score. The influence of editorial opinion was always canceling itself. The influence of honest information is net gain. While the great editor concentrated his intellectual powers on the editorial page, his advertising pages were partly a jungle inhabited by quacks and frauds. His paper's message to the public was, "Vote for righteousness and give the children a drink of Old Doc Hokum's famous gin and laudanum before breakfast." But the advertising pages must be reckoned as part of a newspaper's influence.

The World's Fair was supposed to sum up what white men had accomplished in the territory of the United States in nearly three centuries that had elapsed since their first adventure into it. We had the notion that it was an accomplishment to be pointed to with pride, and that it pretty much ended the chapter. Probably it would have surprised us to hear that in the next thirty-three years another United States would be added to the one we then lived in. But rather more than that has happened. The gain in mere population has been only 70 per cent; but in various material ways one man counts for as much as two or three did then; he has that much longer reach.

For instance, there was only one telephone instrument upstairs in our newspaper building. If anyone wished to speak over the phone to Mr. Lawson a messenger boy was sent round to his office to call him to that solitary instrument. About World's Fair time, or perhaps a little later, it became possible to speak over the telephone to a person in a distant city, but in order to accomplish that feat one had to go down La Salle Street to a booth in the telephone company's headquarters. Only a few comparatively affluent citizens had local telephones in their houses. I doubt that a real dirt farmer anywhere in the Middle West had such a convenience.

Nobody had an automobile. There were few public roads west of the Alleghanies and north of Washington on which an automobile could have run in wet weather without danger of getting stuck in the mud. Years later, driving an automobile from Buffalo to Detroit was a notable feat. There were no movies, no wireless, no airplanes. This spring everyone read dispatches sent from an airship on its flight over the North Pole and took it rather as a matter of course. There was no parcel post, no Panama Canal—and no income tax. In 1893 expenditures of the Federal Government came to about what New York City now considers necessary in order to get through the year.

An Exhibition of Distrust

Since 1893 savings deposits have increased about fivefold and the amount of life insurance in force, which is another form of saving, over tenfold. Railroad freight service is multiplied by five and passenger service by three. We extract nine times as much mineral wealth from the ground and make five times as much pig iron in a year. Each workman employed in manufactures gets three times the wages and produces three times the value. A column of like figures might be adduced.

The fair being over, we newspaper chaps turned our attention to an exhibition of quite different order. A life-size national panic had started months before, but we were too interested in other things to give it much personal attention. With the close of the fair, however, some newspapers were discharging men, which brought it home to us. Then, for three dreary years and more a considerable part of the population of the United States ate and slept with an exigent question of whether they were going to hold the jobs they had or, having lost a job, to find some other means of subsistence. Farmers, of course, had their jobs, but got little comfort out of them. I heard from Nebraska that they were burning corn for fuel, or letting it rot, because the ten cents a bushel that they could get at the local elevator didn't pay for hauling it to town.

There was more than three years of it. Everybody capable of thinking realized that it was a sheer stupidity. The idle men were eager to work, people were eager to have the goods they could produce, ample plant was there, needing only steam in the boilers. There was no lack of capital; on the contrary, banks were running over with idle money. But nothing started; everybody sat around twiddling their thumbs, gaping at the affliction. If anything did start a little it promptly petered out; the mills closed again.

PHOTO, BY H. W. STORY

The Harbor of Santiago de Cuba

Bankers pointed out that a like prostration had happened every twenty years, or oftener, from far back in Colonial times. The last one had been in 1873. There were always glib reasons—too much speculation, too much silver money, and so forth. But the reasons were always trivial in comparison with the prolonged results attributed to them. Behind all the printed reasons it was a state of mind, a mysterious failure of faith and courage. For a time men seemed to have forgotten how to make the wheels go round, like a victim of amnesia wanting to wind his watch but unable to remember how it is done. It was a lapse of social coöperation; men had no confidence in one another and shrank into their shells.

At that time the cheerful theory of an inevitable twenty-year cycle, with a panic at each end, was pretty generally held, and no doubt had its part in continuing the stagnation. But there has been none like it since then. Perhaps our swift, complete recovery from the great price smash of 1920 connotes a modern improvement more important than wireless and airplanes. Maybe—thanks in some part to mass production in literature and elsewhere—there is a more dependable stock of confidence; we know and trust one another rather more, consequently can work together to better advantage.

I hope so; but that statement of course will offend some readers, for there are always some who find their dearest consolation in hoping the worst. It is just a question of taste. About ninety-nine times out of a hundred there are at least as many reasons for prophesying good as for prophesying ill. The individual prophesier will take those reasons that he gets most satisfaction from.

It's All in the Point of View

We think so well of ourselves that there is subtle flattery in supposing our descendants will be inferior to us. Probably when old Bearskin got the first flint arrowhead fashioned and exhibited it to the family, he observed profoundly, "Well, children, after us the deluge." Not long after the World's Fair a thick book out of Germany made a stir in the United States among those addicted to thick books. It was called Degeneracy, written by Max Nordau. Its theme was the decline and approaching fall of Western civilization. The conclusion was very convincing—if you accepted the premises.

At present my literary acquaintances are speaking of another thick book out of Germany—The Decline of the West, by Spengler. On entirely different grounds, it reaches Nordau's conclusions. Without doubt the conclusion that the world is going to pot has been reached by some writer or other in every decade since man learned to write. Once in a while it happens to be true. Generally it isn't, but it will always look true to anybody who gets satisfaction out of looking at it in that way. Finally it is a question of taste.

When the writer of Ecclesiastes penned his rather discouraging view of the world, somebody around the corner was remarking that he'd never seen the crops look as promising at that time of year or the sheep as healthy; the new bridge was certainly a wonderful improvement over the old one; he'd noticed an unusually large attendance at church last week; seemed as though people were taking a stronger interest in religion; children had an easier, happier time than when he was a boy; it was a great blessing to live in such an up-looking period.

Anybody's view of the world is bound to be a picture of his own mind; but it seems to me that the great number of people who see an American world now that is better than the one of 1893 have the best of it.

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It is well to remember that this absorbingly interesting book has not been prepared in the interest of any one maker. It does not advocate any particular model or price, nor any one type of Lycoming Motor. Its single purpose is to simplify your problem of selecting a car or truck. A request will bring your copy. In writing please state whether you are interested in a car or a truck.

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THE WINNING HORACE

(Continued from Page 41)

black, burly and ex-regular, descended upon the shivering housecleaning crew to find Fidget in the act of lighting the fire. "Dat's right, boy," the sergeant commended. "Touch a match to it an' shut off de drafts. . . . Dere you is. Now all you boys come along wid me an' rally fo' rations. How come you didn't hear de bugle?"

"Sergeant, us thought dat was some otheh outfit blowin' de ration call."

"You come mighty near missin' yo' meal."

On the way to the long hut Deacon Atmore spoke a low question to Parasite Brewton: "How come do you s'pose de sergeant worry so much 'bout us missin' a meal? Seems like he's gittin' mighty favorable."

"Kain't say, Deacon, but you kin bet yo' deduckshuns dey's some trap in it."

The stove crew were no sooner seated at their end of the rough table than the trap was revealed. From one end of the hut, over the heads of the dejected outfit, boomed the burly sergeant's voice: "O-tention! De lootenant is got some orders to orate at you niggers. Shut up an' keep still whilst de lootenant talks!"

The subsequent silence was broken only by a high whining interrogation piped by Fidget Agnew: "Whah at's dese rations de sergeant was so anxious fo' us to eat?"

"Shut up, Fidget! Lissen at de lootenant!"

The lieutenant read the first part of his oration from an official order which had come down from G. H. Q. Then, explaining it: "That order means that this outfit is going to the front to help the engineers dig the front-line trenches."

"Lawd!" For an instant Deacon Atmore lost control of a still small voice that was yelling inside him.

The burly sergeant boomed an impromptu command: "Shut yo' mouf up oveh in dat corner!"

"Meantime," the lieutenant continued, "Chaplain Carr has been detailed and attached to this command. At ease! Chaplain Carr will speak to you while you eat."

Horace Carr, ex-mail carrier of Memphis, Ten-o-see, all bound round with a Sam Browne belt, stepped from the shadows and bowed to his audience.

"Dere you is! Whut I tell you, Fidget?" Deacon Atmore spoke in a despondent whisper. "Look at dat snake! Dat's de new officer us lit de stove fo'! Kin you figger how he done it?"

Before Fidget could reply, the sergeant's voice bellowed an order toward the cook house, where half a dozen eyeballs gleamed in the countenances of waiting K. P.'s: "Come along wid dem rations! De men eats dey vittles whilst de oratin' promulgates. Come a-runnin' wid dem rations!"

While the chaplain was yet in the preliminaries of introducing himself, the trotting crew of K. P.'s had covered the long table with great pans containing stale bread cut in thick slices, and with tin cups filled with a thin, lukewarm liquid faintly reminiscent of stewed coffee grounds.

From the low doorway of his department the cook, striving to retain his jeopardized standing with the gang, voiced an apology for the rations: "All us is got, fellow cumrades, is de coffee dat was left f'm brekfus', an' a li'l' bread. De quartermaster truck broke down in de mud."

Upon this sullen sea of despond Chaplain Horace Carr poured the first splash of oil: "Brethren an' cumrades, de text I have chose to regale you wid on dis 'nitial occasion is one which I figger will comfort you when you thinks of de perils you is about to enter into at de front. My text, fellow cumrades, is 'Eat, drink an' be merry, fo' tomorrow ye die.'"

III

DELAYED in its journey to the front by the arrival of an unexpected convoy of cargo ships, the Memphis Shovel Brigade lay exposed to the ministrations of Chaplain Horace Carr for more than a month.

Pay day brought with it a new deduction. A suggestion from the commanding officer imposing a two-franc tax on each victim, to be contributed to a welfare fund invented by Horace Carr, inspired a carefully concealed rebellion.

"All de welfare whut comes outen dat money will be a pussonal ruckus fo' dat damn Horace down in Bo'deaux," Parasite Brewton protested. "Somethin' got to be done 'bout dat man."

"How 'bout hittin' him in de head when it gits dark, an' whoeveh does it refunds de money back to us boys?"

"Dat ain't no good. He got de money in de bank. Main thing is to git rid of him widout no rebate."

"Dat's de truth," Fidget Agnew contributed. "Losin' two francs don' mean nuthin' at all compared to bein' infested by dat Horace cootie."

Inspired by professional memories, Humidor Mitford honed a mental razor and growled a suggestion: "Find some mud whut matches dat nigger's complexion, den cut his th'oat an' shove him in it. Dat's de quickes' way."

Deacon Atmore voted a quick negative to this suggestion: "No razors, Humidor. Dey's too apt to fly back an' scalp you. Naw, suh, fellow victims, no matteh how desprut us is, dey ain't but one thing to use a-gittin' rid of dat pest."

"Whut's dat, Deacon?"

Deacon Atmore looked around him at the semicircle of eyeballs gleaming in the obscurity of the hut, and then in a low whisper—"Brains!" he advised.

"Whut you mean—beat 'em out of Horace wid a pick handle?"

"Dat's zackly whut I don't mean!" The Deacon, slightly exasperated, raised his voice. "I mean, think him out of dis organization."

"Dat's all us been doin' fo' a month now—two hund'ed men been thinkin', an' all dat happens is Horace pulls down fo' hund'ed francs. If us does much mo' thinkin' dat boy gwine to be rich," Humidor complained.

"Hush up an' leave me orate a minnit." The Deacon waved all opposition aside with an invisible gesture of his right hand. "Fust off you got to 'member dat dis Horace nigger is a officer. No matteh whut he is over an' above dat, you got to be mighty keerful whut you does an' how you does it. Now you knows mighty well dat when a boy like Horace is got white folks to stan' by him, good wages, fust-class rations an' a Sam Browne belt strapped round him, dey ain't nuthin' whut kin aggravate him loose f'm his job 'ceptin' one thing. Lissen at me close an' I tells you whut dat one thing is: Git him a-skeered enuff—dat's it. Load him up over de sideboards wid skeeredness an' he gwine to run. Does us rally round dat boy an' perdick all de gruesome details of whut his job gwine to be when us gits to de front, de chances is he fades away some night like de mawnin' mist."

Fidget Agnew broke the ensuing silence with words of approval: "Deacon is right. De bes' way to skeer a nigger is wid dead folks."

"Dat takes too long," somebody in the group objected. "Whut us craves is action on dat boy's carcass right now! Fo' a two mo' franc deduckshun I'd git math'matical wid him an' divide him in two wid my foldin' sword an' drop de fractions in de riveh!"

"Whut's de matteh wid de nex' time ennybody gits sick an' goes to de hawspital, us friends of freedom keeps carryin' sick reports to dat Horace animal, tellin' him how much worser an' worser de sick man is, an' how soon he gwine to need chaplainizin'? Might tell him how de chaplain had to sup'intend de grave diggin' an' do de wrappin' round of de corpse wid a sheet an' lowerin' him in de hole down under a weepin' willow at evenin' on de riveh bank. Tell ol' Horace de las' thing he does befo' de spade covers up de mortal remains of our absent brotheh is to make sure is he dead!"

"Hot dam, men; fight yo' battle along dat line an' you is bound to win!" When the last speaker had concluded Deacon Atmore was the first to applaud. He called through the darkness: "Reach over heah, boy, an' leave me shake yo' hand! I congramulates you on de behalf part of ev'ybody. You is suttinly led us children outen de wilderness. Now all dey is left is fo' somebody to hurry up an' git sick. How does you-all men feel? Is ennybody ailin' enuff fo' us to hope him in bed, come sick call tomorr' mawnin'?"

Fidget Agnew coughed weakly. "Kain't say I feels very spry."

"Lawd bless you, Fidget! Us hopes you is took down wid somethin' mighty serious by dis time tomorr'. But remember, boy"—and here Deacon Atmore's kindly voice came with an added gravity—"remember, boy, don' overdo it. Stop dis side of de great beyond. Us would hate to lose you."

"I tries my best," Fidget answered plaintively. "I feels worse already, Deacon, since you mentioned de outcome."

"Nemmine, li'l' hero! Yo' ailment kin do us all mo' benefit dan all de health an' stren'th in de world. Do de best you kin, Fidget. Remember, you is heah today an' gone tomorr', an' in a earthly program like dat, whut diffurumce does a few years make? But don' die 'less you really has to."

A suffering not entirely unreal lent a huskiness to Fidget's low reply: "I feels mis'able already. Chances is by mawnin' de doctor consecrates me to a bed in de hospitality."

By morning, having devoted some thought to the subject of declining health and its attendant possibilities, Fidget Agnew was able to report himself in perfect physical condition. The disappointment suffered by Fidget's anxious watchers was relieved in some degree by a sudden onslaught of flu bugs, which concentrated their attack next day on the corpulent Humidor Mitford.

"Seems like de flu cut him down wid one swing," Deacon Atmore announced, after a scouting expedition through the negro ward of the hospital huts. "Kinda rough on Humidor, but it's mighty handy fo' subjeck purposes, so us kin talk to dat prancin' Horace."

Addressing Fidget and Parasite Brewton and various other conspirators, the Deacon promoted an immediate distribution of propaganda: "Start in wid yo' most gruesomest perdickshuns of de fatal outcome of Humidor, an' don' forgit to bear down heavy on who wraps up de corpse an' who sees is he dead in de gloom of de lonely grave beside de river bank."

"Whah at is Horace?" Fidget Agnew, r'aring to go, sought his victim.

"Hold yo' fire, boy," Hoof Mullet answered. "Dat measly uplifter is been rampagin' round Bo'deaux all day, 'cumulatin' hisself as much welfare as he could buy wid our deduckted fo' hund'ed francs."

"Nemmine, I makes up fo' lost time when I gits a crack at him tomorr'," Fidget promised. "I bears down heavy on him when I starts his pussonal uplift. When I gits done perdictin' solemn thoughts at him, dat boy figgers dat a mournin' owl roostin' in a weepin' willow in a midnight graveyard is a song bird of joy 'longside of me. I bet my nex' month's deduckshuns agin' his Sam Browne belt dat he lands wid a tail spin befo' I gits done wid him."

Addressing the gang, Deacon Atmore burst out with a preliminary testimonial of Fidget's skill: "Dere you is! Whut I tell you men? Ack like Fidget aims to an' inside of a week ol' Horace gwine to go A. W. O. L. so fast his two hind laigs makes dust outen mud."

Next day the first report from the flu patient indicated that Humidor Mitford was

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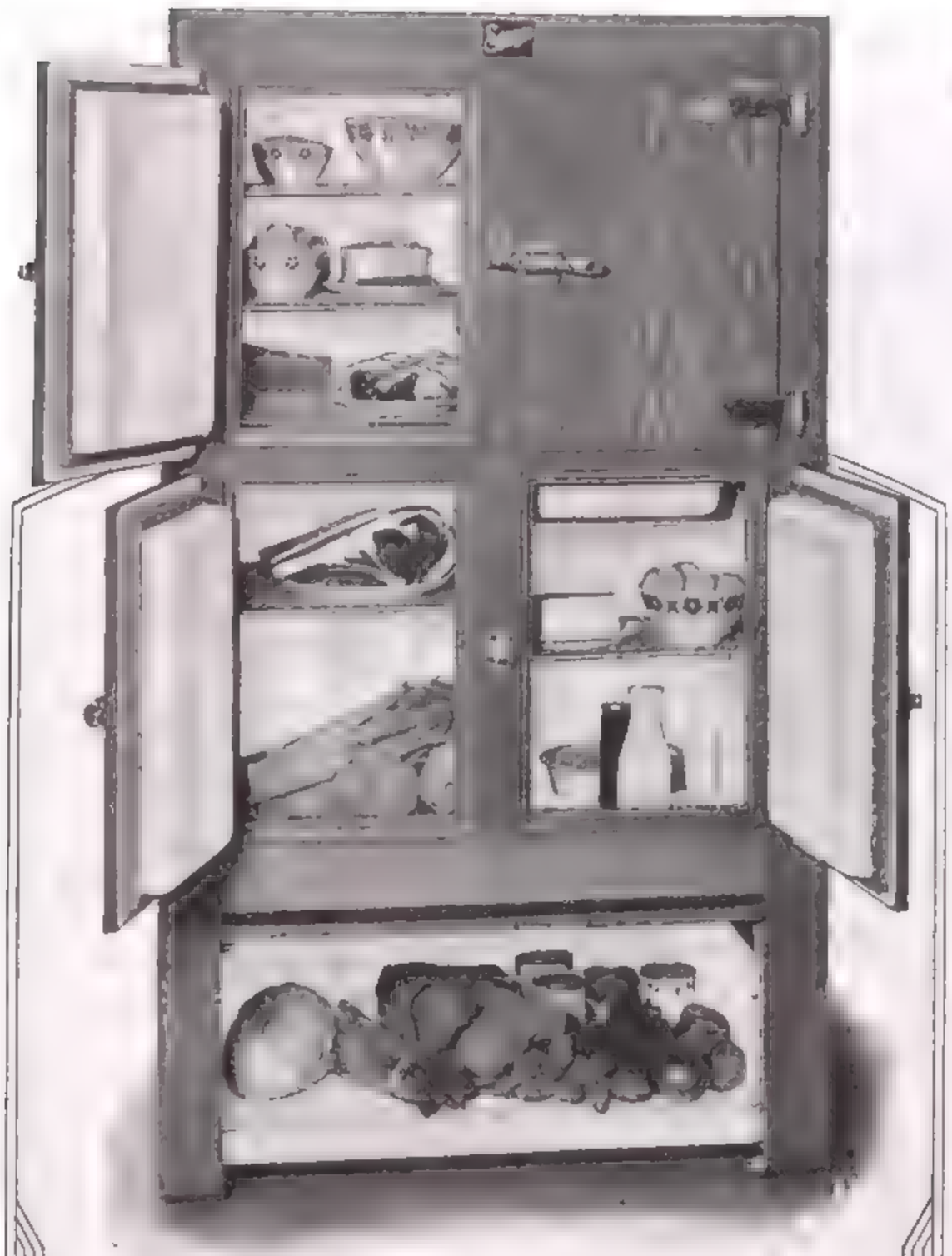

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Standard of the American Home

a mighty sick soldier. Before noon, embroidered with fancy trimmings, the Mitford case had been relayed to Horace Carr by half a dozen gloomy messengers, each of whom summarized the program which might attend Humidor's last days on earth.

True to the pledge he had given his comrades, Fidget Agnew laid in a background of blue despair on his word painting, and followed it with a lurid sketch of the part Horace Carr was destined to play in Humidor's closing scene, if any: "S'pose de man dies wid his eyes open—den de chaplain is got to shut 'em up tight. S'pose dey's some doubt is he dead—den de last service whut de chaplain kin render our brother is to feel his eyeballs wid de ends of yo' fingers. Does dey sort of creak, Horace, den you is saved him f'm bein' buried alive!"

"Private Agnew, don' tell no mo' whut I got to do. Whut you think de chances is dat Humidor lives th'ough de night?"

"Mighty slim, de way he was actin' when I seed him. Foamin' at de mouf an' kinda dreamin' he was back in his barber shop. Last thing I heerd him say was, 'Next! Horace Carr is next! Git away f'm dat vacant grave an' let Horace Carr lay down in it!' Boy had visions."

"Fidget, do you think dey's a chance dat Humidor might pass to his reward?"

"Does I! He ain't hardly got no mo' life in him now dan dem dead letters you used to send back when you was carryin' de mail in Memphis. Turnin' sort of blue when I seed him. Terrible gassly lookin'! Eyes rollin'! Pickin' at de covers like dead folks does! You'll sho' have to do some wedgin' to git dat boy in a standard coffin, 'count of him bein' so big."

"Lawdy, don' tell me no mo'!"

"Ain't gwine to, on'y you betteh think up some pleasant sentiments to orate over Humidor when de time comes."

"Leave me walk alone by myself! Go 'long away f'm me whilst I thinks up my thoughts."

"Ise gwine, Horace. Dey's jus' one mo' thing. In case you needs a razor to shave him wid, de future corpse is got a real good one whut he saved outen his barber shop. You don't need to worry 'bout dat. Roll him oveh when you wraps him in de sheet an' you finds it hangin' down his back by a string round his neck."

Marching rapidly away from Fidget, Chaplain Horace Carr groaned heavily. Then, shaking his head, he began talking to himself. Seeing this and suspecting the success of his plans, Fidget detoured around past the German prisoners' camp, where he bought a can of peaches for the invalid Humidor. Five minutes later, sitting up in bed and eating peaches with a gusto that spoke of returning health, the flu patient listened carefully to Fidget's instructions.

"When de doctors comes to see you ack mighty sick," Fidget advised. "Rub dat li'l' glass thermometer thing on yo' arm three or fo' times afteh you takes it outen yo' mouf like you was cleanin' it. Rub it hard an' you heats it to fair an' warmer so dey lets you lay in bed one mo' day. If de lootenant makes dat Horace come in to see how you is, keep a-bubblin' an' a-bumblin' at de mouf whilst he looks at you. Roll yo' eyes an' mumble all de foolish words you kin say. Ise got to go now, but afteh supper I fetches you a plug of eatin' tobacco whut de Deacon win offen de sergeant."

Returning to his hut five minutes before retreat, Fidget got an earful of gossip before the ration call blew.

"Horace Carr is took wid somethin' mighty serious," Deacon Atmore informed him. "Lootenant says dey ketched dat uplifter walkin' round an' round, talkin' to hisself an' actin' mighty strange. Doctor says he's 'dicted wid shell shock."

Fidget's eyes narrowed for a moment; then—"Deacon, leave us hope fo' de best," he answered.

"Amen, brotheh. Us won't miss him none. Leave us hope de same kin be said fo' de grim reaper."

"Whah at is dey got Horace an' his visions?"

"Got him in dat li'l' room at de end of us colored boys' ward whah Humidor is. Ain't nuthin' 'tween him an' Humidor 'ceptin' some thin boards."

Delivering the plug of tobacco and the news concerning Horace Carr to the invalid Humidor after supper, Fidget listened to another request from the convalescent.

"My beard is growed out till it itches me somethin' awful," Humidor complained. "Fidget, do you s'pose you could git me a pan of water an' a brushful of lather? Dese hawspital or'lies is so busy some place else dey don' pay no 'tention to me."

"Sho' kin, Humidor. I'll be back in five minutes wid de shavin' rig." Within less than five minutes the obliging Fidget had returned with the shaving equipment. "I brung de lootenant's safety razor so you don' need no lookin'-glass," he announced. "Cook gimme dis hot water an' Deacon lent me his brush. Heah you is."

When the invalid had been shaved the thoughtful Fidget hauled a final pleasant surprise out of a bulging shirt pocket. "Look at dat whut I brung you. Lootenant's pussonal tickle'm powder. Smells better dan any musk you eveh smelt, an' coolifies yo' face mighty pleasant. Rub on lots of it an' it keeps you cool." Under a wholesale application of the lieutenant's talcum, Humidor's moist black complexion was presently modified to that of a scuttle of ashes. "Dere you is! How does you feel?"

"Fidget, Ise mighty thankful to you. I feels spry enuff to git up, 'ceptin' Ise mighty thirsty."

"I gits you a drink of water."

"Git me a bucket—water me like a mule. Dese hawspital boys lets a man go plumb dry."

When Humidor's thirst had been quenched, Fidget bade him good night. "Us sees you tomorr'. Git a good night's sleep. Don' let dat mumblin' fool next do' disturb you."

Humidor's good night's sleep lasted until an hour after midnight, when he was again awakened by his thirst. He struck a match and inspected the little table at the head of his bed, but there was no drinking water on it. He lay quiet for a while thereafter, enjoying tantalizing visions of cool springs and rippling waterfalls. When he could stand it no longer he called loudly for an orderly, but the only reply to his summons was the incoherent mumbling coming from the other side of the thin pine partition near his bed, where, awakening from the powerful sedative which had quieted him, Chaplain Horace Carr rode his nightmare back to the dreadful realities of army life.

(Continued on Page 157)

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"If he had only known"

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ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES

ÆTNA CASUALTY AND SURETY CO. STANDARD FIRE INSURANCE CO. AUTOMOBILE INSURANCE CO., OF HARTFORD, CONN.

(Continued from Page 154)

"Or'ly! Or'ly!" Humidor's plea was in vain. "Dog-gone dem or'lies. All dey does is paint you wid iodine, mark you dubious an' leave you lonesome. Or'ly!"

Remembering the great canvas tank of water which stood just outside the door of the hospital hut, tortured now by his increasing thirst, the invalid Humidor got out of bed resolved to get himself a drink at any cost. He scratched a match on the table at the head of his bed and located his tin cup. He hauled the top blanket and its covering sheet off the bed and draped his pajama-clad form against the chill airs of night. The match went out. In the darkness his fumbling hand retrieved the tin cup and two more matches. Thus equipped, he started on his journey around the end of his bed and along the corridor to the door of the hospital hut.

Midway of his march he rammed the toes of his right foot heavily into the angle of the partition beyond which lay the nervous wreck of Horace Carr.

"Who-o-o-o!" An involuntary moan of pain escaped Humidor's talcum-smeared lips. "Darkness of de grave!" Holding his draperies about him with his left hand, Humidor scratched a match against the thin pine partition of Horace Carr's apartment with a sound not unlike that of a black cat pruning its claws on a tombstone. Blinking his eyes against the sudden glare of the flaming match, Humidor discovered that he stood opposite the open doorway of Horace Carr's sanctuary. He looked in and it seemed to him that the moving lips of the chaplain were working over the syllables of a personal greeting. He responded in a harsh whisper: "Rise up an' come wid me." The match went out, breaking into Humidor's invitation. "Rise up an' come wid me, does you crave a drink," he resumed when the second match had flared.

The end of the invitation was lost in a wild yell which burst from the lungs of Horace Carr. Within three seconds Horace delivered a follow-up order of yells which for anguish and volume exceeded the sample. An instant thereafter the invalid Humidor became conscious of the fact that he was the center of something similar to a stampede of delirious elephants piling teak in an earthquake.

"Git calm, Horace! Dog-gone, whut makes you so frantic? Leggo my th'oat! Or'ly! Or'ly!"

This time there was no scarcity of orderlies. Humidor ducked back into his bed just in time to see what appeared to be half the A. E. F. rushing past him to engage in a hand-to-hand encounter with Horace Carr.

That human octopus forthwith triumphed over three squads of enlisted tarantulas before he was finally buckled into a form-fitting canvas cage.

The clicking of harness snaps and buckles which encompassed the wild man, along with threats and promises delivered by the assembled group of hospital attendants, gave place finally to a petulant order issued by the senior medico major, who had been hastily summoned out of his comfortable quarters: "Confine the man under guard." Then, to an attentive sergeant: "Compliments to Captain Ward, Captain Davies and Captain Wilbur, and ask them to report to me at ten o'clock to assist in examining this man's mental condition." The medico major nodded toward the departing Horace, who was being conveyed at the moment by eight strong men.

When the tumult had died out, the cautious Humidor essayed a gentle request for a drink of water. "Neveh seed a boy git violent so sudden," he reflected, after the gratifying liquid had been brought to him. "Somethin' must of agitated Horace dreadful."

IV

WITH less than a hundred tons of cargo remaining in the hold of the Storm Eagle, the Memphis Shovel Brigade, hard at work unloading the ship, redoubled their efforts when the sergeant held out the promise of a day's rest as soon as their present task should be completed.

"Hit de ball, rough boys," he encouraged. "De faster you gits done, de sooner you gits yo' rest."

"Rest is whut us craves," Hoof Mullet returned, loping past the sergeant laden with a sack of sugar.

"You an' me both!" Parasite Brewton cut in with a verbal appreciation of the promised reward. "Tomorr' is de lucky day, an' Lawdy, how I aims to sleep!"

Deacon Atmore, grunting under his burden, referred enviously to the lighter labors of the cook-house crew: "Dem boys don' do nuthin,' 'specially since de quartermaster's trucks is got addicted to breakin' down all de time."

"Li'l' ol' Fidget got off mighty lucky."

"Whut happened to Fidget?"

"Lootenant sent him to Bo'deaux afteh de mail."

"Boy suttinly is lucky. On'y one kind of luck kin beat it—dat's de luck whut would set you back on board dis Storm Eagle ship a-headed fo' home."

"Hush up, man; don' say no mo'! Does I evah see Memphis again, I rams my feet down th'ough de pavement an' takes root."

The normal uproar on the pier alongside the Storm Eagle was interrupted late in the afternoon by a long blast from the ship's whistle.

The roar of the whistle was followed by an involuntary chatter of pleasantry from the Memphis Shovel Brigade.

"Boy, dat whistle says us is finished up!"

"Next time dat whistle blows it means good-by!"

"De whistle dat says good-by to you says howdy to de folks at home."

"Hot dam! Wisht I was on board dat boat!" Abruptly then Hoof Mullet yelled a greeting at Fidget Agnew, who appeared on the scene for the first time during the day: "How is you, Fidget? Whut you do in Bo'deaux?"

"Didn't do nuthin' much. Got de lootenant's mail an' et me a can of sourdeen fishes an' come back. Kain't do nuthin' widout money. Whah at is de Deacon?"

"Heah I is," Deacon Atmore answered from where he was reclining on a pile of sugar sacks.

Fidget Agnew walked toward the Deacon and engaged him for a moment in a confidential conversation which was broken finally by an exclamation: "Fidget, you don' tell me! Neveh heerd of such a thing!" Then, dejectedly: "I be dog-busted if some folks ain't got all de luck. Is you told de rest of de boys?"

"Ain't said a word yit," Fidget Agnew replied. "I jus' tellin' you confidential."

"Betteh tell 'em an' prepare 'em fo' de worst." The Deacon called a summons toward various lounging groups of his comrades: "Rally 'round heah, cumrades, an' heah de news."

"Whut news is it?"

The Deacon took a long breath, and then without further delay he broadcast an announcement concerning Horace Carr: "De doctor folks held a congregation on dat low-down black trash, an' when de meetin' busted up, out steps Horace as a private citizen wid a hon'able discharge an' orders takin' him back to de United States, whah at he gits board fo' de rest of his life. Flap yo' ace an' see kin you beat dat!"

Replies were halted by an excited announcement coming from a brunet scout on the edge of the assemblage: "Heah comes dat lucky varmint right now!"

All eyes were turned to verify the news, and a moment later Horace Carr in person marched to the gangway of the Storm Eagle, escorted by the lieutenant and two husky guards.

"Dere he is! Hello, Horace, whah at you gwine?"

Without replying to the volley of salutations which greeted him, surveying all his old companions with a vacant eye, Horace Carr mounted the gangplank of the Storm Eagle and stood presently on the deck of the ship that was headed for home, sweet home. The massed observers on the pier saw the lieutenant hand a bulging envelope to one of the ship's officers.

"Handin' oveh his service papehs."

"Transferrin' de records whut lands dat nigger on a bed of ease."

The watchers saw the lieutenant walking down the gangplank. Two or three of the more courageous ones edged in around their officer, and then for the benefit of his companions Deacon Atmore essayed a respectful question: "Lootenant, suh, is us gwine to lose de spi'itual consolation whut Horace give us?"

The lieutenant answered with his usual brevity: "You are, and a damn good riddance."

At this, Deacon Atmore turned to where Fidget Agnew stood, wide-eyed and expectant. The Deacon nodded his head violently, and in answer to this signal Fidget came forward and saluted the lieutenant in his best military manner. "Lootenant, suh, heah's one mo' letter whut must of got lost in my pocket when I give you de mail." Fidget handed the lieutenant a long official envelope. The lieutenant tore the envelope open and glanced at the inclosed document. He read it a second time, and then looked up to the forward deck of the Storm Eagle, where the departing Horace Carr leaned against the ship's rail. As he did this the ship's whistle boomed its heavy note into the shattered atmosphere, and from the bridge in the subsequent silence one of the ship's officers barked a string of orders to the deck crew.

It was then, echoing the officer's calls, that Horace Carr, silent until this time, found his voice. Enjoying a miraculous recovery, he began to use his voice in a taunting series of farewells yelled at Deacon Atmore and Fidget, Parasite and Hoof and all the Memphis gang. "Ennybody want to send any word home to ennybody? You betteh tell me now," he announced. "I'll tell 'em I saw you, an' dat I said farewell!"

A hail from the lieutenant, yelled to the officer on the Storm Eagle's bridge, broke in on Horace Carr's farewell: "Can you hold her a minute, captain?"

"Right!" It appeared that the Storm Eagle could be held easily enough as a favor to the officer commanding the Memphis Shovel Brigade.

The lieutenant trotted up the ship's gangplank. On deck, he showed the delayed letter which Fidget Agnew had handed him to the ship's captain, and then, after a brief parley, he came back again, bringing with him Horace Carr, who was protesting against the sudden turn of his personal affairs. He made one attempt, and one only, to free himself from the clutch of his escort. The lieutenant turned and spoke in a low voice to the dragging Horace: "Boy, you come quietly or I'll bring you feet first," he said.

On the pier, the lieutenant called to his black and burly sergeant: "Sergeant, Private Horace Carr is assigned to our outfit." The lieutenant handed the sergeant the delayed letter. It was a duplicate of the ones which Horace Carr had delivered to the gang in Humidor Mitford's barber shop. "Here's the follow-up copy of this man's draft record. The first papers got lost. Sign him up and turn him out for duty with the work squad tomorrow."

"Lootenant, yas suh!" Something in the sergeant's tone seemed to indicate that handling Horace Carr would afford him a real pleasure. The sergeant turned to the new soldier. "Private Carr, git over dere wid Fidget an' de Deacon an' de rest of dat work squad."

Hearing this, Deacon Atmore looked meaningly at Fidget Agnew. "Sergeant acks like he neveh rid a private Carr befo'. Looks like he aims to ride dis one mighty rough."

Extending the left hand of fellowship, Deacon Atmore welcomed the delayed draft victim with a few well-chosen words. "Horace," he said, "tonight us boys is gwine to regale you wid a banquit of rat poison. When de banquit is all set, eat, drink an' be merry, fo' tomorr' us aims to arrange a good, perishable shipment fo' yo' next of kin. You're in de Army now!"

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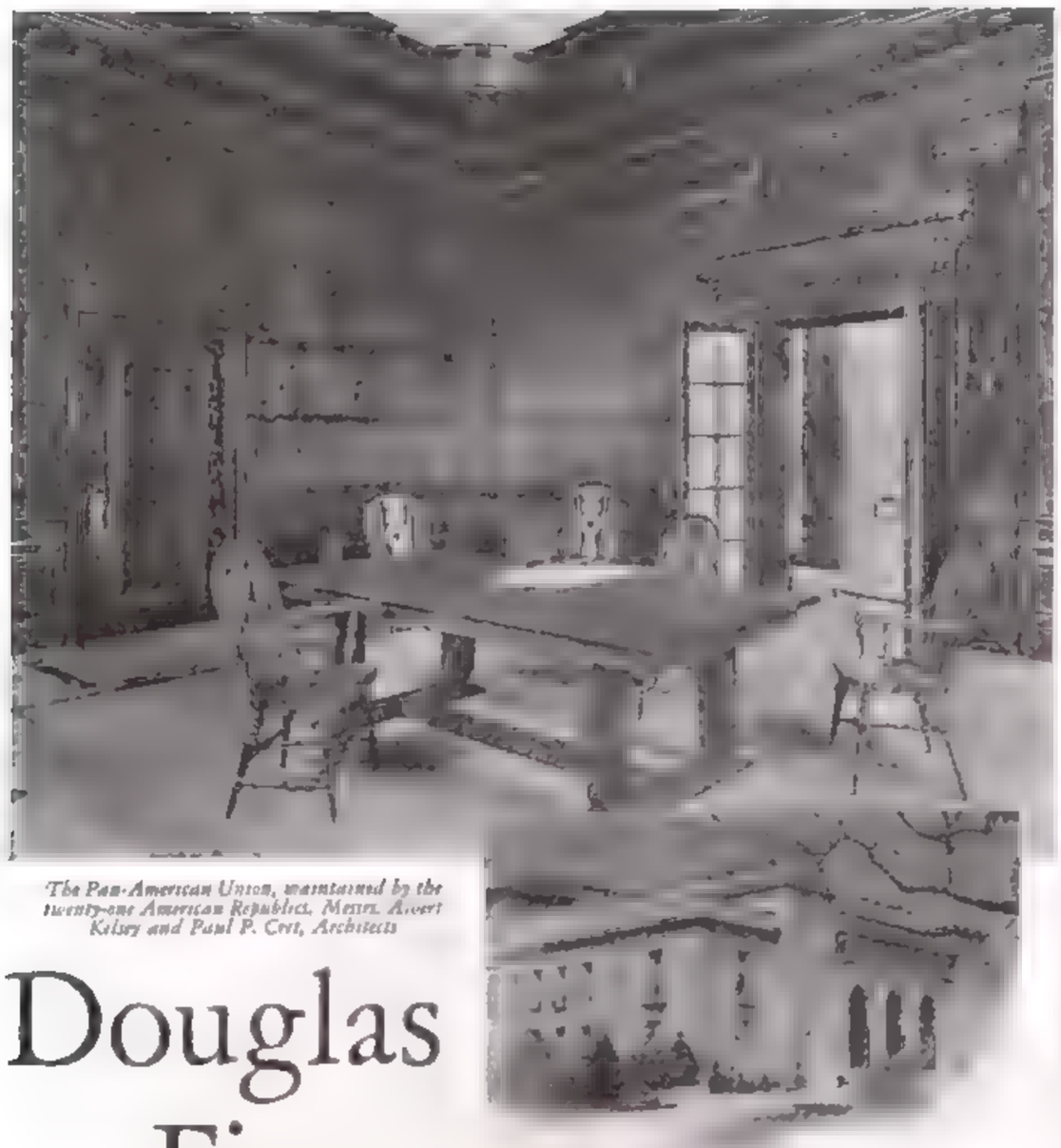

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FLORIDA FISH

(Continued from Page 56)

I didn't like Sidney, and I try to be friends with people. He looked so sad.

"Listen, Mr. Burridge," I said nicely. "It's all right about the ring. Don't mention it any more."

"I will state it to you fairly and without prejudice," said Mr. Burridge, putting his hand on my neck. "This black-hearted little ruffian here is under the name and alias of Peter Rook; and that jelly-faced outlaw over there goes under the title of George McMonigle. How I am so familiar and contemptible with them is because they come here every day for three weeks and eat up strong on my hospitality and I made some inquiries. I got witnesses."

Sidney takes the ring, puts it in his mouth and bites it. Then he throws it down and rings it on the table. But still he wasn't positive, so he said to me, "If this is a real diamond ring, then you are guilty of malice aforethought for hypothecating it away from Mr. Burridge who stands yonder. And there being two of you makes it conspiracy against the commonwealth. What have you to say why sentence oughtn't to be denounced on you?"

"Why, judge," I said smilingly, "that is not a diamond, but a piece of a beer bottle."

"Oh, no, sir," said George heartily. "I paid two bits for it in the Five-Ten-and-Twenty-five in Miami, cross my heart."

"Then what do you go for selling it to this innocent bystander for ten dollars?" says Sidney, looking wicked. "I reward the ring to Mr. Burridge for damages, and sentence you both to two days in the lockup of Hatchee Township till I can make inquiries for who wants two hands to chip pines; when I will reserve sentence for your bad behavior. Forward, march!" he says, pulling on us the gun that chased Sherman from Atlanta to the sea.

"Peter," complained George as we marched out in military array, "what is this man going to do to me, Peter? Is he going to shoot me?"

"That is going to be the first of my worries," I said, shoving him where I would be right in the line of fire if that cannon went off and hit George. "Throw out your chest, you coward."

Perhaps you know, brother, that the native name for Hyandria was Snake Ridge. From all I hear, Florida is quite an old place—though these developers let on that they made it—and there were folks living there years and years ago. You can still see the settlement of Snake Hill a mile back in the hammock, and that's where Sidney herded us and put us in his bastile.

Walking is only so-so in those hammocks, or islands, as they call them. Owing to the fact that I was leading and couldn't get my mind off worrying for fear Sidney would fall down and fire his cannon, I was always getting off the path where there was no walking at all. One of these bush ropes would give me a toss for a banana hole, and I would have to grab at something. Oh, my, once I just missed grabbing a pull-and-haul-back covered with worse than wire nails.

One of those babies will take a swipe at you, and you can go home and claim you wrastled a good-sized tiger, right. And it's a fact that if you want to take a dive in those woods, you'll be lucky to land on a nice, soft wild cat. You don't see many snakes, though it is better to see them; but what I don't tolerate are these scrunchers whose sport it is to slap you with their tails when you're down. There is some nice scenery of gumbo-limbo trees and poison trees and toothache trees and mulberries, but your mind isn't on it when some grape vine is always grabbing your shin to throw you for a mess of punctures. Well, if the developers didn't make some parts of Florida in the first, they are showing good taste in piling it up on one side and making it over with palms and cement sidewalks. It's the place for people that like to take trips in the country, eh, brother?

When we came out in a clearing and saw the city of Snake Hill, I got very sore and I turned to Sidney and said, "If you will put down that cannon or let George hold it, I will poke you in the nose, you big apple knocker. Where do you get off, making laws and being a constable and a judge, when nobody lives here but you?"

You'd get peevish yourself, brother. There were only four little shanties without even glass windows, and nobody in them. But Sidney said to never mind, and he would give us a chance to make a fine road in and boom the city if we weren't needed in the turpentine camp. And if you ask me, I think he was nothing more than a kidnaper.

He put us in what he said was the town bastile, but I guess I knew a smokehouse, even if it was the first time I was asked to crawl into one by the owner. It was ten feet high and ten feet square and built of concrete blocks, with a fireplace and a dirt floor, and it was all black inside, including a party who was sitting in a corner; but he was a colored fellow and didn't count. Sidney slammed the little iron door on us, saying he would go and fetch the papers.

That colored fellow wasn't bright. All I could get out of him about our prospects was: "I don't know, sah, but this mighty bad man. I was crassing acrass down yander at the crassing, and he done cotched me and said he would get a reward for mah head."

I examined his head by the light of a match, and consoled him with telling him it was certainly a mistake, and anybody would be a sucker for offering a reward for it unless he had a good hat on. Then Sidney came back and took the scuttle off the roof and let in daylight. His bastile was built into the side of Snake Hill. Snake Hill, brother, is a hundred feet high, on a scale of two feet to the inch, and is said to have been discovered by Ponce de Leon himself while looking for a stump to sit on, and it gives a view for thousands of miles, but mostly up. From what I hear, there is to be one of these astronomical observatories built on it to watch eclipses of the sun, which are a great rarity North but happen in Florida every night in the week. But as I was saying, Sidney took off the scuttle and then he came in the iron door.

He gave us drill, saying, "Attention—that means stand up—right face! Left face! Forward, march! Halt! Right face! Huh, I'll get you yet, I reckon."

He had an armful of posters with him, and he kept shuffling them and comparing them with us, and he looked at one of his pictures and says, "Huh, the Brogan Twins. Are you-all twins?"

"You mean both of us, sir, or only me?" said George, nervous. "Of if you mean me and the coon, I never seen that man before, cross my heart."

"Where was you-all born?" he asked, trying another. "If native-born, was your parents born here ahead of you?"

"Oh, yes, sir, they were both born ahead of me," said George. "I could be sure of that if you will let me ask Peter."

"How tall are you in your stocking feet? . . . Shucks, he don't wear no stockings. . . . Do you use drugs?"

"Only cod-liver oil, sir," said George.

"Any birthmarks?"

"Must I tell, Peter?" said George. "Though I'm sure he has a perfect right to ask. Nothing but bird shot, sir, when Peter and I were changing our underthings one day in South Carolina. If you will let me explain ——"

"You'll get a chance to explain," said Sidney, flapping one of his posters at George. "I knowed you, Ghost Morgan, the identical minute I clapped eyes on you, but I wanted I should be sure. Twenty thousand dollars reward, dead or alive!"

"Hello," I said, backing away from George. "Is he Ghost Morgan, the famous

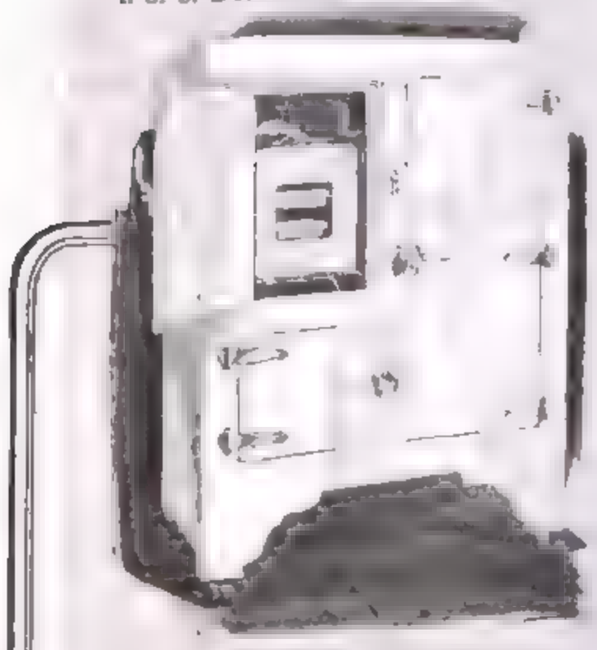
(Continued on Page 161)

Electric Refrigeration at Its Best

(At Right)
Absopure Frigerator De Luxe A-6
The Absopure Frigerator DeLuxe line includes the finest cabinet work that can be built, full porcelain lined, cork insulated, Duco finish. Sizes from 6 to 16 cubic feet food capacity.

The Absopure Frigerator Metal Cabinet line is made in capacities of 5, 7 and 9 cubic feet food space, priced from $245 up, f. o. b. Detroit.

The M-5-2 sets are altogether new standard in metal cabinets. Scientific design, fine materials, nickeled fixtures, rounded corners, Duco finish, $245 f. o. b. Detroit.



$185 and up To Fit Your Present Ice Box
Price f.o.b Detroit

Its Simplicity the High Mark of Reliability and Economy

The Product of More Than 25 Years of Practical Refrigeration Experience

Its new and brilliant advantages of economy and reliability are combined with a price, quality and value exclusive to the simplicity of this design.

These conspicuous advancements represent the knowledge, technical skill and practical experience of more than 25 years of refrigeration leadership, by authorities of world recognition in scientific circles.

The Absopure Frigerator is completely automatic. It is so quiet running and free of service requirements that for months on end owners are scarcely conscious of it as a machine at all.

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Absopure Frigerator Division of
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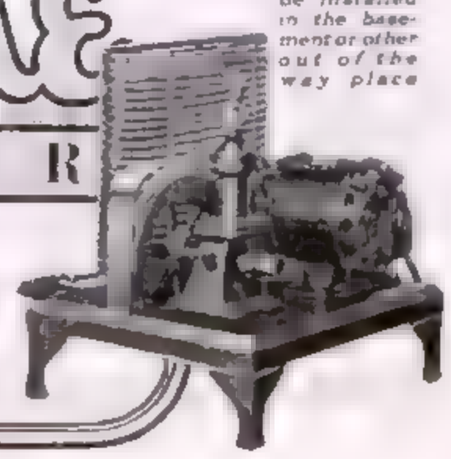


The mechanical unit may be installed in the basement or other out of the way place

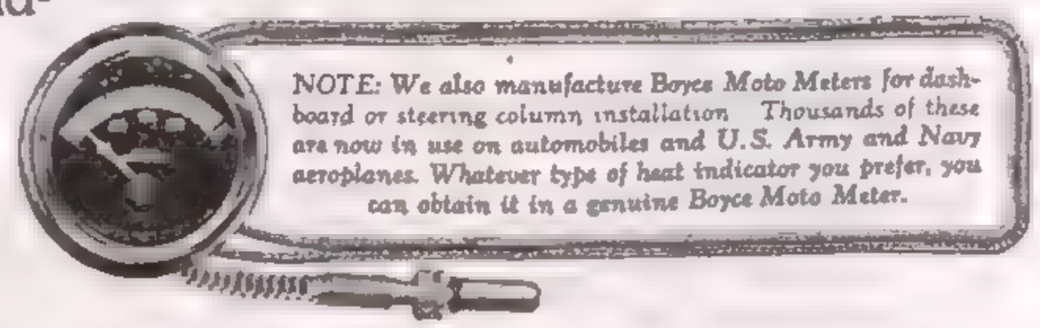
YOU CAN'T FAIL TO SEE IT

THE Boyce Moto Meter can not be confused with other instruments on the crowded dashboard. You need not avert your eyes from the road even momentarily. At any altitude, over any highway, it signals in advance of the dangers of overheating—which mean expensive repair bills.

Today nearly half the cars in America are protected by the Boyce Moto Meter—*on the radiator cap directly in the line of driving vision.* It is always dependable. It requires no adjustment. There is no upkeep. It outlives any car.

Because the Boyce Moto Meter is not merely a radiator ornament of the moment, manufacturers who care for the future welfare of their motors use it as regular equipment. To them and to careful owners it is the mark of the driver who is kind to his motor.

Standard Model
Ten Dollars



NOTE: We also manufacture Boyce Moto Meters for dashboard or steering column installation. Thousands of these are now in use on automobiles and U.S. Army and Navy aeroplanes. Whatever type of heat indicator you prefer, you can obtain it in a genuine Boyce Moto Meter.

In 12 years, the world demand for Boyce Moto Meters has necessitated five foreign factories in addition to the American plants. Dealers everywhere represent the Boyce Moto Meter. They will show you a variety of models for any type of car—in various designs—at different prices—$3.50 to $15.00.

BOYCE MOTO METER

TRADE-MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

THE MOTO METER COMPANY, INC., LONG ISLAND CITY, N.Y. THE MOTO METER COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., Hamilton, Ontario

The name "Moto Meter" is the registered trade-mark and the exclusive property of this Company

(Continued from Page 156)

bandit that skipped out of Atlanta? This is all news to me, judge. Keep away from me, you blackguard!"

And I took refuge with Sidney and had a peep at his poster. There was a front elevation and side view of the bandit that all the country was talking about, and he was a dyspeptic party who could have done a swan dive through one leg of George's pants.

"Not fallen away any, has he?" I said.

"Cod-liver oil," said Sidney. "That gave me the clew. Been disguising. Looks like him, don't it, you?"

"Wonderful likeness," I said. "What's he doing down here in the Glades?"

"Hiding from justice," said Sidney. "They all run in here to hide in the saw grass, so the authorities keep all us officers informed of escapes. Reckon he won't escape from this lockup. I'll just run over to Hyandria and send a telegram for the Federals to come and bring that reward."

And he goes out, and we hear him snapping locks and shoving bars.

"Dry up," I said to George. "Any break is a good one, you numskull. We want to get before a regular Florida court where we will get our rights, the same as anywheres."

"Yeah, six months on a road gang," he said.

"What for?" I said. "All you'll be charged with is breaking jail and robbing and killing, and they don't put guys on a road gang for that."

And we are sitting there and figuring to have the laugh on Sidney, when I hear a sound that makes me prick up my ears and give a shiver, because it makes my blood run cold. And I turned to George, and said, "However, and at the same time, if you are found guilty I will wash my hands of you, and you cannot expect me to be friends. Meanwhile, it is no more than right to suspend my opinion of you until you got a fair trial, so do me a favor and keep your distance and don't let on to know me."

Because what I have heard is the voice of the mob. Twice or maybe more in my life I have had to take it on the run, with the local people snatching at my shirt tail, and while I do not think there is any crowd that can catch me when they are handicapped with carrying a rope, I would rather retire undefeated and let others have the glory.

I hear the bolts moving, and the door pops open and Sidney yells, "Here they come yonder! They done followed me from Hyandria. Come out, quick, for your life!"

"Go on, George," I said. "Don't mind me. I'll be all right here."

The colored fellow and I pushed and Sidney pulled, and we got George into the open, when Sidney collared him and ran him to the road in. But they were too late. The head of the mob came into sight, and when I saw the women with them I knew there would be cruel doings. This Ghost Morgan had the reputation for being a bad actor and a caveman with women, and he had crippled four wives in his time, including his own; and let me tell you, brother, when women forget themselves and run with a mob they are she-wolves.

George was never a great racer. He traveled fastest on freight cars, to my experience of him. Sidney turned to get back to the bastile, and George climbed on his back, feeling faint, and Sidney could not make any speed on account of falling down. Say, the mob swarmed over them until I couldn't see them, and being that I could not help George any I pulled in my head and the door with it, and got the colored fellow to help me hold the knob. But I could hear those yells out there, and the fierce screams of the women.

The next thing, the door is pulled open, and I wondered if they wanted the colored fellow, and asked him to please go see, but it was only George coming in, and what a ruin he was. I got a flash of Sidney holding the mob off with his cannon and slamming the door shut, and then I lit a match and asked George if he had a last message. He was lying on the floor with his stomach rising and falling rapidly; he was rolled in sand burs and poor-man's-plasters and his clothes were torn to ribbons.

"Does it hurt bad, George?" I said, touching a long red welt on his face.

"Not that, Peter," he whispered feebly. "That's only where the lady kissed me."

"With a brick?" I asked. "But what is this, George? You got a dreadful enlargement of the heart." He was all swelled up under his coat.

He put up his hand, slowly and weakly, and fetched out from under his coat a gooey brown mass as big as a hat. "It is a chocolate layer cake, Peter," he whispered. "I remember somebody asking me did I like cake. Peter, would you mind reaching down my back and taking out that bunch of posies? I think it is roses from the thorns. Peter, you won't let anybody come in here and kiss me, will you?"

"Why, you fat snoozer," I said, mortified. "Get up out of that or I'll swing on you myself."

"All right for you, Peter," he said, sitting up and taking his cake on his lap. "Just for that, we are not friends, Peter. You can blow out that match if you don't want to watch me eat this, Peter. No, keep your distance."

And we could hear him masticating away like a cow with its head in a bin.

The mob had to go away to catch the bus back to Miami or wherever, and Sidney looked in to count us, and then he locked up and I guess he went home. He had put us in the bastile at one o'clock in the afternoon and the mob went home at half-past three, and we lay there until one o'clock on the following morning by my watch.

I heard some creature prowling around the house and trying the door and then the scuttle in the roof, and then it went away for half an hour, and when it came back it lifted off the scuttle, and I saw a man's head against the starlight.

The man said, "S-st, down below!"

I said, "What do you want, disturbing people this time of night?"

He said, "A friend. Catch hold and climb up." And I jumped and yelled when something wriggly fell on me, but it was only a rope end. I grabbed it and swarmed up and threw a leg over the edge, when I saw a man on the tiled roof, and he said, "Why, you are only a little fellow. I want Ghost Morgan." And he put his heel in my chest and down I fell again in the bastile.

I said, then, to George, "Listen, you big cake-eater, and wake up. I have arranged for you to escape the penalty of your crimes, so slip this rope under your ears and we will get you out. And do not forget and leave me here, will you, George? I always thought a lot of you, George."

So I put him in the bight, and got down on my hands and knees, and he stood on my back, and then on the colored fellow's head, and with pushing and pulling we got him out on the roof. After he gave the man an argument, and admitted he was Ghost Morgan, the man let me come up too. We wanted to pull up the colored fellow, but he said if we would not take him with us he would rather we would put on the scuttle again and he would not be caught by a booger. I do not know what a booger is, except that it catches colored fellows.

The man leads us across the clearing and down the path to the road, and there is a car waiting with lights doused, and we piled in and opened her up for the East Coast.

I said to the man, "Pal, how did you learn we are in the bastile?"

He said, "Why, the evening papers are full of it and they are getting a quarter a piece. Joe Burridge charters all the taxis in Miami for a lecture tour and fish fry tomorrow and to see the famous bandit in the toils and he blows around Flagler Street that he got the biggest card ever brought by any development to the American tropics. Christmas-by-the-Sea offers him an ex-king for the Ghost, and forty dollars to sweeten, but he won't deal."

I figured shrewdly that he is a member of Ghost Morgan's mob, and I said, to show him he was in fast company, "Pal, can't we fix for some excitement before hitting the hay tonight? Ghost Morgan here is fretting for work. How would it be if we went in Miami and robbed some poor boxes?"

He said, "Is that how you are gaited? You make another crack like that and I will smack you. It is getting so nowadays that the only place you are sure to find people observing the laws is in jail, but if I am deceived in you I will pop you back in the cooler."

He brought us to a Moorish blockhouse between Hialeah and Lemon City, near Miami, and put us in a room with bars on the window. All these Moorish houses have bars on the window, and that is so the people can't put their heads out in the summertime and get drowned. It rains down here, brother. Over near Tarpon Springs, what I hear, they got to fence against these Greek sponge divers because they will come walking up out of the ocean when there is a shower on and go trampling around and picking people's mush melons. Well, anyway, he puts us in this room, and he says, "I suppose you like to sleep with your door locked," and he locks it and goes away.

I said to George, "Ghost Morgan, I suppose you will be doing your stuff of making a mysterious escape, so you will not mind if I have the bed." And I climbed into the hay and corked off.

In the morning the man gave us ham and eggs, and said, "My name is Betlow, and I am handling public relations for the ten-million-dollar development of Saurian Parkways. I suppose you don't care what development you work for?"

He was talking to George, and I said, "Just a minute. I am his manager because he is just a great big boy. What is your proposition?"

He said, "Saurian Parkways needs a good resident attraction, and that is why I took you out of Joe Burridge's cooler. We are opening our first big predevelopment sale tomorrow noon, and we want to get the investors out there. Say the word, and I will have a very comfortable jail ready for you in twenty-four hours, with hot and cold water, hardwood floors, tiled bath and kitchen and a nice view of the proposed golf links and country club. I will have you arrested and put in there. I will pay your lawyer's fees and will guarantee that the Federal authorities will not be able to get you away from us inside of a month. Well, you got to go to jail somewheres, don't you? So what are your terms for playing Saurian Parkways for a month, and we will pay for habeas corpus and fighting extradition?"

"We will want fifty dollars and training expenses," I said.

"Training expenses?"

"Sure, training expenses. We got to go there on a train, don't we? Or is this one of those developments where you got to go on stilts?"

"You mean transportation," he said. "Well, that is very reasonable."

"And in the second place," I said, "we are not going to a jail anywheres. We will go out to your place and show ourselves, if you will guarantee us training expenses both ways, but we will not stop overnight, and thank you for your hospitality."

"Is that so?" he says. "Let me tell you I have this thing all figured out, and if I will let out one squawk you will go to a Dade County cooler for nothing, and I am not letting such bandits loose."

"Go on and squawk, and see what it gets you," I said.

Well, he fought and argued and offered us a thousand dollars if we would please go to his jail, but I know how it is in jails; you got to check all your valuables at the desk when you go in.

So he said, finally, "Well, I trust I am among two gentlemen, and if you will give me a word of honor you will make a personal appearance at Saurian Parkways, I will bill you for the one show only. Here is an old book of cross-word puzzles with all the answers wrote in pencil, and you can sharpen your wits on it while I step out to arrange the publicity. One ring will bring the butler."

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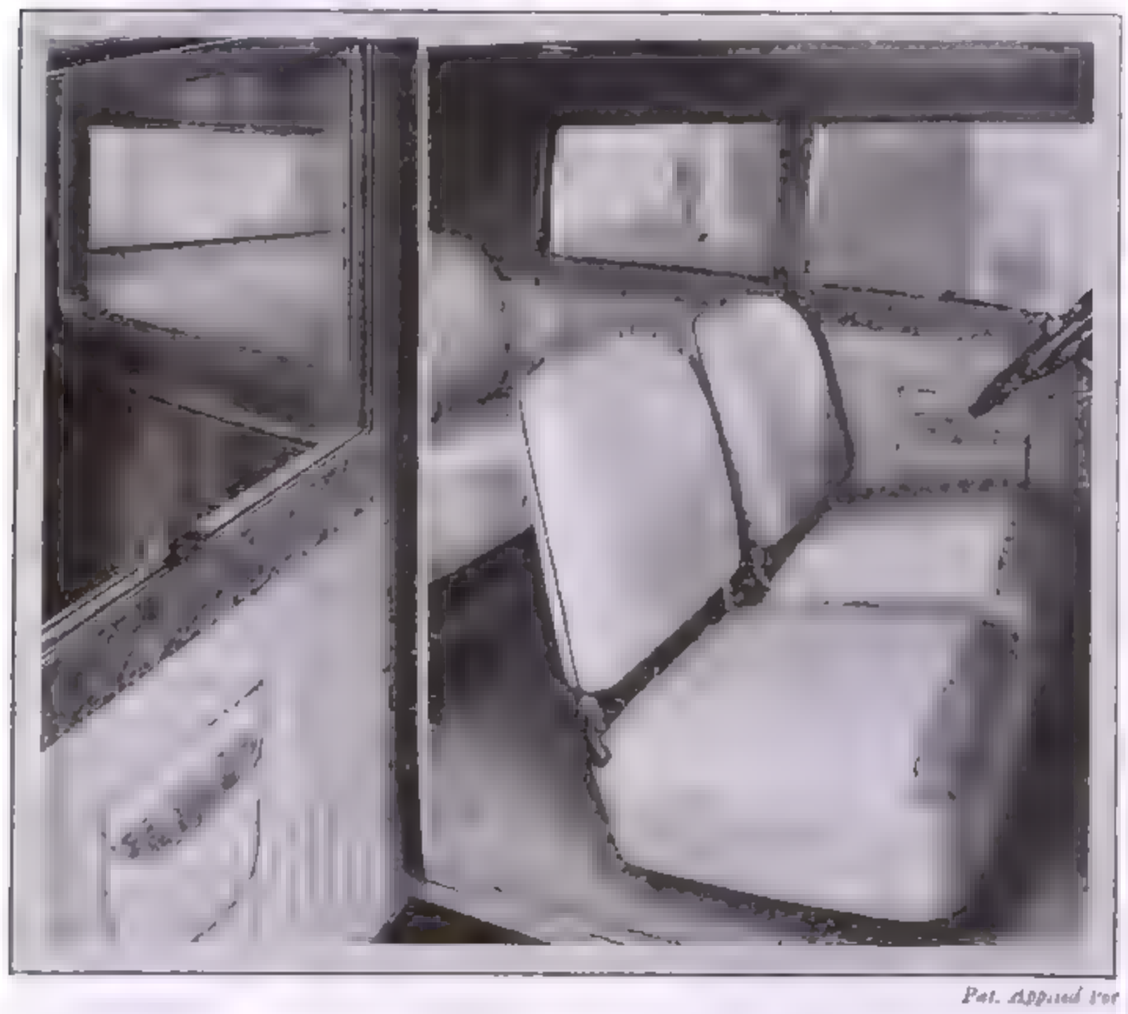

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Material ☐ Light ☐ Dark

After he was gone, we rang the bell and ordered two plugs of tobacco and a dollar's worth of pennies, and asked the butler if he would make a third hand at odds and evens. He said he could not open the door, but we could call and shove pennies under the door as the luck ebbed and flowed. We played him an hour and had a wonderful run, so that he had to stop at last and say he did not doubt our word, but he would have to get an advance from the master to go on playing and all he had had was just that fourteen dollars. We called him later in the day and lent him a dime to get us the afternoon papers, and when he shoved them under the door we lay on the bed and caught up with the doings in the great outdoors.

When what hits me between the eyes but this headline:

GHOST MORGAN FLOUTS POLICE—WILL APPEAR AT SAURIAN PARKWAYS

I give a look at George, who is buried in his newspaper, and I read on where it said:

—— international bandit and desperado, whose escape from the Snake Hill jail has once again nonplused the authorities, has committed another piece of unparalleled effrontery. Early in the forenoon today scrawled messages were delivered to local newspaper offices purporting to be from this brazen criminal. These messages have been scrutinized by Lily Bolero, the world-famous handwriting expert who is giving daily lectures on her art at Orange Mountains, and she is morally certain that they are in the handwriting of Ghost Morgan himself. The only lingering doubt, she says cautiously, is caused by the fact that she has never seen any samples of Ghost Morgan's writing except these. The messages read as follows:

"Reading your valuable paper this morning, the thought occurs to me that anybody is a dope to go around holding people up with a revolver when he can get a nice piece of real estate instead. One good investment is better than a life of crime, so I will take a flyer. The sweetest thing I see is that predevelopment sale at Saurian Parkways tomorrow, and when the auctioneer picks up his gavel he can look for me, for I'll be there.

"ETHELRED (GHOST) MORGAN."

The authorities say they will be all set for him, and if the Ghost walks at Saurian Parkways tomorrow he will keep going, right back to Atlanta. Citizens will be present also who saw the Ghost at Snake Hill, and he will be identified promptly if he tries this piece of impudent bravado. . . .

"George!" I said. "I mean 'Ghost Morgan'!"

"I read it, Peter," he says, going to cry. "That is what we get for not being strictly honest. It is all your fault, Peter. Why, it is worth nearly three thousand dollars."

"Don't be a little piggy," I said to him. "We'll get into the big money when we have built up the trade. What's the matter with you, George? It is attractions like you, demanding all the profit before appearing, that are going to put real estate on the bum. Three thousand dollars—say, fifty dollars is enough and plenty for you."

"Yes, but I will not get even that," he said. "No, I will not get a cent of it."

"Since when are you a mind reader?" I said, but he had startled me. "Well, the manager got to get his, but I am open to a proposition, if you don't want it all in cash: How about 10 per cent in cash, and the balance in one, two or three years?"

"I ought to get the whole three thousand dollars, because that is what the ring is worth, Peter," he says. And then I see that he is not reading the same paper, but one that says:

RING WORTH THOUSANDS FOUND IN HYANDRIA FISH

And I see where friend Burridge has also been blowing himself to a free spread, mentioning Hyandria for local color, and he has dug up and dusted off an expert too. This expert is a famous laminary named Moe Monheimer, and he is lecturing for the Blue Clay Mining Company which is selling stock in a plan to find diamonds in the Glades, but he stops to squint through Burridge's gem and announces that it is worth about three grand and that it was found right where he predicted diamonds. And before you think that Moe was fibbing you want to tot up the advertising Burridge got out of it. Why, say, brother, that Hyandria fish got in every newspaper in the country, and ran as a serial in the Florida papers, and every time George reads a chapter of it he moans and gives me a hard look.

Well, Betlow comes back and we go into executive session to figure out how George will do his stuff of vanishing from Saurian Parkways after he has made his personal appearance; for I do not wish to trust altogether to George's cunning, although he has got a great reputation now for a slippery customer. So we cook up a job, and go out next morning and hoist George to the top of the new water tower at Saurian Parkways, which is twenty miles out on the Miami branch canal.

As you know, brother, the water tanks in the classy developments are not put up on stilts, when they would be an eyesore, but are built like lighthouses and observation towers, and walled with stucco all around, and very handsome. This one is a bird, and is sixty or seventy feet high, and is all finished but building the tank on top. Betlow and I get George up to the top with the hod hoist, and then I wait in the base of the tower to keep people out except on business, and there is no business except the grand predevelopment sale that day.

Being bandits now, George and I have red bandannas tied on our heads and red sashes, and I have a bag of Spanish moss under my sash to make me look prosperous too.

Well, the big sale comes off, and maybe a thousand people come out on the special yacht cruise and bus tour to see if Ghost Morgan will make good his blow, or is he just another one of these coffee coolers. The sale is coming off just across the canal from the water tower and the auctioneer's stand is on the yacht landing.

He gets up under his umbrella and makes his spiel, and then he says, "I have now the honor and privilege to offer Lot I in Subdivision I for Saurian Parkways at your own price, and can I get a bid of even five thousand dollars to start it?"

A patron says, "Sixty dollars!"

"It's an offer anyways," said the auctioneer, "and it's none of my funeral. Now, who'll give me the second bid, when I got to sell or lose my license? Do I hear somebody says a thousand?"

"Seventy-five!" said another patron.

Well, he argues where they are wrong, and he gets the bidding up to four hundred dollars, and he says, "Well, I am not out here just for the trip, if you people are. Four hundred dollars once, four hundred dollars twice! Going! For the third and last time, four hundred dollars, and the lot is ——"

Then George speaks from the clouds across the way. He pops up his red head and shouts, "Five hundred!"

"Sold!" says the auctioneer, twisting his neck as if looking for rain. "Where is he?"

"Up there on the tower!" people holler, pointing.

"What's the name, please?" says the auctioneer.

"Ghost Morgan!" says George, doing his stuff so I was proud and glad.

"That's him!" they holler.

"Look—up there!"

"Make way there!" shouts the police, unlimbering their artillery and pushing for the yacht landing to try and get across the canal.

George waves to the populace, and claps his hands together in front of him and does a nose dive down inside the tower, and everybody thinks he is shooting down that sixty or seventy feet. But he does not shoot more than three feet when he lands on the platform inside out of sight, but even so he cracked off yards of stucco.

And right away I open the door at the bottom and come busting out, but dusting myself off after that breath-bereaving and death-defying jump, if they will only believe it, and I hop in Betlow's flivver, which he has lent us as a hostage for our fifty dollars, and I go shooting away on the sawdust road that points for Snake Creek Canal. *(Continued on Page 185)*

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Such protection spells safety. But you can't keep a trooper at your bedside. You can't debate with an armed thug. Five miles or five minutes may be the margin between life and death. If sudden peril looms at night, what can you do? . . .

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SMITH & WESSON

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., U.S.A.

The revolver is an effective instrument in the promotion of law and order. It is an invaluable factor in the conservation of life and property and creates a feeling of security

(Continued from Page 162)

Well, that was that, and it went over big, and the papers gave our act a fine hand. A week later we played a return, using this time the three hundred feet of new clay trunk sewer that was joined up but not working, and George gave his cry and squeezed in one end and I came lamming out the other. It was a good thing they didn't clock us in their excitement that time, or George would have gone down in history for galloping down that three hundred feet in four and a fifth seconds.

George thinks pretty well of himself, and he says, "I guess this fellow Houdidi, the world-famous magician, ain't got such a much on me, hey, Peter! I am working in my mind to solve his feat where he gets handcuffed and nailed in a barrel of tar and thrown in the river. Up to the point where the barrel gets thrown in the river it is easy and I can do it, but how does he get out? Ah, that's harder."

"Well, we can try it, George," I said. "Say, that will be a wow, if you do it. It will get us credit."

"It will get you credit, you mean," he said, grouching. "I got to do the clever work, but you are always the fellow that jumps out and gets the credit. If I would go around and practice my art by myself I would get lots more money and the credit too. And I would not have lost my three-thousand-dollar ring. I got that against you, Peter."

This consultation comes off at Hialeah where we are taking in the *jai alai* and looking for a new chum to tout, when what happens but up steps Joe Burridge of Hyandria. He is delighted to see us, and he puts out both hands and takes us by the necks.

He says, "Aha! 'Will you come back to Hyandria quietly, or will I call a cop?"

I says, "Lay off us, you blackmailer. If we will go to Hyandria it will be strictly on business. Don't you know we are attractions now?"

He says, "I read about you in the newspapers. What is your price?"

I says, "Six hundred bucks."

He says, "For that money I can get the heavyweight champion to come and deliver his famous demonstration of peace. I can get the latest daughter of the Czar for that much a month. Not but what I know you're good. Five hundred is my top, and you can take it or leave it."

"We never took that much yet," I argued.

"Or left it either," said George. "No, I won't dry up, Peter. Who is the attraction, you or me? The five hundred got to be given to me this time, or I won't play."

"Will you stop squabbling before the customers?" I said. "All right, and you could put us down for next Thursday afternoon, but it is up to you to see that we get coöperation."

"I suppose you pack a rod," said Burridge to George respectfully. "I would like to have some gun play, and it would look more artistic, but nobody is to be hurt."

"Then you had better do your own shooting," I said, "as Ghost Morgan never wastes a ball."

So this is what we cooked up. George was to be parked under a tarpaulin by the road near Lake Jennie here, and Burridge would stir up the cops and the spectators and get them to hunt Ghost Morgan, but keeping them well up the road. When they were nicely situated, George would pop out and lam for the lake. He would run out onto this float and take a header into the lake, but he would come up under the float out of sight, and we hoped he would not have to associate with any 'gators. And when the view hello come busting down to the dock, what would they see but me crawling out of the water on the other side over there a quarter of a mile away. I would give them a jaunty wave and lam for our flivver that we were buying off of Betlow on time. So that Ghost Morgan would get credit for crossing that lake at thirty-five knots, and that would get us in the big money for attractions, and I could get George bookings for a diving Venus.

"It is a wonderful feat," says George, "and I was always a great swimmer when I was a boy off the East River docks, but this lays over everything I ever done. However, it is the same thing all over again, and you are laying bones to grab all the credit. I am the fellow jumps in, but you are the fellow jumps out, and what I want to know is who is Ghost Morgan, me or you?"

Well, mulling this over, it seems to me that I am giving George a big order this time, and he will probably fall down in the road and have to be carried to the lake and thrown in or he will never get there.

So I say, "Listen, I am weary of hearing you weep. This time you can be the fellow that jumps out and gets the credit. But do you suppose you can get out of the lake if you once get in? I tell you what: You will be standing behind the ferry sign over on the other side there with a bucket of water, and when you see me coming you will tip the bucket over your head and hop out in view and give the people the wave."

So that is how we fixed it up, and it looks like the safest thing we ever did and not a chance of a bobble. So we go out to Hyandria early in the next Thursday morning, and George leaves me here on the dock and drives around the lake, and I see him parked over there with his bucket and his uniform of a bandit under his coat, and then I go into seclusion under the tarpaulin back there up the road in company with a truckload of two by fours.

Well, I simmered gently under that tarpaulin until the afternoon, and then I hear the busses coming in dozens with manifests of prospects and thrill seekers, and I am looking forward to slopping into that nice cool lake.

Then I hear the shots. Bang, bang, bang. Hr-rr-rumph bang! And I know that Burridge has done his stuff and it is now up to me, and I take a peep and see nobody on the road toward the lake, and the way is clear, so I slide out and give a bold leap into the road and utter a whoop. I say to myself, these folks will see a bandit now that is a bandit for their life, and not just an old apple woman gone wrong.

When what do I see but a very sad sight, and that is friend George galloping down the road and doing a Ghost Morgan for the lake, and after him comes the armed forces of the United States Department of Justice with local levies and formations of volunteers.

They are firing at will and have got George doing mustard, salt, pepper, vinegar-vinegar-vinegar to lift his dogs over the bullets. He is in his costume, but he is all wet and wrinkled, and he gasps, as he goes by, "So that is where you are, and me looking all over for you."

Well, the lake is still the one best bet, and I lit out after George, and passed him but did not have any conversation at that time, and we thundered down this dock and dove into the water. I kept right on going and under the float, but George caught his pants on a nail and had to splash around and gurgle for help. But even so, and unless we would have two fellows ready to crawl out on the other side of the lake, we were doomed to be caught, and when the mob all came and stood on the float they shoved my head under water and I decided to call it a day and come out.

They fished us out and fondled us, and said, "How is this? There cannot be two Ghost Morgans."

"Is that so?" said the head Federal man who has brought his men down from Atlanta after reading in the newspapers of Ghost Morgan going to appear at Hyandria. "Let me tell you there are three Ghost Morgans if he is around here at all, because neither of these two bozos is the Ghost himself in person."

"Then who are these two bozos, and why do they run away?" argued someone shrewdly.

"If you ask me," said the Federal man, frowning at us, "it is just another of those darned publicity stunts, and I only wish I knew what I could lag them for."

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They use the Shaler 5-Minute Vulcanizer. This handy little outfit comes packed in a small box to carry under the car seat. It makes permanent, heat-welded (VULCANIZED) tube repairs in just a few minutes.

Motorists use it, not because they like to fix punctures, but because it's the easy, quick way in an emergency.

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WHENEVER you want a lasting sheet metal job done, go to the sheet metal man in your neighborhood that displays this sign on his shop.

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Can You Afford to Pass Up This Cash Offer?

UNLESS you have all the money you want you can't. For we will pay you liberally in cash, month after month, for easy, pleasant work that need not take one minute from your regular job. Your profits will be just so much *extra* money—to help with regular expenses, to buy things you want that you can't quite afford—to squander, if you like.

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Right now many local subscription representatives of *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* are earning well over $100.00 *extra* every single month. The commissions and bonus that we pay them will enable them easily to hold this average throughout the entire year. And one hundred extra dollars, earned during your first month's trial, would be starting right, wouldn't it?

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Well, that breeds an argument, and they are coming around to think that they best throw us back in the lake for not being legal size to capture; and I improve the opportunity to greet George.

I said, "You empty-headed rum pot, what brings you horning in here?"

He said, weeping, "Well, Peter, I will tell you how this comes off, and it is all your fault for not giving me a square shake on the money. Because who is Ghost Morgan, me or you, and where do you get off to grab the money and half of my credit? So I am standing behind the ferry sign over there, and I get to remembering what a great swimmer I always was when a boy, and this here lake ain't more than a puddle when you figure the old East River. So I thought, what is the matter with me swimming across it all by myself, and if I could hold my breath up to a hundred I could fetch most of the ways under water. So I practiced holding my head in the bucket of water, and very soon I could count up to even over a hundred. So I see where I did not need you in my business, and I got in the lake and swam over here to tell you to look around for a job. Maybe I could not swim back again, but how did I know without trying?"

Can you imagine a fellow like that? I doubled up my fist and stuck it in my pocket to have it ready, and I said, "Well, George, dear, you got the five hundred dollars anyways, didn't you?"

"Oh, I done better than that, Peter," he said, giggling. "Burridge wanted to give me the five hundred dollars, but I was too much for him and drove a great bargain. What do you think, Peter? The poor simp takes back the five hundred dollars and gives me instead my three-thousand-dollar diamond ring!"

And he lugs out the knuckle that I put in my mouth at the fish fry and coughed up and started all this trouble. He looks at it with great respect and lets me hold it a minute for a favor.

Well, I give a look at him.

And I up with his ring and fire it down in the water, and pulled out my fist to bust him one—I think the world of George as a rule, but he does get me mad—and George gives a cry of anguish and jumps to see where is the ring sunk, and what he claims is no sooner does it hit the lake and do its stuff of giving out brilliant flashes than one of these trouts comes up with a swirl and gobbles it for a minnow.

The fish seller paused to open a fresh bottle of sarsaparilla and to cut a lime.

"Thanks just the same," I said, "but it's too soon before dinner. So you decided to stop doing impersonations and go to work for a living?"

"Going to work was not up to us, brother," he said. "Sidney stepped up that day and requisitioned us for three months on making a road. The charge he got us on was impersonating United States property. After we made the road nothing will do George but come back here and try to catch that trout. Well, I would not leave him alone, though I didn't want that trout, so we cooked up a satisfactory arrangement by which he gets the ring when he catches the trout, and meanwhile I get the fish. Well, there is nothing more coming to him, but I do not grudge him a flop and a handout too."

I picked up my bass. A car stopped on the bridgehead and a lady leaned out to shop. "Have you a bream, nice and fresh?"

"George!" called the fish seller, loosening the string of his moneybag.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 91)

him again; somehow our general manager came across the letter and it interested him sufficiently to make him ask me full details about the writer. Once again I wrote, thankfully rejecting the proffered connection.

During the next two years Marcus wrote me regularly. At the general manager's request these letters were shown him on receipt, and one day he suggested that we accept the resignation which our veteran had laid before our board of directors, and give the territory to Marcus. It was this barrage of letters which eventually won Mr. Marcus the place he wanted. Had it not been for this we might quite possibly have overlooked him when the time came to appoint the veteran's successor.

Then there was Jim Boardman. Jim for fifteen years had been division manager for one of the leading collar houses. He was making his eight or ten thousand dollars a year. But he applied to me one day for a berth as salesman, offering to come for half of his usual income, agreeing to depend on his sales for his earnings above that amount. It is a risky undertaking to send into territory new to the house a man never trained in selling clothing, and I told Jim so frankly. He smiled.

From that day until thirty months later, when I signed him up to travel his chosen field at the terms he had suggested, hardly a month went by that I did not receive a letter from Jim. He never demanded; he never pushed. Just gently and everlastingly he kept pounding into my head the thought that we ought to engage Jim Boardman. And after we did he ran into just the resistance and discouraging sales that I had predicted. More than once I was downhearted over it. But not Jim. He kept smiling and promising that he'd get 'em yet.

And he did. He wrestled with those stubborn customers as he had with me, and I recently heard that during the first three weeks of his spring trip he sold more goods than he had sold in three months a year ago. Jim has made good in a big way.

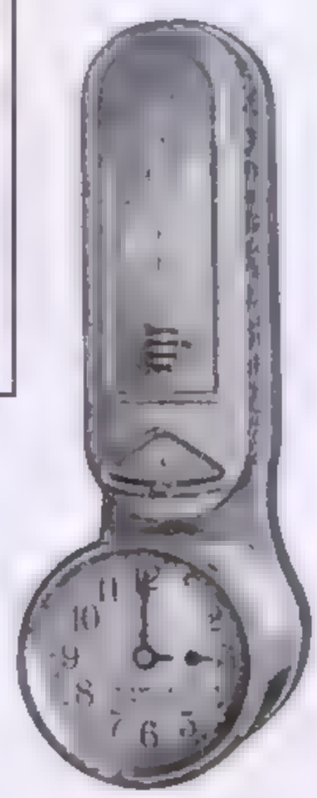
A member of the Wisconsin Blue Sky Commission once said to me, "Have you ever noticed how these high-pressure fake-stock salesmen operate? They go into a man's office and expound their story. When he says 'No,' they just go on and tell it again. When he says 'No,' they repeat it once more, and they hammer, hammer, hammer till they drive conviction home."

Every sales manager knows that if a salesman is left in one territory long enough the time inevitably comes when his sales begin to shrink. The orders he takes from customers grow less in volume. He loses customers whom the house has sold for years, or else their purchases are so small that they may be considered as practically lost. This stage usually follows close on the heels of the time when he boasts that the merchants he visits are all his friends and invite him up to their homes for meals. That's just the trouble. They are his friends and that very intimacy prohibits him from making the persistent drive for their business which he is so well fitted to put forth in the case of comparative strangers. His calls become repetition rather than persistence—that is, they are routine appearances but not habitual selling drives.

Of course a prospective employer or customer can be wearied to destruction by too much pressure too frequently applied. But a gentle and constant reminder of the matter in hand, put forward with smiling tact, has won for many a man the object he was determined to attain.

The man need not necessarily be superbly good at his chosen work, not necessarily honest. Gracie and the fake-stock salesmen exemplify how mediocrity and lax consciences can still gain their objectives through persistence. All the more reason, then, why people of ability and worth should give their talents full play by deciding on a preferred field of operations and then utilizing polite, intelligent persistence to gain entrance into their chosen field.

—ED. WOLFF.



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Beautiful—dignified—shapely with that subdued richness so pleasing to people of good taste. In velvety two-toned walnut with ample room for all accessories.

Truly a value without precedent—and best of all—the product of SPARTON whose quarter century reputation insures the highest attainable perfection.

[illegible] with the SPARTON [illegible] receiver at [illegible]
—Price $[illegible]. Western and Canadian prices slightly more.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY (Established 1900) JACKSON, MICHIGAN

LETTERS OF A SELF-MADE DIPLOMAT TO HIS PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 11)

but he had Charley beat, for Charley never has had to resort to painting the inside of roofs of buildings. Charley will set down and paint, but he won't lay down on his back and paint.

Then Michel used to do what they called Mosaics. That's a kind of a colored Cross-Word Puzzle. He had never done any of this and they asked him one time if he would do some of it. It seems the local Mosaicker was on a strike for more wages and easier designs, so they give Angelo a handful of these little blocks—this was in his off time while he wasent working on St. Peters and St. Pauls and the 48 other Churches he was painting and Sculpturing, besides a few odds and ends about town where he would pick up off jobs.

Well, he took these little cubes and squares up there and he worked every one of them; every word he got right without a Dictionary or a Scenario, and he got the prize the next day in the paper for working out the best Mosaic puzzle of his time, and he wasent even playing. You know, an awful lot of his finest work like the Dome in St. Peters, he had to lay on his back away up there on a scaffold, and on account of having so much work ahead of him, he would lay up there and he put those things in during his sleep. Well, he certainly got even with everybody for it all. For you have to lay down on your back to look up at it.

Now there is one thing that they are going to have a little trouble cramming down me. How could they lay on their back and make that mosaic stick up there? It would be like trying to play checkers upside down. What's going to hold 'em up there?

'Course you kinder got to let that go under the heading of Miracles, for Miracles was supposed to happen around that time. There hasent been many lately unless the Democrats are fortunate enough to scare up one.

This Michelangelo was just about the whole thing in Rome in those days. He was sorter the Senator Borah of Rome. You see, an Artist in those days was the whole thing. People's minds run to Art and Wild Animals. A man of commerce or trade or business—he dident mean much; he dident have any more chance than Farmers relief; he was just a minority Stockholder. They would just tolerate him up to the time they needed some Lion bait, and then his name was liable to drop out of the Directory. Henry Ford or Judge Gary or Charley Schwab, or either Young or Old John D.—any of those men of Commerce they wouldent have meant a thing in Roman days. If Ford couldent have proved that one of those things come under the heading of Art, he would have had no more social Status than a motorman. They would have just used any and all of the above named gentry as grooms for the lions to keep 'em slicked up till Sunday. They would have had as much chance getting into the 400 of Rome as a Democrat has eating breakfast with you, Mr. President. It would be worse than a Yankee trying to break into Charleston, South Carolina, Society.

Art and religion ruled the day, and as none of our present-day financiers are familiar or in any way connected with either Art or religion or any of their allied industries, why, it looks like our Multimillionaires would have been just sitting in the bleachers socially.

But everything travels in cycles. Art took a tumble and was replaced by Low profit and quick turnover. Art not only was relegated to the rear but it just naturally passed out with no mourners. It dident appear again until what is known as the Bud Fisher and Rube Goldberg period. Zeigfeld took Michelangelo's statues, took some of the fat off of them with a diet of lamb chops and pineapple, and he and a Confederate named Ben Ali Hagen brought the statues to life, only with better figures, and the only marble about them was from the ears north.

But even to this day, if a Picture or a piece of Statuary is losing interest and they can't get anybody to look at it any more, why, the remark is secretly whispered around that it was really done by Angelo on one of his days off. Then the Tourists commence reaching for their Guidebooks.

Not to have the Angelo brand on your Sculptured hitching rack was to be a Plebian among the Romans.

Henry Ford has always received the credit for what we call mass production. But I want to tell you that if Michelangelo even turned out all the Statues that they say he did—that's even if he dident paint at all—why, he was the originator of Mass Production, and not Uncle Henry.

There was another fellow about that time too. You know things kinder run in bunches, or rather imitations. So naturally Angelo would have imitators. When the shareholders in a Church couldent get Angelo to paint or sculp for 'em, why, they went out and got a fellow named Rafael. He was the first one that ever billed himself "Just as good."

Well, between him and Angelo they just about painted Rome red. They confined their Paintings mostly to Bible Characters, which was a very smart thing to do, as nobody knew just how these Characters should look; and in painting one you could always make him look any way you wanted him too, and if someone criticized it, you would always have the Alibi, "Well, that's my interpretation of the character."

I want to tell you right now it's the modern painter that has the tough job. He has to make 'em look enough like the Millionaire's wife that the visitors can recognize her, and still make her look like she thinks she looks. When you can do that, then thats art. Why, those old Characters they painted they could paint with or without Whiskers, One-eyed, bald-headed or long-haired, any way they wanted; they dident have to make 'em look like anything. Just turn out a Picture—that was all they had to do.

These two Boys that I speak of were doing practically everything in Rome in those days; if you dident give them a retaining fee, you wasent having any Art done. Oh, of course maby there was a little Bootleg Art going on around in some of the side streets somewhere, but nothing high-powered. In fact Art was a closed Corporation. If some outsider come in with what he thought was a painting, why, about the best he could do with it would be to get it on some Magazine cover or a front piece for the next Program for the Chariot race.

Along about the period of these Painters and Mud Dobbers come another sort of an Artistic breed called the Gladiators. A fellow was a Gladiator as long as he remained alive—that's what made him glad. Saturday night was always a rather ticklish time in the life of a Gladiator, for that is when they generally announced the entries for the Bulldogging contest with the Lions the following day. If you defeated your Lion you were allowed to be Glad for another week.

These Romans loved blood. What money is to an American, blood was to a Roman. A Roman was never so happy as when he saw somebody bleeding. That was his sense of humor, just like ours is now. If we see a fellow slip and fall and maby break his leg, why, that's a yell to us; or his hat blow off and he can't get it. Well, that's the way the Romans were. Where we like to see you lose your hat, they loved to see you leave a right arm and a left leg in the possession of a Tiger and then try to make the fence unaided.

The Telephone and the Farm

THERE was not a farmer in the world fifty years ago who could talk even to his nearest neighbor by telephone. Not one who could telephone to the doctor in case of sickness or accident. Not one who could telephone for the weather report or call the city for the latest quotations on his crops. Not one who could sell what he raised or buy what he needed by telephone. A neighborly chat over the wire was an impossibility for the farmer's wife or children.

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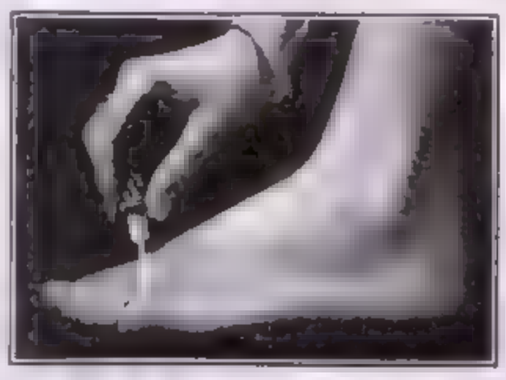

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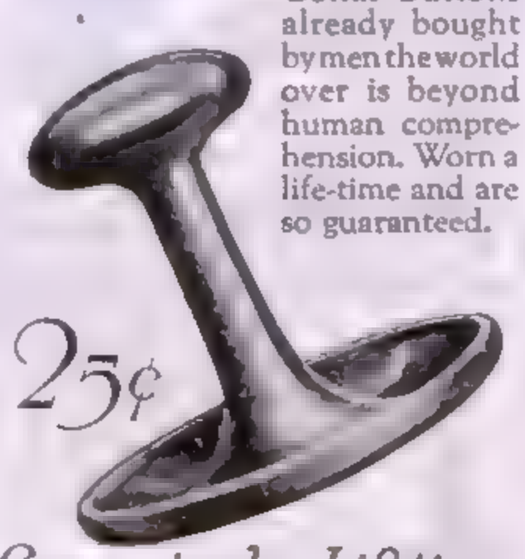

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The Emperor set in his box, and a lot of Ladies set in another great big Box, and during the festivities they would announce with their thumbs whether the man was to go on to his death or let him live. The women had the first guess, but the Emperor he had the veto power; he passed on the things as final. You see, they used their thumbs for something besides buttoning up their clothes. If they held their thumbs down, you passed out Poco Pronto; but if they held them up, why, you left your phone and address where you could be reached the following Sunday afternoon. There was no Dempsey stuff of four years between combats, no dickering over terms. The gate receipts went to the Emperor and you went to the cemetery.

'Course this old Colosseum is a great old building. They have stole enough off of it to build everything else in Rome. Poor Mussolini come in so late in history that there wasent anything left for him at all. Everything in Rome was stolen from somebody at some time. It's just a question of who's got it last.

That's why I say there is nothing new there; we got everything over home, only bigger and better. Take Vesuvius, for instance: I know that it buried a City, but that means nothing to me or to you. I have in the past year seen lots of buried Cities over home. Overadvertising has buried more Cities than Vesuvius could bury if she run over every day. Political Parties have buried more platforms the day after election, both the winners and losers, than Vesuvius will ever hear of. Vesuvius destroys by spontaneous combustion—that is, heat and friction within itself. Now you mean to tell me it can improve on the Democrats for spontaneous combustion? A buried city is the last thing I want to see. I want something that's a-living.

Now there is a forum there called Stargens, or something like that, and it's down in the ground with a high wall around it, and a lot of old Marble columns broken off and standing and laying around. Well, they have a habit of taking all the old stray cats and the neighbors feed them. It has now become known as the Forum of the Cats. Now to me that was a real place. Here was something alive. I used to walk down there to see what the old kitties were doing, and at night I went two or three times. You could see an old tomcat setting up on top of a Roman column where maby Mark Antony had delivered one of his monologues. This old Tabby would be squatting up there, howling for no reason at all, just like a typical politician, and just as much sense to it too. Now that was great to me to see those Cats. I don't want to convey any disrespect to those who have passed beyond, but I would rather see one live Cat than a dozen dead Romans.

No, sir, Calvin, you are standing guard over not only the best little patch of ground in all the various Hemispheres but we got it on 'em even when it comes to things to see, if we could just make these Locoed Tourists believe it. Why, say, if the Mississippi ever flowed through, for instance, Switzerland, why, there wouldent be enough dry ground left to yodle in. Their little rivers, if they ever saw it, would flow right into a rain barrel and stay there.

Why, if they had Niagara Falls they would have had 85 wars over it at various times to see who would be allowed to charge admission to see it. If they get to monkeying with us we will lose 'em in the Mammoth Cave. They rave over Venice; there's nothing there but water. Why, Louisiana has more water in their cellars than the whole Adriatic Sea. And the Grand Canyon—well, I just dont want to hurt their feelings talking about it. No, sir, Europe has nothing to recommend it but its old age, and the Petrified forest in Arizona makes a Sucker out of it for old age. Why, that forest was there and doing business before Nero took his first Violin lesson.

You take the Guides and the Grapes out of Europe and she is just a Sahara. It's great for you to see, if somebody is paying for it, or paying you to do it. But just as a pure educational proposition or pastime, it ain't there, yours devotedly,

WILL.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Mr. Rogers. The next will appear in an early issue.

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INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

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Index of Advertisers

August 21, 1926

	PAGE
Ætna Life Insurance Company	156
Allen-A Company, The	102
American Laundry Machinery Company, The	110
American Pulley Co., The	135
American Rolling Mill Co., The	166
American Safety Razor Corp.	111
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	169
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.	124
Bassick Manufacturing Co., The	40
Bauer & Black	87
Beaver Products Co., Inc., The	96
Berkey & Gay Furniture Company	143
Best Foods, Inc., The	84
Bijur Lubricating Corporation	145
Black & Decker Mfg. Co., The	150
Blaisdell Pencil Co.	151
Buick Motor Company	31
Bulova Watch Company	137
Cadillac Motor Car Co.	29
Campbell Soup Company	27
Celotex Company, The	175
Champion Spark Plug Co.	57
Chase & Co., L. C.	75
Cheek Neal Coffee Company	67
Chevrolet Motor Company	46 47 117
Chrysler Sales Corporation	92 93
Coleman, Watson E.	170
Collins & Aikman Company	65
Columbia Carbon Co.	161
Congoleum-Nairn Inc.	43
Conklin Pen Mfg. Co., The	83
Cook Co., The H. C.	170
Cream of Wheat Company	II Cover
Curtis Institute of Music, The	153
Cyclone Fence Company	84
Dayton Pump & Mfg. Co., The	148
Du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.	73
Durant Motocover Co., Inc.	162
Edison Electric Appliance Co., Inc.	78
Electric Vacuum Cleaner Co., Inc.	155
Evans & Co., Victor J.	170
Farber, Inc., S. W.	116
Federal Motor Truck Company	99
Fisk Tire Company, Inc., The	70
Florsheim Shoe Company, The	165
Franklin Automobile Company	112
General Cigar Co., Inc.	101
General Electric	48
General Necessities Corporation	150
Gets-It, Inc.	169
Gillette Safety Razor Co.	103
Graham Brothers	108 109
Graton & Knight Co.	171
Haartz Company, J. C.	146
Hart Schaffner & Marx	2
Hastings Manufacturing Co.	157
Heinz Company, H. J.	65
Hewes & Potter	98
Hickok Manufacturing Company	140
Holeproof Hosiery Company	1
Hood Rubber Company	139
Hotel La Salle	136
Hotel Sherman	122
Hudson Motor Car Company	68, 69
Hupp Motor Car Corp.	85
Indian Refining Company	129
Individual Drinking Cup Co., Inc.	97
Johns-Manville Inc.	121
Johnson & Son, S. C.	154
Johnston Company, Robert A.	176
Jordan Motor Car Company, Inc.	82
Kelly-Springfield Tire Company	125
Kraft Cheese Company	105
Krementz & Co.	169
Lasalle Extension University	161
Libby, McNeill & Libby	127
Locktite Patch Co.	153
Lycoming Mfg. Company	152
Marmon Motor Car Company	59
Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.	167
Monroe Calculating Machine Co., Inc.	103
Moto Meter Company, Inc., The	160
Mumil Publishing Co.	161
Mutual Electric & Machine Co.	126
Nash Motors Co.	61
National Carbon Company, Inc.	37
Nogar Clothing Manufacturing Co.	173
Olds Motor Works	53
Orange Crush Co.	96
Packard Motor Car Co.	55
Parker Pen Company, The	130, 131
Pepsodent Company, The	120
Perfect Circle Company, The	132
Philadelphia Storage Battery Co.	123
Pioneer Rubber Mills	148
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.	34
Pratt & Lambert, Inc.	90
Prest-O-Lite Company, Inc., The	119
Process Engraving Co., Inc., The	170
Pyrene Manufacturing Co.	151
Quaker Oats Company, The	50
Rice & Hutchins	138
Rogers Brothers 1847	III Cover
Rutland Fire Clay Co.	161
Sanford Mfg. Co.	170
Scholl Mfg. Co., The	170
Sealright Co., Inc.	71
Sherwin-Williams Co.	157
Seeger Refrigerator Company	154
Servel Corporation, The	167
Shaler Co., C. A.	165
Simoniz Co., The	118
Smith & Wesson	164
Sparks-Withington Company, The	168
Standard Laboratories, Inc.	145
Studebaker Corp. of America, The	115
Stutz Motor Car Co. of America, Inc.	147
Swift & Company	33
Texas Company, The	76 77
Thatcher Manufacturing Co.	133
Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation	39
Tork Company	161
United Motors Service Inc.	170
United States Gauge Co.	141
Universal Cooler Corporation	142
Universal Pictures	80
Valentine & Company	45
Victor Talking Machine Co.	IV Cover
West Coast Lumber Bureau	158
Wetmore, Janes & Sugden	161
Wheeling Corrugating Company	149
Whitman & Son, Inc., Stephen F.	72
Wilde Co., W. B.	144
Willys-Overland, Inc.	88 89
Wurlitzer Grand Piano Co.	174
Yale Electric Corp.	160

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.

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In Memory of Plush

OH, DO you remember the antimacassar
Which grandmother kept on the back of her chair?
'Twas pinned with exactitude, old-fashioned rectitude,
Right to the place where she leaned with her hair.

Hair that was combed in Victorian fashion,
Hair that was brushed in Victorian style;
But hair that was rubbed with the oil of Macassar,
What grandfather called "that ridiculous ile."

Ridiculous, maybe, but quite indispensable,
Worn by all ladies of fashion and note,
Sitting in style in their stiff black silk dresses
With old heirloom laces sewed on at the throat.

Sitting and rocking, and gossiping probably,
Calm and unruffled, no hurry nor rush,
But never forgetting for one single instant
Not to lean oily hair back on the plush.

Back on the red plush, so rich and so handsome,
So hard to keep clean and so dear to replace,
So hot in the summer, so cold in the winter,
So soft on the eye and so stiff on the face.

That plush I remember, its charm has not left me,
It clings to me now as it clung there of yore.
And the antimacassars pinned on to protect it
Flood back on my memory, now meaning more
Than they meant in my childhood, my calm, peaceful childhood,
So quietly passed at my grandparent's knee.
For now, being older, more confident, bolder,
I've left the old homestead and gone forth to see

The world and its people, its ache and its evil,
Its lure and its languor and things of that sort.
And while thus in spirit, and miles, very distant
From grandmother's knee, we pull in at a port.

A port that is teeming and crawling with color,
The very first glimpse of the East I have had,
As dirty as Cairo, as old as Pekin,
And as thrilling, spectacular, strange as Bagdad.

It's greasy and grimy, coal dusty and slimy,
And quite overrun with excitement and yells;
And yet, with its many and profuse discrepancies,
Numberless noises and strange sorts of smells,

There's something about it that calls to my memory
Red plush and black silk and the best of old laces,
For there, with a shock, I read on the dock
The name is Macassar—well, well, of all places!

—*Myron Zobel.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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Table of Contents

August 21, 1926

Cover Design by Charles A. MacLellan

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
The Last Voltorno—*Thomas Beer*	6
When Mankind Was Young—*F. Britten Austin*	8
The Shoemaker's Wife—*Ben Ames Williams*	12
Fine Metal—*Joseph Hergesheimer*	16
The Beloved Handicap—*Hugh MacNair Kahler*	18
Nothing Overlooked—*J. Frank Davis*	35
The Winning Horace—*Hugh Wiley*	38
Florida Fish—*Thomas McMorrow*	54

ARTICLES

Public Debts and Private Loans—*Garet Garrett*	3
Letters of a Self-Made Diplomat to His President—*Will Rogers*	10
On Inspiration's Trail—*Hal G. Evarts*	14
Trade and Prosperity—*Isaac F. Marcosson*	20
Expositions—*Will Payne*	25
Your House Committee—*Boyden Sparkes*	42
Fat and Fashion—*Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.*	58

SERIALS

Sheik's Clothing (Conclusion)—*Charles Brackett*	22
Twin Propellers (Third part)—*Henry C. Rowland*	28

MISCELLANY

Editorials	24
Short Turns and Encores	26
Getting On in the World	91

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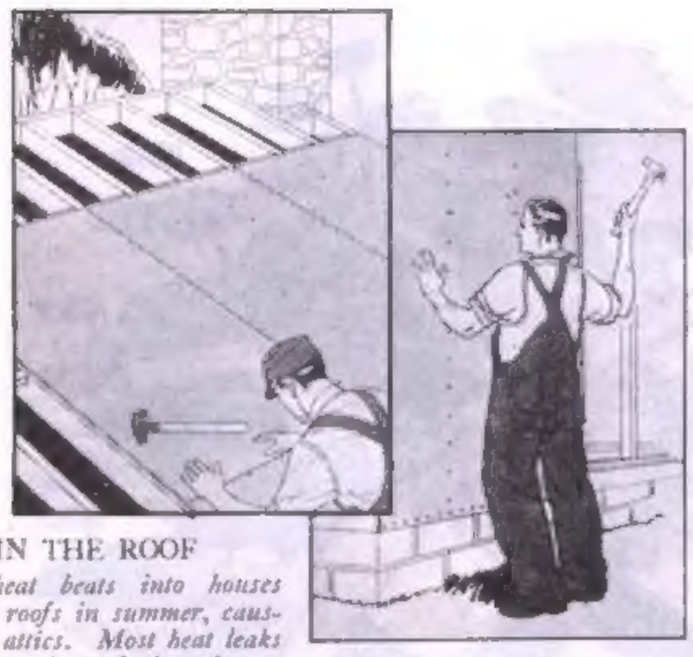

IN THE ROOF

Most heat beats into houses through roofs in summer, causing hot attics. Most heat leaks out through roofs in winter, causing high fuel bills. Celotex applied over or under roof rafters gives the needed protection. Both uses are recommended.

AS SHEATHING

Celotex supplies the insulation needed back of brick, wood or stucco exteriors. Here, it replaces the rough boards formerly used, gives greater strength to the house walls and makes building paper unnecessary.

UNDER PLASTER

On inside walls and ceilings, plaster is applied directly to the surface of Celotex. This eliminates the use of lath and gives stronger, insulated walls: less apt to crack and free from lath-marks.

FOR OLD HOUSES

In homes already built, a big measure of Celotex comfort and economy may be secured by lining attics and basements with it. In the attic an extra finished room can be made by nailing Celotex to the roof rafters. In the basement line the ceiling with Celotex.

An Amazing Lumber

[not cut from trees]

Sets new standards of home comfort and economy

IT *stops heat and cold three times as effectively as wood. It is stronger in walls, costs no more to use and year after year will save about one-third your fuel bill. For* EVERY *home, new or old.*

* * *

No one can afford to build or buy a home today without full knowledge of this amazing heat-stopping lumber—Celotex.

It does what none of the ordinary building materials, alone, can do . . . keeps sun heat from beating *in* and furnace heat from leaking *out*.

Results: A comfortable, even, healthful temperature throughout every room whether it be scorching summer or bitter winter.

Leading architects and other building authorities consider it as one of the most important contributions ever made to American home building practice.

In five years more than 80,000 families have built with Celotex and are enjoying a wholly new degree of home comfort and economy.

It is available for *every* home, new or old, *right now!*

Celotex was produced to meet the great need for a building material that would resist the passage of heat and cold better than wood lumber, masonry and other wall and roof materials.

Celotex Insulating Lumber is not cut from trees. It is manufactured from the long, tough fibres of cane. Celotex is stronger in walls than wood lumber and many times better as insulation. Wind and moisture can not penetrate it. It quiets noise.

* * *

ACTUALLY SAVES MONEY. Another reason for the tremendous success of Celotex is the economy it brings. Unlike ordinary insulation, Celotex is not an extra item in building. It replaces wood lumber as sheathing (see the illustrations), eliminates building paper, gives greater wall strength and adds the insulation needed back of wood, brick or stucco exteriors—*at no extra cost.*

Under plaster, replacing lath, Celotex costs a few cents more per yard at first, but is a great economy.

It means less upkeep expense because of no lath-marks . . . fewer cracks.

With the walls and roof of your house covered with Celotex a smaller, less expensive heating plant will keep you comfortable. And year after year, Celotex will *save from 25% to 35% of your fuel bill!*

* * *

NEW COMFORT *for old houses.* In houses already built, a big measure of this comfort and economy is being secured by lining attics and basements with Celotex. That helps a lot and costs but little.

There are also dozens of other places where Celotex is the ideal material for alteration work and remodeling.

* * *

LOOK AHEAD! Now that Celotex has made insulation practical, heat-leaking houses are a poor investment. Authorities say such houses are becoming obsolete: harder to sell, rent or borrow money on.

Ask your architect, contractor or lumber dealer to tell you more about Celotex. Leaders in these lines advise its use. All lumber dealers can supply it.

Meanwhile, send for the free Celotex Building Book. It explains fully this great improvement in building. Just mail the coupon below.

THE CELOTEX COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
Mills: New Orleans, La.

Branch Sales Offices in many principal cities (See telephone books for addresses)
Canadian Representatives: Alexander Murray & Co., Limited; Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, Winnipeg, Vancouver

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

FREE BUILDING BOOK

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645 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Celotex Building Book.

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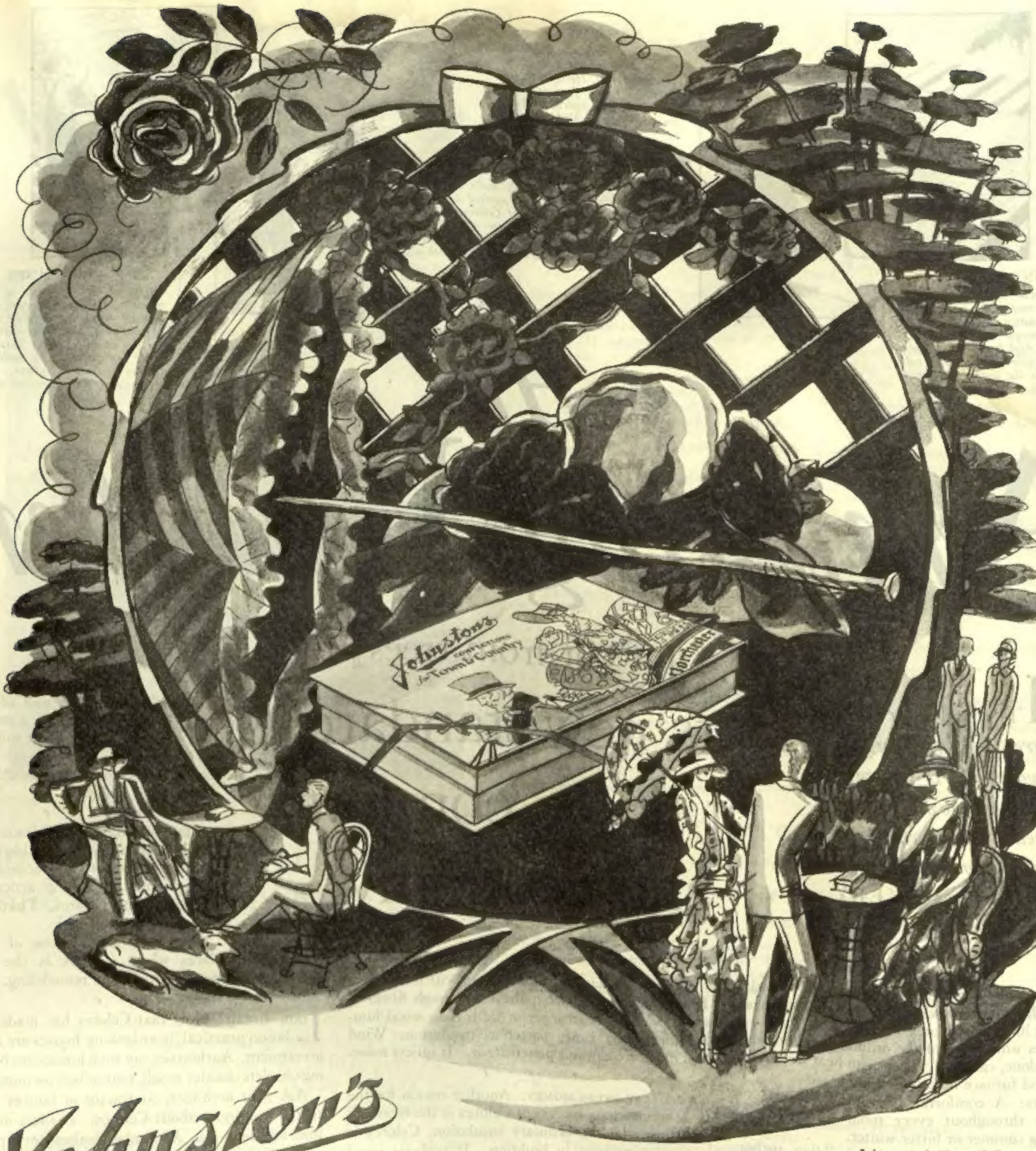
Street.....

City..... *State*.....

S.E.P. Sept. 4



Johnston's

CHOCOLATES *for Town & Country*

Johnston's for Town & Country *beautifully packaged, at one dollar the pound . . . Among others, the Choice Box, 20-Odd, Quintette, Peacock, etc., at $1.50 a pound—Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at $2 a pound.*

For glorious summer days with a carefree companion, take Johnston's for Town & Country. An enticing array of delightful summer candies to pass vacation hours . . . Whether it's tennis or golf, dancing or riding or driving . . . whether you swim or only like to watch . . . you'll like Johnston's for Town & Country . . . As a week-end gift, or with your thank-you note . . . worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

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You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

THE PIECES of 8 CHEST

Captain Youngwife
finds the Chest of her fondest Quest

SHE sailed and sailed the shopping seas . . hoping some day to find it.

But always the treasure eluded her . . . "Sixes" and "twelves" were everywhere . . . But never a set of "eights."

"Twelve is too many," she sadly sighed, "for my normal table needs. And six doesn't provide a spare or two for the unexpected guest."

But time and tides are kindly to Captains fair and patient. In a gorgeous chest, she beheld, one day, her long-sought *"Pieces of Eight."* Eight of each, instead of the usual "sixes" and "twelves," in dinner forks, dinner knives with stainless steel blades, dessert spoons and tea spoons; with sugar shell and butter knife.

And now all voyagers on the shopping seas may share this selfsame treasure. For the new *Pieces of Eight* set in 1847 ROGERS BROS. Silverplate is available at the stores of good silverware merchants everywhere.

In an attractive gift box, $43.50; or in resplendent Spanish Chest (*shown above*), $49.50.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT: *A few copies of "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense" still available. . . . Booklet V-90 sent gladly on request. . . . Address Dept. E, International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.*

DINNER SETS AND TABLEWARE TO MATCH KNIVES, FORKS & SPOONS

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO

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"We can do without fire in the house for half of the year, but we must have music the year round." SIDNEY LANIER

Nothing else is like it!

THE new Orthophonic Victrola! Musical marvel of the age. Entirely *new* from start to finish. New in conception. New in principle. New in design. There is nothing with which to compare it . . . *except* the singing or playing of the flesh-and-blood artists themselves!

As a camera brings you *pictures,* this great instrument brings you *music* which is a perfect likeness of the original. Only the Orthophonic Victrola can reproduce music with such flawless realism, because the principle of "matched impedance"—the new science of unimpeded sound-flow—is controlled exclusively by Victor.

The Orthophonic Victrola is always ready to play for you. Tireless . . . and untiring. Record stops automatically. Equipped with the new, concealed electric motor ($35 extra), there is nothing to wind. Play it and relax.

"Some day," you have said, "we will have an Orthophonic Victrola." Why wait? Think of the joys you are missing. There are many beautiful models, from the Credenza at $300 to as low as $95. Hear this versatile instrument at the nearest Victor dealer's.

The New Orthophonic Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.